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MARGARET OF FRANCE
DUCHESS OF SAVOY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TO-DAY

Crown 8vo

Margaret of France about 1545

from a drawing of the Primet School at Chantilly

MARGARET OF FRANCE

DUCHESS OF SAVOY 1523-74

A BIOGRAPHY BY WINIFRED STEPHENS
WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE
AND SIXTEEN OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

" Une femme éminente par sa sagesse, son irréprochable vertu et l'energie d'une âme vraiment virile."—De Thou.

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PREFACE

ENGLAND has ever been the friend of Italy; and before Italy existed, save as a geographical expression, England was the friend of that royal house of Savoy which has rendered a united Italy possible.

From early times down to those dark and more recent days when in Italy "but to think was to be suspect, to speak was ruin and to act was death," the sympathy of England, expressed in manifold ways, alike by poets and novelists, by statesmen and diplomatists, has meant much to Italy. And, during the last sixty years, many a link has been forged in "the golden chain" which unites the two countries. To-day to utter the names of Lord John Russell, or of Mr. Gladstone, or of Mrs. Browning, is to make a patriotic Italian's heart thrill with joy.

England has followed closely the history of the Italian peninsula during the last sixty years. Our countrymen were filled with enthusiasm by Cavour's attempt to establish in Piedmont parliamentary government on the English model. Eagerly did Englishmen welcome an alliance with

Piedmont on behalf of the common rights of nations during the Crimean War. On Russian battle-fields the valour displayed by the Piedmontese troops aroused the admiration of our soldiers. And, when Victor Emmanuel II visited England, in December, 1855, as the guest of Queen Victoria, his reception was no less enthusiastic and no less magnificent than that which a few months earlier had been accorded to the Emperor of the French.

In 1860, Garibaldi's British legion, the seven hundred officers and men who went from England to fight for Italian independence, were received at Naples with transports of joy. When the British soldiers in their loose red tunics were seen in Neapolitan streets, the patriotic fervour of the Italians knew no bounds. They waved flags and showered flowers on the troops, until every man had his rifle begarlanded. The other day, among those who stood proudly by at the unveiling of the statue of Victor Emmanuel II, the first sovereign of United Italy, were six aged veterans, the only survivors of that British legion, who had journeyed all the way from London [1] to witness that auspicious ceremony.

English appreciation of the artistic Italian temperament and of the inventive Italian mind is reciprocated in Italy by a sincere admiration of our institutions, which expresses itself in all

[1] They started from Charing Cross on the 1st of June, 1911.

manner of ways, incidentally by the recent inauguration of the boy-scout movement in certain Italian cities, but more especially in the respect for British constitutional traditions which animates the methods of Italian statesmen. It must have sounded strangely familiar to those of our countrymen who listened to King Humbert on the Capitol last March, to hear the King declaring as the national ideals of Italy—free representation in Parliament and in municipal assemblies, tranquil harmony between Church and State, freedom of thought, universal peace and progress.

At a time when the services rendered to the cause of Italian freedom by England's ancient ally, the royal house of Savoy, are present to every mind, when Emmanuel Philibert, the sixteenth century founder of Savoyard greatness is being especially glorified,[1] it may not be amiss to recall the life-story of Emmanuel Philibert's gifted consort, Margaret of France, daughter of King Francis I.

Margaret was one of those numerous French princesses to whom Savoy and Italy owe a great debt of gratitude. It is interesting to note in passing that a French princess, when she came to Italy as the bride of a Duke of Savoy, usually brought blessings in her hand, whereas an Italian princess going to France as the bride of a French

[1] See *Emanuele Filiberto*, a play, written by Raffaele Fiore and acted by Salvini, published 1911.

King usually carried in her train nothing but disaster.

But let not my readers think that this volume will be entirely concerned with Italy. Margaret of France, when she married Emmanuel Philibert, was already an accomplished woman of the world, and a *femme savante*, honoured in her own country as the friend of poets and of scholars. I shall therefore have much to say of her life in France, and of that most brilliant phase of the French Renaissance which owed so much to her patronage.

Moreover, Margaret, at the time of her marriage, was already known throughout Europe as the protectress of the Huguenots. And the persecuted Protestants of Piedmont expected great things from her coming among them. Their hopes were not disappointed. For to Margaret was it given to still the strife of religious warfare in her adopted land, and in France to rescue from Catholic daggers at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew one of the choicest spirits of the age, her some-time Chancellor, Michel de l'Hospital.

In the words of that famous Chancellor, Margaret, as Duchess of Savoy, drew the eyes of Europe upon her. For her marriage with Emmanuel Philibert, arranged by the Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, made her the mediator between the great powers of France and Spain. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that she held

the peace of Europe in her hand. And we may safely assert that, largely owing to her influence, the complicated terms of the Cateau-Cambrésis Treaty, though bristling with difficulties, were executed without bloodshed.

Yet, among her multifarious and cosmopolitan cares, the interests of her husband's land were never absent from Margaret's mind, and so strenuously did she strive to further them that she might appropriately have adopted as her motto the cry of another Savoyard princess, a later Margaret,[1] *Sempre avanti Savoia.*

" You shall not tell me by languages and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have read, you shall make me feel what periods you have lived," wrote Emerson.

And such must be the aspiration of all who attempt to record history. How near this work approaches to that high standard I must leave my readers to judge. Suffice it to say that, in order to breathe the atmosphere of Margaret's time, I have studied contemporary letters and records, I have gazed upon pictures and portraits of the day, I have visited cities and palaces wherein Margaret dwelt.

In writing this book I have received valuable help from experts to whom it is a pleasure to take

[1] The present Queen Dowager of Italy, who, in danger of shipwreck, on a voyage to Sicily, is said to have encouraged the distracted captain with the cry *Sempre avanti Savoia.*

this opportunity of expressing my thanks: to Miss Constance White, whose name occurs in the notes to this volume; to M. de La Roncière, Superintendent of printed books in the Bibliothèque Nationale, to M. Pierre Champion, Archiviste Paléographe, and to Signor Buraggi, Keeper of the Archivio di Stato at Turin.

Before closing this preface it may be well to give a few words of explanation as to the spelling of proper names. In a work of this description to adopt any hard and fast rule, to consistently write all foreign names in the foreign manner, or all foreign names in English, is difficult. There is a danger that the invariable adherence to the latter rule, which may involve the writer in the translation, for example, of Louis into Lewis, may offend the eye or jar the ear of an English reader. On the other hand, the constant use of certain foreign names, that of "Marguerite" or of Emmanuele Filiberto for example, might strike a discordant note. Even Froude, who does not usually translate foreign names, forbears to use that of "Marguerite," and we find him writing, "Margaret, Duchess of Parma," "Margaret, Princess of France." For the heroine of this biography—as well as for her aunt and her niece, Froude's example has been followed. For Margaret's father, so well known among us as "King Francis I," and for Philip II, who was once the King of this realm, the English form has likewise

been employed. The numerous Henries who enter these pages have been described as "Henry," because in the sixteenth century that English form happened to be also the French. But foreign names will usually be found written in the foreign manner.

WINIFRED STEPHENS

LONDON, 1911

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Photo. Giraudon

MARGARET OF ANGOULÊME
From a portrait by Jean Clouet in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

MARGARET OF SAVOY, IN MOURNING FOR HER BROTHER, KING HENRY II
From a portrait attributed to François Clouet in the British Museum

Photo. Giraudon

MARGARET OF VALOIS, LATER LA REINE MARGOT, IN GIRLHOOD
From a portrait by François Clouet in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

INTRODUCTION

" Three royal Margarets, much praised pearls of three succeeding generations."—WALTER PATER.

LOOKING back on the sixteenth century one sees how striking a change was wrought in the position of woman by the ideas of the Renaissance. In the Middle Age men and women had lived their lives apart. Mediæval man had placed woman on a pedestal, an idol whom he affected to worship from afar, or he had trodden her underfoot, a chattel for domestic drudgery. As the Middle Age merged into the Renaissance, women descended from their pedestals or rose from their servility to take their places by the side of men. In wellnigh every department of life, from the schoolroom, where boys and girls studied together, even to the battle-field [1] whereon men and women fought side by side as comrades-in-arms, the sexes worked in double harness.

Michelet has called women " the fateful queen

[1] Catherine Segurana at the siege of Nice, in 1543. The famous French poetess, Louise Labé, at the siege of Perpignan, in 1541.

of the sixteenth century." Civilising, ripening, corrupting, she dominated the age. Palaces and statues arose in her honour. Literature resounded with her praise or her blame. As mediæval and monkish ideals gave place to ideals of the Renaissance, men disputed over the sphere of woman. Should she be admitted to social intercourse? "Nay," said Erasmus. "It behoveth women and children to keep silence." But Erasmus was a northerner. In the south, women "flashed it" with men; in Italy women bravely held their own in conversation. Castiglione made Emilia Pia preside over those brilliant symposia he describes in *Il Cortegiano*. For women, said the Italian, "do not stay our wittes, but rather quicken them."

Should women be permitted to govern the state was another subject of contention in a century when almost every state in Western Europe was at one time or other subject to a woman.

"What can be expected from a country governed by a Queen?" in the reign of Elizabeth wrote the Spanish ambassador in England to his master, King Philip II. On such women as sit "crowned in parliament amongst the middest of men," John Knox predicted that horrible vengeance would fall. And there were many who thought with him, and were deeply pained to see "man yielding obedience to woman, the

learned to the ignorant, the valiant to the cowardly." [1]

That famous collection of stories, entitled the *Heptaméron* and attributed to Margaret of Angoulême, is little more than a battle of the sexes. Ladies and gentlemen on their way home from a spa, detained in a French Abbey by the floods, pass their time in telling tales, the women against the men and the men against the women. The men with perfect frankness state their opinions of woman and her sphere. "Ever since Eve caused Adam to sin, all women have done nothing but ruin and torment men," is the opinion of one gentleman of the party. Another, anticipating Sir Thomas Browne, who in the next century was to maintain that woman is but "the rib and crooked piece of man," holds that woman was created for man alone. While yet another, in words too significant not to be quoted here, sums up the Renaissance man's behaviour towards the Renaissance woman.[2] "When our mistresses," he says, "keep state in hall and parlour, seated at their ease as if they were our judges, then we fall on our knees before them. When, in awe we lead them out to dance, then we serve them so diligently as to anticipate their every wish. But, when we are alone together, then is love the only judge of our coun-

[1] The satirist Jean de la Taille in *Le Courtisan Retiré* (*Œuvres*, René de Maulde, 1879 (III, p. xxvi).

[2] See the conclusion of Tale X.

tenances, then know we full well that they are women and we men, then are the titles of 'mistress' and 'servant' (*serviteur*) [1] exchanged for the common title of 'friend.'"

Two authors [2] of the Renaissance in their writings waged a veritable war of the sexes: one, as a warning to young men about to marry, narrated the misdoings of the worst women in fiction and in history; the other replied by extolling the noble deeds of their virtuous sisters. But woman's bravest champion in this century was the Orientalist, Guillaume Postel,[3] who maintained that the world should not see redemption until the advent of a feminine Messiah. So ardent was Postel's advocacy of women's claims that men, trembling for their privileges, accused him of having lost his wits, and shut him up in a mad-house.

La France est femme, writes a modern French novelist; and so it was not unnaturally in France

[1] In the sixteenth century the term *serviteur* frequently meant "admirer."

[2] Gratian Dupont, Seigneur de Drusac, author of *Le Controverse des Sexes Masculin et Feminin,* a poem published at Toulouse, 1534, and answered by Arnault de Laborie in his *Anti-Drusac.*

[3] 1510–1581. *Les Tres Merveilleuses Victoires des Femmes du nouveau monde, et comment elles doibuent à tout le monde par Raison commander, et mesmes à ceulx qui auront la monarchie du monde vieil.* Par Guillaume Postel, à Paris. Chez Jelia Ruelle, à la queue Regnard. Rue Sainct Jacques, 1553. This very rare book, a copy of which exists in the reserve of the Bib. Nat. at Paris, was dedicated to Margaret of Savoy. For Postel, see Lavisse (*Hist. de France,* Vol. V, pt. 2, p. 260) and Abel Lefranc (*Annuaire Bulletin de la Soc. de l'Hist. de France,* 1891, p. 217).

that the Renaissance woman was especially dominant. "Alas! the ladies are all-powerful," groaned the soldier Blaise de Monluc. Of the sixteenth-century Frenchwoman it might be truly said: "non pars sed totum," for she insisted upon learning everything, seeing everything, understanding everything, doing everything. There was no task she would not undertake, no subject of conversation she would not tackle. Diana of Poitiers dominated French art, Catherine de Médicis directed French diplomacy; and in turn three royal Margarets of three successive generations were to reign over the three phases through which French Renaissance literature was to pass.

Much confusion has arisen concerning these Egerias, for, by a curious coincidence, each of them was a princess of the house of Valois, two—the first and third—were authoresses and Queens of Navarre, two—the first and second—were Duchesses of Berry, two—the second and third—as daughters of French kings were entitled to be called Margaret of France. Yet for each one there remains a title to which she alone has exclusive claim: the first we may call Margaret of Angoulême,[1] the second Margaret of Savoy,[2]

[1] 1492–1549.

[2] Not to be confused with Margaret of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and wife of Philibert II, Duke of Savoy. This Austrian Margaret died in 1530, and was buried in the Church of Brou. See Matthew Arnold's Poem.

and the third "La Reine Margot,"[1] a name by which she is known in poetry and fiction.

The derivation of Marguerite from the Latin *margarita*, a pearl and its synonym, which we call the daisy, furnished the symbol-loving writers of the Renaissance with many an elegant play upon words. Thus the Grecian, Jean Dorat, traced the first Margaret's origin to a pearl which her mother had swallowed. Thus Etienne Pasquier remarked that all good things came in threes, and among them were the three graces, the three flowers, the three pearls, the three Margarets. Joachim du Bellay knew only the first two Margarets, and, after the death of the first, he wrote a sonnet entitled *Les Deux Marguerites*.[2] Ronsard lived to know and to sing the praises of all three Margarets :

> France, que dirons-nous encor de tes mérites !
> C'est toy qui as nourry trois belles Marguerites
> Qui passent d'Orient les perles en valeur :
> L'une vit dans le ciel exempte du malheur
> Qui entretient ce siècle en querelles et noises,
> Ayant regi long temps les terres navarroises.
> L'autre, prudente et sage, et seconde Pallas,
> Fidele à son grand duc, embellit de ses pas
> Les hauts monts de Savoye, et comme une déesse
> Marche par le Piedmont, au milieu d'une presse
> Qui court à grande foule, à fin de faire honneur
> A ce sang de Valois qui cause leur bonheur.

[1] 1553–1615.

[2] *Œuvres* (ed. Marty Laveaux), II, 41.

L'autre croist soubs sa mère, ainsi qu'un scion tendre
Sous l'ombre d'un laurier qui doibt bientost estendre
Ses bras jusques au ciel et son chef spatieux
Pour embasmer d'odeur et la terre et les cieux.[1]

The three Margarets in turn, as we have said, influenced the three periods of the French literary Renaissance. Margaret of Angoulême ruled men's minds in the dawn of the movement when it was almost entirely national. Margaret of Savoy, as we shall see, directed that current of foreign, chiefly of classical inspiration, which was to refresh the national literature of France. La Reine Margot, the daughter of an Italian mother, embodied the Italian spirit, in its complete decadence.

Concerning the first and the third Margarets, whole libraries have been written. But the second, who is the subject of this biography, while highly honoured and widely praised in her lifetime, has been singularly neglected by posterity.

The first Margaret was the daughter of Charles, Count of Angoulême and Louise of Savoy, and the sister of King Francis I. The course of her life, which was intimately associated with that of her niece, Margaret of Savoy, may be gathered from the following pages.

But touching her character we may here say that the first Margaret was an elusive personality; the "elixir of the Valois," Michelet has

[1] *Œuvres* (ed. Blanchemain), IV, pp. 31–33.

called her, and indeed her character is well nigh as evanescent as the precious elixir after which the alchemists sought. Was she mostly good or mostly bad? We cannot tell. Serious charges have been brought against her. But by the majority of her biographers these have been denied. Her life, full of inconsistencies, seems to have resembled the day of those ladies and gentlemen whom she describes in her *Heptaméron:* in the morning they read the scriptures and went to church, where they prayed to God, and the gifts they besought of Him were words and grace (*parole et grâce*), which were apparently to be employed in the afternoon for the telling of some of the most licentious stories ever recorded.

And so we find Margaret's personality vacillating between St. Thomas à Kempis and Boccaccio, at once a mystic of the Middle Age and a pagan of the Renaissance, half coquette, half blue-stocking, a friend of Calvin and of Rabelais, now Protestant now Catholic. The writer of pious poems [1] and of scandalous stories,[2] she was constant in nothing

[1] See *Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses* (4 vols.), edited, with an excellent Introduction, by Félix Frank (Librairie des Bibliophiles, 1873).

[2] *L'Heptaméron*, of which there are many editions. See one published by Lemerre, 1879, with a graceful Introduction by Anatole France. There are several English translations. The two best are (1) by A. Machen (1886), privately printed; (2) by John Smith Charters (1894), with Introduction by Saintsbury (Soc. of Eng. Bibliophilists).

save in her loving-heartedness and in her adoration of her brother, King Francis.

Her poems reveal her versatile, critical mind ever occupied with the great problems of man's destiny. And we find her endeavouring to resolve her doubts by seeking after a sign, which should give her some clue as to man's fate in the world beyond the tomb. Many stories are told of her obstinate questionings. They will be referred to later, but one we may relate here. A certain knight returned from the wars to Margaret's court at Nérac. During his absence a lady who loved him had died. Margaret conducted the knight to the lady's tomb. And, standing over it, she asked him whether he felt anything beneath his feet. " No, how could I ? " he replied, " seeing that I stand upon a stone." " Ah," resumed Margaret, " beneath that stone reposes a woman who once loved you and whom you loved. If souls can feel after death, then she must have moved at your approach. And, you, why did you not share her emotion ? "

Margaret's own opinion of herself she has probably given us in the *Heptaméron*, where she describes Parlamente, a character whom the majority of critics take to have been intended for the author. Parlamente was " a lady of so good a family that there could be no better. She was a woman of joyous life and the best companion possible, moving cheerfully in all sorts of society

. . . gay and pious, loving to laugh, young, *en bon point*, of an excellent constitution, so amiable to her admirers that she may not complain of their miscomprehension . . . yet she goes with her head in the air, sure of her honour."

Whatever the first Margaret's personal character may have been, the influence she exercised over the French Renaissance in its early phase is beyond doubt. As the disciple of Plato, the friend of Erasmus and of Calvin, she was at once its inspirer and its reflection. And as such her niece and goddaughter, Margaret II, the subject of this biography, was her intellectual child and successor.

While producing no original literary work like her aunt and her niece, the second Margaret was of the three by far the most scholarly and, in a century of *femmes savantes*, perhaps the most learned of women. Instead of talking and writing perpetually like her aunt, Margaret of Savoy was content to follow diligently a course of profound studies not surpassed by any of the greatest professors of the day. One year she purchased no less than six commentaries [1] on Horace, three editions of Cicero's *De officiis*, and *The Ethics* of Aristotle in the original Greek and in a Latin translation.

But, like the eldest Margaret, Margaret of Savoy was no mere blue-stocking : she knew how to win

[1] Accounts for 1549. See *post* p. 73.

men's hearts. At the court of her brother, Henry II, no one was more loved than the King's only sister (*La Sœur Unique du Roi*), as she was called; no one was better fitted to govern the men of those days, who were both cultured and barbaric. For Margaret was at once a woman of taste, of wit, of breadth of mind, but above all of feeling. *La bonté du monde* Brantôme calls her. And in the literature of the time we see her surrounded with gratitude. Many a choice spirit of the age thanked her with his last breath. The poet Du Bellay, in one of the last letters he ever wrote, tells how he wept over her departure from France. A French ambassador to Constantinople, dying far from home, left to her the administration of his fortune and the care of his orphan nieces. L'Hospital in his will declared that to her he owed all the success of his career.

Of Margaret's goodness, despite certain scandalous stories, there is no question. In a time of the most brutal passions Margaret of Savoy stood for peace and calm, for liberty and toleration, for sweetness and mercy, for purity and light. She had all the virtues and none of the vices of the Valois. By her fellow-countrymen in her native land of France she was adored; by her subjects in her husband's country of Savoy and Piedmont she was honoured as the "mother of her people";[1]

[1] Her grandfather, Louis XII, whom Margaret strongly resembled, was known as "the father of his people."

and at her death she was mourned by all, from the highest to the lowest. For her loss, wrote one of her contemporaries, tears would never cease to flow.

Her amiability was wonderful. She appears never to have made an enemy. And yet hers was no colourless character. In the numerous movements, literary, political and religious, in which she played a prominent part, her attitude was ever that of a strong soul and a victorious.

By espousing the cause of Ronsard and the Pléiade she wrought a great revolution in French poetry. By wisely directing the universities of Bourges and Turin she furthered the Renaissance. By marrying Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, she kept the peace between France and her husband's principality. By interceding on behalf of the persecuted Waldenses, she established religious toleration in her husband's dominions. By aiding Emmanuel Philibert in his wise reforms. and by persuading her countrymen to evacuate Piedmont, she founded the greatness of the Savoyard house, and she inaugurated a national policy which, two centuries later, achieved the union of Italy. Notwithstanding all these services rendered to literature, to learning, to religious liberty, to peace and to nationality, the name of Margaret of Savoy would have been forgotten in the land of her birth, and possibly also in the land of her adoption, had it not been for the verses of

Ronsard and the Pléiade. Margaret, like Achilles, owes her fame to poetry.

Of Margaret and her praises Ronsard might have written:

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
> But you shall shine more bright in these contents
> Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time."

Here and there in French and Italian histories are to be found slight notices of her career.[1] One French biography of one hundred octavo pages tells the story of her life.[2] But her numerous letters, throwing a lurid light on many of the thrilling incidents of those troubled times, lie for the most part unpublished in the archives of Paris, Turin, and St. Petersburg.[3] Several of them are printed here for the first time.

The third Margaret, la Reine Margot, the niece of Margaret of Savoy, and the youngest daughter

[1] One of the most graceful of these is in Maulde la Clavière's *Femmes de la Renaissance* (1898), pp. 655–62, and p. 421, on which will be found three of Margaret's letters. Eng. trans. by G. H. Ely (1900).

[2] *Une Princesse de la Renaissance Marguerite de France*, by Roger Peyre. Paris, 1902.

[3] *La Revue Historique* (1881, May-August) contains seventeen out of the thirty-seven St. Petersburg letters, written between 1560 and 1574, M. Peyre (*op. cit.*) has published a few of the Paris, and one of the Turin letters; Victor de St. Genis, in his *Histoire de Savoie*, a few of the Turin letters, and Emile Ricotti others in *Le Recueil de l'Académie des Sciences de Turin*, Vol. XVII, 2ième sèrie.

of Henry II and Catherine de Médicis, while equally gifted and almost as learned, was far from following in the footsteps of her aunt. We must not judge the third Margaret from her own Memoirs.[1] Obviously written expressly to whitewash a much begrimed reputation, they differ widely from any other account of their author. And, putting her Memoirs on one side, it would hardly be an exaggeration to describe la Reine Margot as the scarlet woman of the French Wars of Religion. Others have called her *une beauté luciférante*, the apple of discord—but a very lovely apple—in the War of the three Henries.

No woman ever lived a more adventurous life than the third Margaret. When barely in her teens she became an arch conspirator at the court of her brother, King Charles IX.[2] Her marriage with Henry of Navarre,[3] the blood-red wedding as it has been called, preceded by but a few days the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The story of that terrible night Margaret has told in her Memoirs. In the early hours of the fatal Sunday morning she was rudely roused from sleep by the bursting into her chamber of a wounded Huguenot knight, hotly pursued by Catholic assassins. Clinging to the princess, he begged her to save him, and she

[1] The only reliable edition is by F. Guessard, *Mémoires et Lettres* (1842).

[2] 1560–1574.

[3] August 18th, 1572.

was able to obtain his life and to have his wounds tended in her dressing-room.

After thirteen years of conjugal disagreement, during which she had also quarrelled with her brother, King Henry III, and been disinherited by her mother, Margaret fled from her husband and entrenched herself in her dower town of Agen. But thence, after a short time, she was driven by the inhabitants. Wandering from place to place, riding on a pillion behind a knight of her suite, she was captured by the Marquis de Canillac, who carried her off a prisoner to the grim fortress of Usson. But there the parts were reversed, and Canillac, falling a victim to his prisoner's charms, himself became the prisoner. And Margaret for fifteen years ruled as châtelaine of Usson. Her court is by some described as a den of thieves, by others as a centre of culture and of learning. It was probably both.

In 1599, after the death of her hated rival, Gabrielle d'Estrées, whom Henry had wished to marry, Margaret consented to be divorced from her husband, who was by then King of France.

Emerging from Usson into the life of Bourbon Paris, Margaret, with her sixteenth-century wig and farthingale, appeared a quaint relic of the old Valois days. She and her former husband were now the best of friends. He visited her frequently, paid her debts and gave her good

advice which she persistently disregarded, continuing in Paris, in the mansion she had built for herself opposite the Louvre, the wild revels of Usson.[1] The third Margaret survived her husband's assassination five years and died in 1615, the last of the Valois, the last of the Renaissance women. For a new type of femininity was arising. The day of les Précieuses was dawning ; and in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre Madame de Rambouillet was preparing the famous Blue Room, in which she was to hold her salon.

[1] See Duplomb, *L'Hôtel de la Reine Margot;* also Merki, *La Reine Margot et la Fin des Valois.*

MARGARET OF FRANCE
DUCHESS OF SAVOY

CHAPTER I

MARGARET AND HER FAMILY CIRCLE

Birth and Baptism of Margaret—Her Parents—Her Mother's death—Her Father's Imprisonment—Her Aunt, Margaret of Angoulême—Childhood on the Loire — Imprisonment of the French Princes in Spain—Their Return to France with Queen Eléonore—Margaret's friend, *Le Beau Brissac.*

" La pauvre femme aurait voulu, avant tout, s'enraciner dans des affections de famille, et ces affections lui avaient été arrachées une à une, arrachées avec son sang."—MAULDE DE LA CLAVIÈRE.

THE second Margaret, fourth and youngest daughter of King Francis I of France, and of Queen Claude, his wife, was born on the 5th of June, 1523, in the Palace of St. Germain-en-Laye. Few royal dwellings have undergone more metamorphoses than St. Germain. And little remains to-day of the old feudal fortress in which Margaret first saw the light; for, soon after her birth, the King began to transform the mediæval castle into a Renaissance palace, which was to become the Versailles of the sixteenth century. The only part of the old château to escape the modernising hand of the Renaissance builder was the chapel of St. Louis, which, considerably restored doubt-

less, still stands in its mediæval grace and august simplicity. Here it was that on the 21st of June, 1523, the infant Margaret was baptized. The babe was held over the font by her Aunt Margaret, the Duchess of Alençon,[1] by whose name she was christened.

On her father's and on her mother's side, the second Margaret was descended from the royal house of Valois. Had not the Salic Law prevented, Margaret's mother, Claude, would have succeeded to the kingdom of France on the death of her father, Louis XII. As it was, Claude's husband and cousin, the Count of Angoulême, ascended the throne as Francis I.

In after years many a great poet was to celebrate the coming of the second Margaret. "Take down the lyre and on its strings extol the Virgin's birth," Ronsard was to sing in triumphant verse. "Tell how by a new miracle, Pallas opened with her lance the learned brain of Francis, King of France. Then, O tidings wonderful, how thou forth from his brains didst spring, and how by the Muses that abide therein thou wert nourished."[2]

Thus in antique guise and with poetic license Ronsard lauded Margaret's advent. In prosaic fact the event created little stir. Had Margaret

[1] Charles, Duke of Alençon, was the first Margaret's first husband. He died in 1525, and, in 1527, she married Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre.

[2] *A Madame Marguerite, Duchesse de Savoie, Sœur du Roy, Henry II.*

Photo. *Giraudon*

PORTRAIT BY CORNEILLE DE LYON, SAID TO REPRESENT QUEEN CLAUDE

been a boy, the cannon of Paris would have heralded her coming with one hundred and twenty salutes, for a girl only twenty-four were deemed necessary.[1] In that year, 1523, the prospects of France were dark, and the King and his counsellors too engrossed in public affairs to heed so common and trifling a domestic occurrence as the birth of a princess. At home reigned discord and discontent: the citizens of Paris were complaining that their King, while dissipating the treasure left by his predecessor, was doing nothing for his kingdom. Abroad the King's enemies were combining against him, and the commander of his forces had turned traitor. Constable Bourbon had gone over to England and to the Empire. The Venetian Republic had joined this triple alliance. French territory was being invaded—on the east by German troops, on the west by an English army, which approached to within eleven leagues of Paris. Harassed by cares such as these, we may be sure that to the arrival of a fourth daughter, King Francis, never a very paternal person, had neither leisure nor inclination to pay much heed.

The poet, in celebrating Margaret's birth, had forgotten one whom it somewhat intimately concerned. But if Ronsard ignored Margaret's mother, who, when he wrote, had long since

[1] Still, a French peasant, when asked if he has any family, will reply: "No, only daughters."

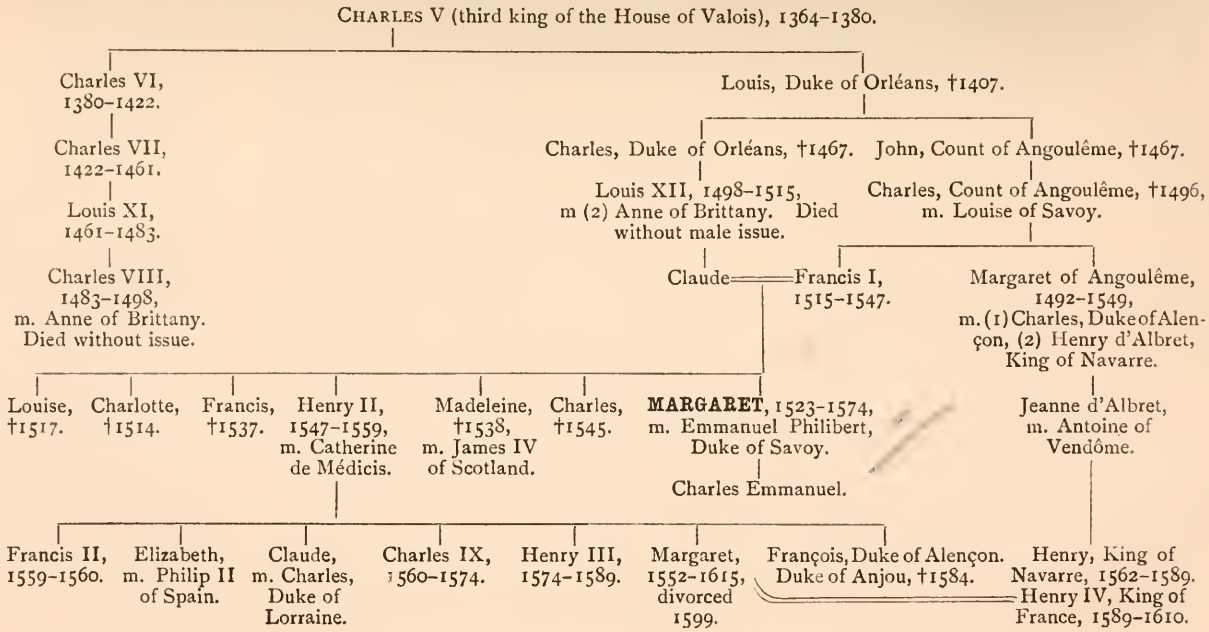
passed away, her biographer cannot afford to do so, for Claude's daughter inherited many of her mother's best characteristics.

Claude's brief life was not a happy one. Her mother, the shrewd Anne of Brittany, wished to marry her to the Archduke Charles, later the Emperor Charles V, who would probably have made her a good husband. But King Louis was bent on continuing the succession in his own line by marrying his daughter to his heir-presumptive, Francis, Duke of Valois and Count of Angoulême. In vain did the Queen plead that Claude was not the bride to attract the handsome, dashing Francis, already the gallant squire of many beautiful dames. Claude was short and insignificant, homely of feature, with a slight lameness, which she had inherited from her mother. "True she is not beautiful," said Louis, "but her goodness will win her husband's heart." Mere goodness, however, was not likely to attract the young Count of Angoulême.

Although the betrothal took place in 1506, when Claude was seven and Francis ten, there was no marriage as long as the Queen lived. But Anne died in 1514; and, straightway, the young Count of Angoulême, impatient to control his bride's vast fortune, demanded that the wedding should be celebrated without delay. And so, on the 18th of May, 1514, while the Court was still in mourning, at the Palace of Saint-Germain-en-

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE HOUSES OF ORLÉANS AND ANGOULÊME,

BRANCHES OF THE HOUSE OF VALOIS.


Charles V (third king of the House of Valois), 1364–1380.
Charles VI, 1380–1422.
Charles VII, 1422–1461.
Louis XI, 1461–1483.
Charles VIII, 1483–1498, m. Anne of Brittany. Died without issue.
Louis, Duke of Orléans, †1407.
Charles, Duke of Orléans, †1467.
John, Count of Angoulême, †1467.
Louis XII, 1498–1515, m (2) Anne of Brittany. Died without male issue.
Charles, Count of Angoulême, †1496, m. Louise of Savoy.
Claude
Francis I, 1515–1547.
Margaret of Angoulême, 1492–1549, m. (1) Charles, Duke of Alençon, (2) Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre.
Louise, †1517.
Charlotte, †1514.
Francis, †1537.
Henry II, 1547–1559, m. Catherine de Médicis.
Madeleine, †1538, m. James IV of Scotland.
Charles, †1545.
MARGARET, 1523–1574, m. Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy.
Jeanne d'Albret, m. Antoine of Vendôme.
Charles Emmanuel.
Francis II, 1559–1560.
Elizabeth, m. Philip II of Spain.
Claude, m. Charles, Duke of Lorraine.
Charles IX, 1560–1574.
Henry III, 1574–1589.
Margaret, 1552–1615, divorced 1599.
François, Duke of Alençon. Duke of Anjou, †1584.
Henry, King of Navarre, 1562–1589. Henry IV, King of France, 1589–1610.

Laye, Princess Claude and Count Francis were wedded.

The doleful character of her nuptials shadowed forth the sorrows which awaited the bride: no trumpets, minstrels, jousts or tournaments enlivened the ceremony, no cloth of gold, no silk, satin, or velvet; for the bride wore mourning; [1] and there were few spectators and fewer guests.

Immediately after the wedding Claude was sent away to Blois while her husband went off to Paris, where lived a certain lawyer's wife, of whom we read in the *Heptaméron*.[2] Then Francis repaired to Etampes. And the impropriety of a newly married couple living thus apart had to be represented to him before he could be induced to pay his wife even a short visit. Three years after her marriage, on the evening of her coronation day, when all the pomp and pageantry were past, we find the little Queen creeping back alone to the deserted cathedral to weep at her father's tomb. The King's neglect of his wife was copied by the Court and especially by the Queen Mother, the brilliant, beautiful, but malicious Louise of Savoy,[3] who vented her dislike of Queen Anne on Anne's daughter.

[1] In the beginning of the sixteenth century, mourning colours were white for women, black for men. For a mother, father, or husband, women wore gowns with hanging sleeves, trimmed with white fur, either squirrel or grebe. See Alfred Franklin, *La Civilité* (1908), I, p. 233.

[2] *Nouvelle* XXV.

[3] 1476–1531.

Despised at Court, Claude was adored by the people of France. To the virtues of the wise King, Louis XII, her father, she added gentleness and endurance. "Good Queen Claude" the people called her. On her death, in the flower of her womanhood, at the age of twenty-five, her subjects mourned her loss and worshipped her as a saint. Some said she had never committed mortal sin. Others related how many sick persons visited her tomb and were healed of their infirmities. It was told how her body, as it rested in the Chapel of Saint Calais at Blois, worked miracles, and how candles of wax were offered at her shrine. One of her ladies, being tormented by a fever, invoked the Queen, and straightway the fever departed from her. "The Queen was esteemed the flower and pearl of ladies," testified a contemporary writer, "a true mirror of modesty, holiness, piety, and innocence, the most charitable and courteous of her day, loved by each, and loving her subjects, doing good to all and caring for nought save to serve God and to please the King, her husband."

Thus, a pale flower, a Griseldis born out of due time, a relic of mediæval days when the whole duty of woman was submission, Queen Claude passed away. She had nothing in common with the budding Renaissance type of womanhood, with the strong, loud, albeit graceful and fascinating femininity of the sixteenth century.

Amidst Renaissance pomp and pageantry Claude sickened and grew pale. In the old Blois château, her father's favourite home, where her mother had breathed her last, Queen Claude died on the 26th of July, in the year 1524.

The conduct of King Francis towards his wife at her death was of a piece with his treatment of her during life. He and Madame, his mother, and Madame Renée,[1] his sister-in-law, and Monsieur le Dauphin, had gone off to Romorantin, to pass the time of the Queen's illness. Thence they had repaired to Bourges, where the Dauphin was to be shown the world and taught to play the courtier. It was at Bourges that the King heard of his wife's death. And he was characteristically quit of his marital devotion with a pretty phrase : "I had not thought that the bonds of marriage were so hard and so difficult to break," he cried ; "could I buy her life with mine she should live again." [2]

Francis was then deeply engrossed in preparations for war with the Emperor. He was therefore too busy to give his wife a state funeral, and so, for the time, Claude was interred unceremoniously in the Chapel of Saint Calais at Blois. Two years later, in November, 1526, her body, with that of

[1] Second daughter of Louis XII and Anne of Brittany.

[2] *Si je pensois la rachapter pour ma vie je la luy bailleroys de bon cueur. Et n'eusse jamais pensé que le lyen de mariage . . . feust si dur et difficile à rompre.* "Lettres de Marguerite d'Angoulême" (ed. Génin), I, p. 167.

her eldest daughter, Louise, was borne with some pomp from Blois to the Cathedral of St. Denis. At this funeral, besides the lords and ladies of the Court and the great functionaries of the realm, were present Louise of Savoy, Madame Renée, and the Duchess of Alençon. The King was not at the burial, although he came to St. Denis immediately it was over. On his death, twenty-one years later, Francis was buried with his two sons in the same tomb as his wife. And over it his son, Henry II, erected that superb monument, ascribed to Philibert de L'Orme, which is one of the glories of the cathedral.

In her last illness Queen Claude had not been utterly forsaken. Over her sick-bed had watched her sister-in-law, Margaret, Duchess of Alençon, who was ever ready to tend the sick and to comfort the unfortunate. Now that Claude was dead the first Margaret became a mother to Claude's little children.

Throughout her married life there was rarely a year that the Queen did not present her royal spouse with an infant. In historical narrative there has been so much confusion over these children that my readers will pardon me if I give a not wholly irrelevant statement of the facts. The eldest child was a girl, Louise, born at Amboise on the 19th of August, 1515, who died at the age of two.[1] Brantôme calls her " a princess

[1] The Citizen of Paris (*Journal*, ed. Bourrilly, 1910) gives various dates for the death of Louise—pp. 63, 71, 248.

of great promise," but such was the usual description of princes and princesses, especially when they died young. The only important event in the short life of Louise was her betrothal to King Charles of Spain, afterwards the Emperor Charles V, by the Treaty of Noyon in 1516. On the 21st of September in the following year, she died. Charlotte, the second in what Brantôme calls "Queen Claude's fine line of daughters," was born at Amboise on the 26th of October, 1516. She was named Charlotte after Charles, King of Spain, whose ambassador, Ravastein, was her godfather. In 1517, by the Treaty of Rouen, she was promised in marriage to James V of Scotland, and later, on her sister's death, to Charles of Spain. Charlotte died, as we shall see,[1] on the 8th of September, 1524. Claude's eldest son, the Dauphin François, was born at Amboise on the last day of February, 1518. After the advent of two girls, the birth of an heir was welcomed with great joy, and with more magnificence—"jousts, skirmishings, sham fights and sham sieges than ever before in the memory of man." A second son, Henry, named after Henry VIII of England, who was to succeed to the French throne as Henry II, was born at St. Germain-en-Laye, on the last day of March, 1519. The Journal of Louise de Savoie, in words too frank for quotation here, tells how, on the 10th of August, 1520, a third

[1] *Post* p. 14.

girl was born at St. Germain, and at the same place, on the 22nd of January, 1522, a third boy, Charles, Count of Angoulême. The Diary of Louise stops short in this year. She does not therefore chronicle the birth of Margaret, who was an infant of a year old at her mother's death.

To tenderly care for these six motherless children was a task bravely undertaken and conscientiously performed by their Aunt Margaret, the Duchess of Alençon. When Charlotte fell ill of the measles, Margaret nursed her to the end, bearing all the burden of this illness alone through her desire to shield from anxiety the child's grandmother and father. But Margaret's solicitude was unnecessary; neither Louise nor Francis was greatly moved when they heard of little Charlotte's death. Had it been one of his sons who had died, the King would have grieved more deeply. As it was, he merely recalled having three times seen his dead daughter in a dream, appearing to him and saying, "Farewell, my King, I see . . . in Paradise." [1]

On the Duchess of Alençon, her niece's sickness and death made a very deep impression. In its various phases she described Charlotte's illness to her correspondent, Guillaume Briçonnet,[2] the mystic Bishop of Meaux. To her niece's memory

[1] *Lettres de Marguerite d'Angoulême*, I (ed. Génin, 1841), pp. 170 *et seq.*

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 168 *et seq.*

she dedicated the longest of her religious poems, *Le Miroir de l'Ame Pêcheresse.* And in four graceful rondeaux she composed an imaginary dialogue between herself and the child in Paradise, beginning :

" Respondez-moy, O doulce ame vivante,
. . . . .
Dictes commant en la cour triomphante,
De vostre roy et pere este contente." [1]

Soon after Charlotte's death, the sole responsibility of the King's children devolved upon Margaret, for in February, 1525, their father was taken prisoner at Pavia and carried away to Spain. During this time a second epidemic of measles visited the royal nursery. But Margaret did not tell her brother of his children's illness until they had all recovered. Then, in a few graphic sentences, she described the health and the occupations of the little family : " And now all are quite well and perfectly healthy. M. le Dauphin [2] does wonders at his books, introducing into his studies a thousand other exercises ; and there is no more question of bad temper, but of all the virtues. M. d'Orleans [3] is nailed to his book and says he will be good. But M. d'Angoulême [4] knows more than all the others, and does things which are more like prophecies than mere childish

[1] *Poésies du Roi, François I, etc.* (ed. Champollion-Figeac, 1847), pp. 23–26.

[2] François. [3] Afterwards Henry II. [4] Charles.

deeds, at which you, my Lord, would be amazed if you could hear them."

Then follows our earliest description of the three-year-old Margaret, the youngest of the King's children, her aunt's godchild, and her favourite :

" Little Margot is like me ; she is determined not to be ill. But here I am assured that she is very graceful, and that she becomes prettier than ever was Mademoiselle d'Angoulême [the Duchess of Alençon]." [1] Of all the royal children Margaret was the most robust ; and her good health continued until middle life.

The childhood of the royal children was spent chiefly on the sunny banks of the Loire, in the old Castle of Blois or in the new château which Francis was building not far away at Chambord. Enclosed in a vast park, now bereft of its ancient timber, Chambord represented a new departure in French architecture, and a new spirit in the French Renaissance. Blois, built much of it in the dawn of the French Renaissance, when the movement was essentially national, expresses the salient characteristics of the French people ; it is august, clear and regular in its lines. Chambord, on the other hand, with its forest of steeples, turrets, and minarets, almost bewildering in its wealth of adornment, is graceful and fantastic, suggesting the light Italianism which Francis was introducing

[1] *Nouvelles Lettres de la Reine de Navarre* (ed. Génin, 1842), p. 71.

into the French Renaissance, and which was to characterise the movement in its second phase.

Twelve years and eighteen hundred workmen it took to build Chambord, and, at the end of that time Francis had tired of his new plaything, and transferred his affection to Fontainebleau, where Italian artists were already busily at work.

Blois, Chambord, and Fontainebleau were the favourite homes of Margaret's youth. But sometimes she and her brothers and sister were, to their great delight, invited to the gorgeous palaces of Ecouen and Chantilly, to visit the friend of their father's boyhood, Anne de Montmorency, le Grand-Maître, who was soon to become le Connétable de France. In Margaret's life, Montmorency and his wife, Madeleine, Madame la Connétable, were to play a prominent part.

In public affairs grim, cruel, and relentless, a bigoted Catholic, breathing forth sentences of death intermingled with his prayers, in private life Anne de Montmorency was a kind and devoted friend. The children of Francis I, especially Margaret and her brother Henry, adored him. Margaret always addressed him as *mon bon père*, and her visits to Chantilly and to Ecouen lost half their pleasure when he was not present.[1] She was far more attached to Montmorency than to her father, of whom she and her sister Madeleine stood considerably in awe. The only extant letter

[1] See her letter to Montmorency. Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3152, *Fo.* 50.

written by Margaret to King Francis betrays none of the warm affection which is evident in her letters to the Constable.

" My lord," she writes to her father, " so far and so very humbly as I can I commend myself to your good grace. My lord, hitherto I have not ventured to give you the trouble of reading my bad writing, fearing to fall short, which I should be very sorry to do, especially towards you, wherefore I have entreated the bearer of this letter to tell you better; and rather would I obey you than possess pearls.

" My lord, I pray God to grant you a happy life and a long one.

" Your very humble and very obedient daughter,

" MARGARET." [1]

" To the King, my sovereign lord."

The sons of King Francis were more at their ease with their father. " They are not pleased at your going away," wrote their Aunt Margaret to her brother. " M. d'Angoulême has decided that

[1] " Mon seigneur tant et si tres humblement que je puys à votre bonne grace me recommande.

" Monseigneur jusques ycy je n'ay osé vous donner la peine de lyre ma maulvaise lectre, craingnant faillir, ce que ne veulx jamais priencipallement envers vous, comme j'ay pryé ce porteur ce porteur [sic] mieulx vous dire et plustost vous obbeir que d'avoir des perles.

" Monseigneur je prye Dieu qu'il vous doinct tres bonne vie et longue.

" Vostre tres humble et tres obeissante fille,

" MARGUERITE."

" Au Roy mon souverain seigneur."

Bibliothèque Nationale *Fonds français* 2915, *Folio* 312.

when once he finds you he will never let go your hand, and when you hunt the boar, he knows you will see that he is not hurt."

There was a sad parting in the royal nursery when, in 1526, on the King's return from Spain, his two eldest sons, the Dauphin François and Henry Duke of Orléans, were carried away to take their father's place in captivity.

It was their grandmother, Louise de Savoie, who had decided that the exchange should be made. The welfare of France demanded it; but it cut Louise to the heart to send the two boys away to a foreign and a hostile land. She was growing very fond of her grandsons; "the little doctors" their Aunt Margaret called them, because their presence was an infallible cure for their grandmother's gout.

The Treaty of Madrid had set King Francis free on condition that his place in prison should be taken by his two eldest sons, who were to be held as hostages until all the terms of the treaty had been complied with.

The exchange of prisoners took place on a boat half-way across the Bidassoa, a narrow stream which separates the two kingdoms of France and Spain. The King entered the boat which came from the French bank while his little sons embarked on that which had borne their father from the Spanish frontier. "Keep well and cheerful, I will soon send for you," cried the King.

Then with tears in his eyes and making the sign of the cross, he gave them his parental blessing, and turned towards his glad kingdom of France, where a right royal welcome awaited him. [1] Having landed on French soil the liberated monarch bestrode a fiery Turkish steed, which carried him like a whirlwind to Bayonne.

Meanwhile his sons were taken to Madrid, there to suffer all the fury of Charles V's wrath, when he discovered that the French King had played him false and had no intention of keeping the promises made in the Treaty of Madrid.

The Emperor revenged himself upon the princes by separating them from their governor, M. de Brissac and his wife, and from all their French attendants who had accompanied them from France. Some of their servants were sent to the galleys, sold to Barbary pirates, and never heard of again. Confined in a pestilential prison, and surrounded by foreigners, it is not surprising that the elder of the boys grew up delicate and died at an early age, while the younger developed a taciturnity, a reserve, and *une figure de prison*,[2] as Michelet calls it, which were more Spanish than French.

Soon after the French King's return, a new war broke out with the Emperor, and it seemed as

[1] *Archives Curieuses*, Vol. II, Series 1, p. 527. Paulin Paris, *Etudes sur François* I, Vol. II, p. 335 and note 1.

[2] See the portrait of Henry II by Primaticcio in the Louvre.

if the young princes would be left to languish indefinitely in Spain. At length, however, three years after their departure from France, in the summer of 1529, their grandmother, Louise de Savoie, who was consumed with anxiety about the fate of her grandsons, met the Emperor's aunt, Margaret of Austria, at Cambray, and arranged what was called "the Peace of the Ladies." The ransom of the French princes was fixed at two million crowns, 1,200,000 to be paid on the arrival of the captives in France, the rest in instalments. But the King's counsellors found it very difficult to raise the money : the months dragged on and still the princes remained in captivity. The Treaty of Cambray had been signed in August, and it was March before the first instalment of the ransom was forthcoming. Then the Spaniards insisted on having every coin tested. Certain crowns were declared to be bad, and 40,000 more had to be procured. Finally the coins were deposited in iron coffers, which were sealed, committed to the care of picked Spanish archers, and taken to Bayonne. Then only, on the 1st of July, 1530, after four years of captivity, were the royal prisoners released from the stronghold of Renteria, five miles from Fontarabia, in which for the last eight weeks they had been confined.

Early in the morning of the 1st, accompanied by Monsieur and Madame de Brissac, by the Constable of Castile and a company of Spanish

soldiers, the princes set out for the French frontier. But even then, almost within sight of their longed-for native land, liberty once again seemed to recede before them. For the Constable, having heard that a French army was advancing to St. Jean-de-Luz, and fearing lest his charges should be torn from him before the payment of their ransoms, hurried them back to Renteria.

Meanwhile Queen Eléonore of Portugal, the sister of Charles V and the affianced bride of King Francis, who was to enter France with the young princes, was awaiting them at Fontarabia.[1] When the Queen heard of the Constable's *volte-face*, she was extremely incensed. Forthwith she despatched a messenger to remonstrate with him, and to assure him that the rumour of the advance of a French army was false. Thereupon the Constable and his company hastened to set forth again. And, towards six o'clock in the evening, the two young princes joined their future step-mother at Fontarabia.

Two hours later the princes in one boat and Queen Eléonore in another, set out from the Spanish bank of the Bidassoa. Simultaneously from the French side started a French boat bearing the iron chests, which contained the princes' ransom. Midway across stream an exchange was effected, the chests being carried on

[1] Eléonore had been betrothed to the French King by the Treaty of Madrid.

to the Spanish boat, as François and Henry entered the boat which had come from France.

On the French bank the Queen entered her litter, all draped with cloth of gold, and placed the princes one on each side of her. Then, followed by her ladies and gentlemen, the ladies riding on mules with velvet trappings, the Queen and the princes proceeded by torchlight to St. Jean-de-Luz. It was a goodly company, for the Queen's escort alone mustered six hundred.

Late at night as it was, there were demonstrations of joy all along the route, and when, close upon midnight, the company entered St. Jean-de-Luz, they found all the inhabitants of the village, men, women and children, assembled to greet them, and so many torches aburning that it seemed more like noonday than midnight. On all sides resounded the cries, "France! Vive le Roy! Vive la Reine! Vive le Dauphin!" And, no sooner had the royal procession arrived than a messenger was despatched to carry the good news of the coming of the Queen and the princes to Bayonne. Two hours later another messenger started post haste for Bordeaux, to bear the good tidings to King Francis. It was in the small hours of the Saturday morning, at 2 a.m., that the messenger set forth; and he reached Bordeaux at seven that evening. Margaret was with her father at Bordeaux when the welcome tidings

were received. She was strongly attached to her brothers; and her heart must have leapt with joy at the thought of seeing them again.

But travelling was difficult in those days, and especially so for a numerous escort encumbered with much baggage. Moreover, the joy of the inhabitants of the towns through which the travellers passed somewhat delayed their progress. So, although the Queen and the princes reached St. Jean-de-Luz at midnight on Friday, and although they travelled hard, rising early in the morning on subsequent days, it would seem to have been Thursday before Margaret and her brothers were reunited at Bordeaux.

On Wednesday, the last day of their journey, the travellers started at three o'clock in the morning, in order that they might reach Mont-de-Marsan that evening. For there the King, having come out from Bordeaux, awaited them. Francis was impatient to greet his bride, and to see the sons from whom he had so long been parted. No sooner had the King received the travellers at Mont-de-Marsan than he conducted them to the Abbey of Verrières outside the town. And there instantly, with an impatience recalling Napoleon's on the arrival in France of Marie Louise, he had the royal nuptials celebrated at nightfall.

On the following day, Thursday, the 7th of July, the party proceeded to Bordeaux, where François

and Henry were received by their sisters Margaret and Madeleine. And by no means the least pleased to see "her little doctors" once again must have been their grandmother, Louise, who also awaited them at Bordeaux. For the Queen-Mother had much of the tigress in her nature. When her malice was aroused, to friend or foe no one could be more deadly: in order to win the Connétable de Bourbon, whom she had loved, she had hesitated at nothing: to satisfy her craving for luxury she scrupled not to dip her hand into the exchequer of the realm, and so to bring disgrace on the army of her son. And yet, to those within her family circle, with the one exception of Queen Claude, she was all love and tenderness. There never was a more passionate mother or a fonder grandmother, at any rate as far as her grandsons were concerned.

With the young princes returned, as we have said, their governor, M. de Brissac, and his wife. In their train also was the eldest son of M. and Mdme de Brissac, Charles de Cossé, who had been with the princes during the last few months of their captivity.

To see these friends again must have delighted Margaret almost as much as the return of her brothers. Mdme de Brissac, who was her *gouvernante,* Margaret adored. *Ma mère* she always called her. And Mdme de Brissac's eldest son had from the cradle been Margaret's playfellow

and friend, a gallant young knight, *le beau Brissac* he was called, to whom Margaret looked up as to an elder brother.

With his usual magnificence, King Francis maintained a numerous and expensive retinue for his children. Even before Margaret's birth, the staff of the King's nursery numbered two hundred and forty persons ; and we may be sure that on Margaret's advent it was appropriately increased.[1]

Over this household presided M. and Mdme de Brissac. And the Brissac children were brought up with the young princes and princesses. No doubt all these young people were interested in and proud of the exploits of *le beau Brissac.* His handsome mien and his fine raiment were the theme of more than one foreign ambassador's pen. The Venetian ambassador, Alvarotto, told how in hooded cape of green velvet, falling over a corselet beautifully gilt, with hat of green silk decked with white feathers, and bearing a lance of ash, from which floated green and white streamers, Brissac had tilted before the King and Queen.

On the battlefield Brissac was as brilliant as in the lists. "Were I not Dauphin I would be Colonel Brissac," exclaimed Henry, when Charles

[1] L'Abbé Ch. Marchand, *Vie de Charles I de Cossé, Comte de Brissac et Maréchal de France* (1889), p. 8.

Photo. *Giraudon*

CHARLES DE COSSÈ, MARÉCHAL DE BRISSAC
From a drawing by François Clouet, at Chantilly

de Cossé effected a difficult capture of artillery at the siege of Perpignan in 1541.[1]

In love as well as in war *le beau Brissac* carried all before him. La Duchesse d'Etampes and Diane de Poitiers, the mistress of Francis I and the mistress of Henry II, were said to have been among his conquests. And "inevitable human malignity," in the person of Brantôme, the greatest scandalmonger of the age, has bracketed his name with that of our Margaret. Brantôme goes so far as to hint that Margaret was the mother of a natural child born to Brissac before he became governor of Piedmont.[2] But nowadays no serious historian pays any attention to Brantôme. He is now known to have merely gathered up all the gossip of the court. His stories are often nothing but old anecdotes revived and re-spiced by being told of the great personages of his day.[3] When slandering Margaret, Brantôme has to admit that he only writes from hearsay. Of the truth of this story he has no evidence to give, and neither has anyone else ; for we do not find it even referred to by any other contemporary writer.

On the other hand, we do find that Margaret was the devoted friend of Brissac's somewhat neglected wife, Charlotte d'Esquetot, and that, when Charlotte's husband sent her back from Italy to France

[1] This was after the death of François, Henry's elder brother.

[2] Brantôme, *Œuvres Complètes* (ed. Lalanne), IX, p. 85.

[3] See Lavisse, *Hist. de France*, Vol. V, Part II, p. 262.

to be confined, it was Margaret who endeavoured to find her a nurse, and consulted on the subject her friend, Madeleine de Montmorency, Madame la Connétable. The choice of a nurse was a matter which no one, not even the greatest personage in those days, thought beneath his notice. And Margaret in her letter to La Connétable is very explicit as to the nurse's qualifications. She must be between twenty-five and thirty, healthy, virtuous, of a placid disposition and her own child must not be more than six or seven months old. We find also that both Margaret and Brissac were proud of their friendship with each other. After her marriage, when asking Brissac to render her husband a political service, Margaret reminds him "of the kindness with which it hath ever been my desire to treat you and yours."[1] Brissac, writing to the Duke of Savoy, openly boasts of the innumerable favours which Margaret has bestowed on "those of my house and on me in particular."[2] This sentence alone is surely sufficient to prove that in the friendship of Margaret of France and Charles de Cossé there was nothing that was censurable. One modern French writer dismisses this scandal with the remark that if Margaret had a weakness it must have been her love of Greek,

[1] Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 20451.

[2] Boyvin de Villars. *Mémoires* (ed. Mich. et Poujoulet), 1ière série, X. (1838), p. 342.

which she spoke fluently.[1] Perhaps more conclusive is the testimony of Michel de l'Hospital, who being no flatterer, and knowing our princess much more intimately than Brantôme, addresses her thus : " Victorious, thro' the midmost flames of passion, dear maid, untarnished, you make your way." [2]

[1] Bourciez, *Les Mœurs Polies et la Littérature de Cour sous Henri II*, p. 190.

[2] Michel de l'Hospital, *Œuvres Complètes* (ed. Dufey), Vol. III, chap. VI. For this translation and for several others from the Latin of l'Hospital I am indebted to Miss Constance White.

CHAPTER II

EARLY INFLUENCES

The Coming to France of Catherine de Médicis and Margaret's Affection for her—Their education together—The Moral Atmosphere of the Court—The Death of the Dauphin—Sickness at Fontainebleau—An Autumn Party at Chatillon-sur-Loing.

"And in any wyse a man muste so fashyon and order hys conditions, and so appoint and dispose him selfe, that he be merie, iocunde, and pleasaunt amonge them, whom eyther nature hathe provided, or chance hath made . . . to be the felowes, and companyons of hys life."—Sir Thomas More.

FOND of her stepdaughters as Queen Eléonore appears to have been, she took little interest in their education, which after, as before, the Queen's marriage was left to the superintendence of Margaret of Angoulême, now Queen of Navarre.

The eldest Margaret's first husband, the Duke of Alençon, had died only a few weeks after the Battle of Pavia, for which disaster he had been held partly responsible. His wife and his mother-in-law, Louise, could never forgive him for having failed to prevent the capture of their "Cæsar," as they called their adored Francis. Indeed

in Margaret's heart her husband had ever held a very inferior place to her brother. The marriage had been one of convenience, as most marriages were then. And, though Margaret tenderly cared for the Duke until his death, she was not heart-broken at his loss.

Her second marriage, with Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre, which took place in 1527, was much more of a love-match than her first marriage had been. Nevertheless, even Henry by no means unseated Francis from his throne in his sister's heart. And a good deal of jealousy ensued.

Soon after the return of the two princes a new scholar was introduced into the royal school-room. In 1533, Henry Duke of Orléans, then a boy of fourteen, was married to the Florentine princess, Catherine de Médicis, who was about the same age, they both having been born in 1519.

From the first our Margaret and her sister-in-law became fast friends; and their affection endured throughout their lives. Catherine never forgot Margaret's kindness when almost everyone in her new home seemed to be against her. Indeed in many respects Catherine's position at the court of King Francis suggests that of Marie Antoinette at the court of Louis XV more than two centuries later. Both the young brides were about the same age. In both cases the marriage

was unpopular with the court and with the nation, and was rendered even more so by the childlessness of the young couple during the early years of their married life. In both cases the court and the nation expressed their dislike of the union by unkindly treating the bride.

It was in those days that Catherine learned to practise that art of dissimulation which she was to use with so fatal an effect in after years. Surrounded by those who suspected and detested her, she dared never be herself, and she was driven by fear to feign a liking for persons whom she loathed.

From the first, however, the King and his sister, as well as the young Margaret, proved exceptions to the general rule at court. The elder Margaret, like her niece, took the lonely girl to her heart; and, when Catherine was reproached for not bearing an heir to the French crown, bade her take courage from the fact that the women of the Medici family never bore children in early life. King Francis too made a friend of his little daughter-in-law, who became much more of a companion to the King than either of his own daughters, Madeleine or Margaret. For Catherine, whose birthplace was Florence and whose grandfather was Lorenzo di Medici, reminded Francis of Italy, that home of sensitive souls, for which he was ever pining. She was not pretty, but she had wit, intelligence and a

good figure. She was fond of books—especially when they were richly bound—good at games, a graceful dancer, a clever horsewoman and an ingenious one withal, for she invented the side-saddle in order to show off her well-formed ankle.

And so, when the King went ahunting, he generally chose Catherine for a companion. And she, entertaining him with her gay and humorous conversation, became as necessary to Francis as the artistic masterpieces of her fellow-townsmen, as any frescoes by Rosso or as even the great salt-cellar of Benvenuto Cellini. Accordingly, when, after the death of Catherine's kinsman, Pope Clement VII, to gain whose alliance the marriage had been mainly devised, it was suggested that the young Florentine should be divorced and sent back to her native city, Francis rejected the proposal with scorn.

And not long afterwards we find that Catherine had overcome the dislike of her own husband and of his two brothers. For, in 1535, the Venetian Ambassador, Giustiniano, wrote that "the Dauphin and her husband, as well as the King's youngest son, seem very fond of her." [1] She, however, unlike Marie Antoinette, never, as long as she lived, succeeded in winning the hearts of the French nation; for Catherine had neither

[1] Baschet, *Diplomatie Vénitiénne: Les Princes de l'Europe au XVIième Siècle*, p. 469.

the charm nor the beauty of Louis XVI's Austrian bride.

Margaret of Angoulême, like every disciple of the New Learning, believed in an all-round education. Domestic pursuits, physical culture, the arts and classical studies, all alike found a place in the curriculum to which she subjected her youthful nieces, Margaret, Madeleine and their sister-in-law, Catherine. In the sixteenth century stitchery played an important part in the education of all young girls ; it was thought to keep them out of mischief, and was carried to such a degree of perfection that it became a fine art, with the needle for brush and silks of every hue for pallet. The first Margaret executed marvels of embroidery, some of which may be seen today, and her niece, according to Ronsard, was a veritable Arachne.

> " Aucunefois avec ses damoiselles
> Comme une fleur assise au milieu d'elles,
> Guidoit l'aiguille, et d'un art curieux
> Joignoit la soye à l'or industrieux
> Dessus la toille, ou sur la gaze peinte
> De fil en fil pressoit la laine teinte
> En bel ouvrage, et si bien l'agençoit
> Que d'Arachnè le mestier effaçoit." [1]

In physical exercises, in horsemanship, in dancing and in swimming, Margaret, like all

[1] *Le Bocage Royal*, see Ronsard, *Œuvres Complètes* (ed. Blanchemain), III, p. 347.

Renaissance girls, was instructed, and in music too, for we read that she became a skilful player on the lute. Neither, in those days, were manners forgotten. In the sixteenth century numerous *Civilités* or codes of etiquette were published and addressed chiefly to children. The most famous was that written in Latin by no less a personage than Erasmus and translated into French by Pierre Saliat, in 1530. Seeing that Margaret of Angoulême and Erasmus were friends and correspondents, it is probable that the *Civilité* of Erasmus would be the one which Margaret would choose for her niece.

According to whatever *Civilité* Margaret was educated she did it credit, becoming renowned for the delicacy and daintiness of her table manners. We must confess, however, that the standard of those days was not a high one, as we may learn from *La Civilité* of Erasmus, wherein diners are advised that, when, through the handling of meat, fingers grow greasy, it is more polite to wipe them on the table-cloth than to cleanse them in one's mouth or by rubbing them on one's clothes. Forks in those days were not ; spoons were used and knives occasionally.

The men of the New Learning were doing something to inculcate personal cleanliness and to dissipate the mediæval idea that saintliness must involve filth. The *Civilités* gave the child minute directions as to how to wash itself. But

the Church still looked askance on this pagan mania for bathing and Catholic preachers thundered against "these fatal washings so fertile in deadly sins."

Touching the classical studies of the Renaissance no one was better fitted to prescribe a curriculum for her nieces than Margaret of Angoulême. She herself, under her mother's influence, had early been imbued with a love for good letters. Having learnt Latin, Spanish and Italian in childhood, in later years she taught herself Greek and studied Hebrew with the great teacher, Paul Paradis. As a girl, she had been permitted to browse at will among the treasures of her father's great library at Angoulême. And from the many cares of after life she looked back with delight to the long days when she might pore undisturbed over mediæval romance and Italian epic ; and of the books which were the companions of her girlhood she wrote :

> "I piled a pillar of them and methought
> They heaven and earth together brought." [1]

Adoring her aunt as she did, it is not surprising that our Margaret should have imbibed her passion for letters and should even have surpassed her in scholarship. The three most learned women of the century were Margaret of Angou-

[1] See *Les Prisons* (ed. Abel Lefranc).

lême, Renée, Duchess of Ferrara,[1] and Margaret of Savoy. But the last was the most learned of the three.[2]

In those days every little girl learned Latin; it put the finishing touch to her charms. But Margaret learned also Italian and Greek, and in no perfunctory manner; for the Venetian Ambassador, Cavalli, wrote that she attained to complete mastery over the three tongues; and all her life she continued to use the knowledge thus gained. In after years it became her delight to read the works of Plutarch in the original with their great translator, Amyot, and to discuss the *Ethics* of Aristotle with her Italian friend, the Florentine poet, Baccio del Bene.

It was a Renaissance custom for boys and girls up to a certain age to be taught together. Margaret of Angoulême and her brother Francis had learned side by side. And it is probable that our Margaret shared the lessons of her brothers and learned Latin from their tutor, Benedictus Tagliacarnus, the author of eloquent Latin poems, who had once been Secretary to the Republic of Genoa. Margaret's Greek teacher we know to have been Pontronius, from whom

[1] Daughter of Louis XII, sister to Queen Claude, and consequently our Margaret's aunt.

[2] Le Laboureur in his Additions to *Les Mémoires* of Castelnau, I, p. 706.

she continued to learn long after her childhood's days were over. When Margaret was Duchess of Berry and the patroness of letters at her brother's court, we find Michel de l'Hospital writing to ask Pontronius whether, amidst her many cares, the Princess still delights in the society of Cicero, Virgil, Horace and all the princes of Latin literature.[1]

Following the fashion of her day, Margaret's favourite Latin author was Cicero. L'Hospital tells how readily and with what unfailing memory she would introduce into her conversation quotations chosen from the very heart of Cicero's works. The poems of Horace furnished her with after-dinner philosophy. But l'Hospital advised her to read that poet warily. "Keep that wretch Horace at arm's length," he wrote. "And if any passage meets your eyes unworthy of your maidenliness . . . pass by and shun it with the skill with which formerly the wise Ulysses avoided the alluring songs of the Sirens, the shore of Circe or the madness of Scylla." [2]

L'Hospital here showed a respect for the young person which, in the sixteenth century, was very rare and not at all in accordance with the spirit of the French court. Whether the extremely free manners and morals of those days proceeded from naïveté or from corruption

[1] Michel de l'Hospital, *Œuvres* (ed. Dufey), Lib. I, p. 24.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 96.

we cannot undertake to say.[1] But it seems evident that at the court of King Francis it was not unusual for a woman at her toilet to be waited on by a valet instead of by a maid, and for her to think nothing of undressing and retiring to her couch in the presence of a company of male and female visitors. Nothing more forcibly illustrates this absolute freedom between the sexes than the conversations between men and women in the *Heptaméron*.

The Queen of Navarre was troubled with none of l'Hospital's scruples. She took the younger Margaret at a very early age into her confidence. And at her niece's request, so the Queen tells us, she penned the somewhat *risqué* tale of Diana's nymphs pursued by the satyrs, pleading that if blame there be her niece's shoulders must bear it, "Margaret must excuse Margaret."[2]

> "Mais tout ainsi comme je l'entendis,
> De mot à mot, ma Dame, le vous dis,
> Et vous sçavez que lors vous pleut me dire
> Et me prier de la vouloir escrire :
> Ce prier là, qui m'est commandement,
> Ha fait la fin et le commencement.
> Puis que je sens d'obeir satisfait
> Le mien desir, je dy que j'ay bien fait.
> Si faulte y ha, qui payera l'amende

[1] See Lavisse, *Hist. de France*, Vol. V, Part II, p. 262.

[2] *L'Histoire des Satyres et Nymphes de Diane* (ed. Félix Frank), III, p. 199.

Ou celle là qui telle œuvre commande,
Ou celle qui obéit sans excuse ?
Vous donc, ma Dame, envers laquelle j'use
Tant seulement de vraye obeïssance,
Et qu'scavez quelle est mon impuissance,
Devez porter le mal que je merite,
Et Marguerite excuse Marguerite.
Il me suffit et seray bien contente,
Mais que croyez vostre tres humble tante
N'estre jamais de vous obëir lasse,
Et la tenir en vostre bonne grace."

That Margaret of Angoulême should have openly declared so frank a poem to be written at her young niece's request was thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of a court where young girls were expected to see and to hear everything.

Le gros rire, la grosse gaieté and practical joking of a doubtful character were the order of the day. And no one was fonder of indulging in it than the Queen of Navarre.

Students of the *Heptaméron* know how frequently the first Margaret, under some slight disguise, relates events that really happened at court. In one of her stories[1] she tells how a "lady of excellent wit," at the court of King Francis, played a trick on her lover and invited "the Lady Margaret, daughter of the King," to take part in it. There is little doubt as to who "the lady of excellent wit" was and no doubt at all as to "the Lady Margaret" whose identity

[1] *Nouvelle* XVIII.

is fixed by her description as "the daughter of the King."

The gentleman who was the victim of the lady's raillery may well have been Guillaume Gouffier,[1] Admiral Bonnivet, the handsomest man of his time, who from his youth had been one of the Queen of Navarre's most ardent admirers. In the castle of Amboise, Francis, Margaret and Guillaume had all been brought up together—Gouffier was the son of Artus Gouffier, governor of the young Francis, then Count of Angoulême. And the names of the first Margaret and Guillaume Gouffier came to be associated much in the same way as later our Margaret's name was coupled with that of Charles de Cossé, Comte de Brissac. The Queen of Navarre's relations with Bonnivet, however, were probably much more amorous than were those of Margaret II with the Comte de Brissac. The two latter were doubtless firm friends, but, *pace* Brantôme, it is unlikely they were anything more.

On his accession to the throne Francis did not forget the friend of his youth. He appointed him Admiral of France and overwhelmed him with favours. But Bonnivet's influence over the King was not a good one; he encouraged him to devote himself to pleasure and he led him into all kinds of rash schemes. Indeed the

[1] 1488–1525. See Brantôme's reference to this tale, *Œuvres* (ed. Lalanne), Vol. IX, pp. 388–90.

defeat and capture of the King at Pavia [1] has been laid at the Admiral's door. And Bonnivet himself may have realised his responsibility for this disaster and determined not to survive it ; for, courting death, he rushed into the heart of the mêlée and died there fighting.

Bonnivet, generally by some other name, but sometimes under his own, figures in more than one of the *Heptaméron* stories,[2] notably in the fourth tale which tells how a Lady of Flanders, who was doubtless the Queen of Navarre, repulsed him and punished him for his boldness. But Margaret had another score to pay off on her lover ; she bore him a grudge for occasionally paying his addresses to other ladies. And the following story relates how she took her revenge. The tale arises from a conversation among the ladies and gentlemen who tell the *Heptaméron* stories as to whether more men have been deceived by women than women by men. One of the gentlemen [3] maintains the former and illustrates his contention by this tale.

A lady of excellent wit at the court of King Francis had many admirers, all of whom she treated so pleasantly, that they knew not what to make of her, so that the faintest-hearted took courage and the boldest were driven to despair.

[1] 1525. [2] See *Nouvelles* XIV and XVI.
[3] Simontault.

Nevertheless there was one whom she loved and whom she called her cousin. But their friendship not infrequently turned to wrath. And the gentleman had long pressed his suit without obtaining any encouragement.

But there came a day, when the lady, pretending to be wholly vanquished by pity, promised to grant his request. She told him that with this intent she would go into her room, which was on a garret floor, where she knew there was nobody. And as soon as he should see that she was gone, he was to follow her without fail.

The gentleman, believing what she said, was exceedingly well pleased and began to amuse himself with the other ladies until he should see her gone and might quickly follow her. But she betook herself to my Lady Margaret, daughter of the King, and to my Lady Margaret's friend, the young Duchess of Montpensier,[1] to whom she said : " I will, if you are willing, show you the fairest diversion you have ever seen." They, being by no means enamoured of melancholy, begged that she would tell them what it was.

[1] Jacqueline, daughter of Le Seigneur de Longwy, married in 1538 to Louis II de Bourbon, Duc de Montpensier. The Duchess was Margaret's lifelong friend. When she died in 1561, Margaret was expecting her child, and Catherine de Médicis, writing to the Duke of Savoy, expresses her anxiety as to the effect the news will have on Margaret's health.

"You know such a one," she replied, "as worthy a gentleman as lives and as bold. You are aware how many ill turns he has done me, and that, just when I loved him best, he fell in love with others, and so caused me more grief than I have ever suffered to be seen. Well, God has now afforded me the means of taking revenge upon him. I am forthwith going to my own room, which is overhead, and immediately afterwards, if it please you to keep watch, you will see him follow me. When he has passed the galleries and is about to go up the stairs, I pray you come both to the window and help me to cry 'thief.' You will then see his rage, which, I am sure, will not become him badly, and even if he does not revile me aloud, I swear he will none the less do so in his heart."

This plan was not agreed to without laughter, for there was no gentleman that tormented the ladies more than he did, whilst he was so greatly liked and esteemed by all, that for nothing in the world would anyone have run the risk of his raillery.

It seemed, moreover, to the two princesses that they would themselves share in the glory which the other lady hoped to win over this gentleman.

Accordingly, as soon as they saw the deviser of the plot go out, they set themselves to observe the gentleman's demeanour. But little time went

by before he shifted his quarters, and, as soon as he had passed the door, the ladies went out into the gallery, in order that they might not lose sight of him.

Suspecting nothing, he wrapped his cloak about his neck, so as to hide his face, and went down the stairway to the court ; but, seeing some one whom he desired not to have for witness, he came back by another way, and then went down into the court a second time.

The ladies saw everything without being seen, and, when the lover reached the stairway, by which he thought he might safely gain his sweetheart's chamber, they went to the window, whence they immediately perceived the other lady. She began crying out " Thief " at the top of her voice. Whereupon the two ladies below answered her so loudly that their voices were heard all over the castle.

I leave you to imagine, says the teller of the tale, with what vexation the gentleman fled to his lodgings. He was not so well muffled as not to be known by those who were in the mystery. And they often twitted him with it as did even the lady who had done him this ill turn, saying that she had been well revenged on him.

This tale vividly represents the moral atmosphere of the court in which Margaret was brought up and where Boccaccio was the favourite author. The Queen of Navarre modelled her stories on

those of the *Decameron*. And Catherine de Médicis and Margaret tried their hands at imitating Boccaccio too. They however were so dissatisfied with their attempts that, we are told, they threw them into the fire. And this, as far as we know, was our Margaret's only attempt at literary composition.[1]

As the children of King Francis grew up they were taken from the châteaux of the Loire and from Fontainebleau to join in the perpetual wanderings which their royal father's restlessness imposed upon his court. Whenever Francis changed his place of residence the Queen, the princes and the princesses with their whole households dutifully followed. Not for a fortnight, writes the Venetian ambassador, did the French court remain in the same place. Like a huge travelling town its crowd of ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in litters, with carts and baggage-waggons, was for ever on the move. As the century advanced and luxury increased so did the encumbrances of these royal journeyings. Châteaux were but sparsely furnished, and the majority of household appurtenances were carried by the court from place to place. Margaret's *gouvernante*, Madame de Brissac, refused to be separated from

[1] Miss Edith Sichel (*Women and Men of the French Renaissance*, 1903, p. 344) says Margaret wrote sonnets to Du Bellay. I have been unable to discover the sonnets or any other reference to them.

Photo. *G. Vandon*

THE DAUPHIN FRANÇOIS, BROTHER OF MARGARET OF FRANCE.
From a portrait by Corneille de Lyon at Chantilly

her enormous bed, which must needs be borne by several mules and set up at every halting-place as if it had been a reliquary. The packing-cases for Madame de Brissac's couch form no small item in Margaret's accounts.[1] And from these documents we learn that one day the mules broke down beneath their burden, and that the bed was left high and dry by the roadside until a friendly peasant was persuaded to give it harbourage while means were devised for its further conveyance.

Sometimes, naturally, sickness and death would intervene to cry a halt in these royal wanderings. In the summer of 1536, a terrible and sudden sorrow befell the family of King Francis. At Lyon, in the dog days, the Dauphin, having played a game of tennis, drank a cup of icy cold water; he died a few days afterwards. Exactly the same thing had happened years before[2] to Philip the Handsome, the father of the Emperor, Charles V. But in those days all sudden deaths were attributed to poison. In the Dauphin's case, Charles V, with whom Francis I was then at war, was said to have instigated the crime. Monticuculo, the Dauphin's cup-bearer, who had once been in the Emperor's service, was accused of having administered the poison in the cup of cold water. In the torture-chamber the cup-bearer

[1] See *Les Dépenses de Marguerite de France en* 1549, Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 10394, *Fo.* 227.

[2] In 1506.

admitted his guilt, and it was in vain that he afterwards withdrew his confession. He was condemned to suffer the most horrible death ever inflicted even in that age of refined cruelty. With bare head and feet, clad only in his shirt, he was dragged on a hurdle round the town, holding in his hands a lighted torch and crying for mercy and pardon to God, to the King and to justice. Then, arrived at the place of execution, having witnessed the burning of some of the poison he was said to have used and of the cup in which he was supposed to have administered it, his body was torn asunder by four horses.

The Emperor not unnaturally resented the imputation to him of so dastardly a deed, especially because, as his minister, the Seigneur de Granvelle, pointed out, he could have had no object whatever in committing it. Beyond the confession of Monticuculo, made under the influence of torture and afterwards retracted, there is no reason for associating Charles V with the Dauphin's death, which is now generally believed to have been due to pleurisy.

The King had conceived mighty hopes and a great opinion of his son. It was long before he could recover from his death. When he heard the news, writes Guillaume du Bellay,[1] Francis heaved a sigh so deep that it was heard in the next room,

[1] *Mémoires* (ed. Michaud et Poujoulat, 1838), 1ière série, V, p. 396.

and without uttering a word, turned his face away and looked out of the window.

In the summer of the next year (1537), the court was at Fontainebleau. And there, writes the Queen of Navarre,[1] many were attacked by a curious malady, "long and violent at the outset," but not fatal. Queen Eléonore and Catherine de Médicis were the first to succumb. Then the elder Margaret unwittingly led her niece into a hot-bed of infection. She took her out from Fontainebleau to visit the King's winepress. And there they were told by a peasant woman, the wife of one Janot, that all her husband's servants were stricken with the fever; but they were in a sure way to recover, added the woman, for they were being treated with an infallible remedy, one compounded of garlic, onions, high meat and cold water. When, on her return, our Margaret promptly fell ill of the same fever, we trust that her physician, Dr. Burgensis,[2] prescribed for her a physic less nauseous than the nostrum of Madame Janot.

At any rate, Margaret soon recovered. And,

[1] *Lettres*, I, p. 357.

[2] Burgensis or Louis de Bourges (1482–1556) belonged to a family of famous doctors. His father, Jean de Bourges, was physician to Charles VIII and to Louis XII. Louis de Bourges was doctor to three kings, Louis XII, Francis I, and Henry II. He is said to have caused the release of Francis I from captivity at Madrid by representing to Charles V that his prisoner was on the point of dying, and so cheating the imperial captor out of ransom. *Biographie Universelle*, *s.v.* Bourges.

when all the invalids were convalescent, the court fled from the infected Fontainebleau to the castle of Chatillon-sur-Loing. There for a fortnight they were entertained by the brilliant Louise de Montmorency, sister of the Grand-Maître and mother of the famous Gaspard de Coligny, who was to become Admiral of France and to perish on the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Coligny, who, in 1537, was but a youth of eighteen, remained one of Margaret's lifelong friends. Eight years later, on the death of her youngest brother, Charles Duke of Orléans,[1] it was Coligny who was deputed to break to her the sad news. Of more cheerful tidings he was the messenger fourteen years later still when he came to tell his friend that the negotiations at Cateau-Cambrésis were terminated and that she was the affianced bride of Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. For this service Margaret repaid him after her marriage by persuading her husband to restore to Coligny a part of his patrimony which was situated in Savoy and had been lost in the wars.

The Montmorencys knew well how to entertain, and at Chatillon there was right good cheer. But two of that merry party were oppressed with care and anxiety. Public affairs weighed heavily on the King and on his Grand-Maître. For evil

[1] He died at Forest-Moustier, near Abbeville, of fever, on the 8th of September, 1545, at the age of twenty-three.

tidings were reaching them from the south of France and from Italy : the French troops had mutinied and were threatening, if arrears of pay were not immediately forthcoming, to sack Lyon ; the imperial army had regained most of the conquests made by France in Piedmont during the previous year and were then besieging Turin and Pinerolo, the only towns which France retained.

Francis and Montmorency put their heads together and, as the result of their counsels, word was sent to the Cardinal of Tournon, the King's lieutenant in the south, to borrow money from the Florentine bankers, to squeeze as much out of them as possible, and therewith to pay the French troops. Meanwhile Louise de Montmorency's party was hastily broken up : Margaret and the ladies of the court returned to the château of Fontainebleau, which was thought after the lapse of a fortnight to be free from infection, while the King and his Grand-Maître made for the south. At Lyon they parted, and Montmorency crossed the Alps to conduct in Piedmont one of those brutal and ruthless campaigns, which, when they were fought against the Huguenots, won for him the title of *Brule-bancs*. In the previous year (1536), when the Emperor had invaded Provence, Montmorency had starved him out by spreading fire and devastation through the land. The poor peasants, commanded to leave their homes and take refuge in the towns, found that not only the villages but

the towns also were to perish. Everything was ruined, burned, destroyed. "A terrible sight," writes a contemporary witness. Montmorency, meanwhile, had entrenched himself in a strongly fortified camp. And the Spaniards, threatened with starvation, had been compelled to retreat. But the French, too, were dying of hunger. And the result of Montmorency's scheme of defence involved in ruin a whole province of France.

Now, in the autumn of 1537, as the Grand-Maître and his army marched down through the Susa Pass into the plain of Piedmont, his course was attended by brutal cruelty. Everywhere in his train the gibbets were busy and no quarter was allowed. But the Spaniards were driven from Turin and Pinerolo, and Piedmont was reconquered. In October Francis and Charles came to one of those numerous inconclusive agreements,[1] which left most of the crucial points in dispute to be settled by future warfare.

But for Montmorency the campaigns of 1536 and 1537 were by no means inconclusive. They raised Margaret's *bon père* to the pinnacle of his power. They made him Constable, and for the next five years almost King of France.

[1] The truce was signed at Monçon on the 16th of November.

CHAPTER III

LOVE AND MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY OF KING FRANCIS

The great matches of the sixteenth century—James V of Scotland and the daughters of King Francis—James's Marriage with Margaret's sister, Madeleine—The Death of Madeleine—Matrimonial Schemes for Margaret—Charles V's Visit to France—The Death of Francis I.

> " . . . Ô amans, Ô pucelles,
> Fines moi ce finet Amour qui tient des ailes,
> En lui donnant la vie, il va donnant la mort."
>
> MARC CLAUDE DE BUTTET.

IN the sixteenth century—and indeed in other centuries—the chief use of Kings' daughters was to serve as pawns in the political game. Vast were the consequences which followed and were intended to follow royal marriages.[1] We all know how a series of such unions brought half Europe under the sway of the Austrian house in the person of Charles V. We know too how from the cradle and even before birth [2] princesses were offered and promised first to one husband then to another ; how from the stage

[1] See Sir J. R. Seeley, *Growth of British Policy* (1895), I, 11.
[2] Maulde la Clavière, *Les Femmes de la Renaissance*, p. 39.

of pap and swaddling clothes they were affianced, nay, even married by proxy many times over.

The high mortality among wives of royal princes in this century gave full scope for these matrimonial dealings. Leaving out of account our bluebeard, Henry VIII, Francis I of France and James V of Scotland were twice married, Louis XII of France had three wives, Philip II of Spain four, while the prolonged widowerhood of the Emperor Charles V [1] gave rise to perpetual proposals of matrimony from every court in Europe.

There was hardly a princess who at one time or other, either before or after the Emperor's marriage, had not been promised or betrothed to Charles V. Both Louis XII's daughters, Claude and Renée, had been promised to him. Each of Louis' granddaughters, Louise, Charlotte, Madeleine and our Margaret, was in turn affianced to the Emperor. And in between there were negotiations for his marriage with their aunt, Margaret of Angoulême. While in England all the while Charles was regarded as the affianced husband of Princess Mary, despite the bridal ceremonies which had some years earlier united her by proxy to the infant Dauphin, son of King Francis I.

The great matches of the century were, in its

[1] The Empress, Isabella of Portugal, died in 1539, and the Emperor remained unmarried until his death in 1558.

first half, Charles V, Henry VIII and James V, later Edward VI, Philip II and Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. Francis I, married early to Claude and soon after her death betrothed to Eléonore of Portugal, whom, after a few years' delay, he married, was never in a position to have many caps set at him. After 1530, the matrimonial adventures of Henry VIII caused a union with that monarch to be constantly debated in European courts. The first Margaret was twice at least on the verge of being married to him. How would the union of two such powerful personalities have worked, would Margaret have been as tactful as Catherine Parr and have succeeded in surviving her husband, and how would the marriage have affected the affairs of England, are among the useless but interesting " might-have-beens " of history.

The most romantic of these royal suitors was the young King of Scotland, James V. This handsome prince, whose flowing golden locks and strong yet amiable countenance, Ronsard has painted, was to play no small part in the girlhood of our Margaret and more especially of her elder sister, Madeleine.

In childhood James had been promised first to Charlotte and after her death to Madeleine. In manhood he hesitated between Madeleine and Margaret, but it was eventually Madeleine whom he married.

The doings of this gallant prince, the son of James IV who had fallen at Flodden and of Margaret Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII, Margaret and Madeleine must have frequently discussed. For this young King of Scotland during twenty-five years, from his birth in 1512 until his first marriage in 1537, English, French and Spanish diplomatists were busy planning matrimonial alliances. Yet, despite so many rivals, Madeleine from her early days confidently regarded herself as James's bride; she was determined to be Queen of Scotland. Many a time must her hopes have been threatened with disappointment. For, when promised to King James, she was but a year old and she was seventeen when she married him. Through those sixteen years many another wife was proposed for James and many another husband for Madeleine. Her health was delicate, and her father soon repented of his decision to send so frail a flower to the barbarous north. Accordingly other French princesses were offered to King James, our Margaret, Marie de Bourbon the Duke of Vendôme's daughter, and Isabeau d'Albret Queen Margaret's sister-in-law. Madeleine in her heart, if we may judge from what happened later, remained true to the northern suitor, whom she had never seen. But James was a Stewart, therefore an ardent lover and very susceptible to feminine charms. Madeleine was

a mere name to him. Moreover even a Stewart had to think of the political advantages of his marriage. So he dallied first with one matrimonial scheme, then with another. At one time he was on the eve of espousing his cousin, Mary Tudor. Then again it was a question of Princess Dorothy of Denmark and later of Catherine de Médicis. In 1535, only two years before his marriage with Madeleine, the Emperor gave him the choice of three Marys: the Emperor's own sister, Mary the widowed Queen of Hungary, his niece Mary of Portugal and his cousin Mary of England. Just then, however, James was bent on a French alliance, this time not with Madeleine but with Marie de Bourbon, sister of Antoine de Vendôme,[1] later King of Navarre.

His reason for preferring a Duke's to a King's daughter, King James stated somewhat boldly in a letter to his future father-in-law, the Duke of Vendôme:

"Through long years," he writes, "we have waited for Princess Madeleine de Valois to become ripe for marriage, thus placing at the mercy of capricious fortune the weal of our realm which dependeth upon the birth of issue begotten by us. Unhappily Princess Madeleine, though brilliantly gifted in every other respect, is of so weak a constitution that there is little hope of her ever becoming a mother. In these circum-

[1] He married Jeanne d'Albret, daughter of the first Margaret, and Henry d'Albret, their son, was Henry IV.

stances, the King of France desireth not any longer to curb our impatience to have children ; and he hath offered unto me the hand of your eldest daughter, whom he is willing to adopt." [1]

After lengthy negotiations and strong opposition from James's uncle, Henry VIII, who wanted him to marry his daughter, Princess Mary, in March, 1536, the marriage contract of the King of Scotland and Marie de Bourbon was drawn up and signed by James's representative.

But no sooner was he bound than this royal gallant wished to be free. The French match irked him ; and he determined to marry a subject, Margaret Erskine, the daughter of a Scottish noble, Lord Erskine, who had for some years been his mistress. But there were difficulties in the way, one of them being that Margaret Erskine happened to be married already. The King however determined to obtain her divorce from her husband, Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven ; and, undaunted by the experience of his royal uncle of England, James appealed to the Pope, Paul III, to dissolve the marriage of Lady Douglas. The Pope refused. And then the fickle James speedily consoled himself by returning to Marie de Bourbon.

To atone for the slight he had offered the lady,

[1] See Edmond Bapst, *Les Mariages de Jacques V* (1889), p. 248.

the King resolved to pay her a very high honour and one most unusual in those days, although his example was to be followed in the next century by his great-grandson Prince Charles of England. James determined to go to France and to conduct his wooing in person. Concealing his design from the Scottish nobles and even from his mother, he secretly set sail for the land of his betrothed. But winds and waves were against him. The little fleet was soon caught in a storm ; the ships were scattered ; and the royal vessel so sore beset that its captain taking advantage of the young King's being asleep reversed their course and returned to Scotland. James, much to his surprise, woke up to find himself in Galloway instead of in France. Now he had to make a clean breast of his intentions to his mother and to the royal council. But they could not persuade him to abandon the enterprise. And, after making a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto, near Musselburgh, he again set out from Scotland on September 1st, 1536. This time he had a large following—seven vessels, five hundred men and several leaders of the nobility. Our Lady of Loretto was kind, the elements were favourable ; and this time, after a prosperous voyage, the expedition landed at Dieppe on the 10th of September. No sooner had the King of Scotland touched the gay land of France than he abandoned all royal state and

resumed his rôle of knight-errant. Disguising himself as the squire of one of his own retainers, John Tennant, and accompanied by ten men, he set out on horseback to visit his betrothed.[1]

Marie de Bourbon dwelt with her father in the Castle of St. Quentin in Picardy, of which province the Duke of Vendôme was governor. Marie was not to be deceived by any incognito. She treasured a portrait of her royal suitor; and so well had she studied his features that she speedily penetrated his disguise and hailed the squire in the lower hall as King of Scotland. By the Duke, James was royally received, and with brilliant festivities entertained at St. Quentin for a week. But the devoted Marie de Bourbon had no charms for the King, and he left St. Quentin resolved never to marry her.

Marie, however, was now the adopted daughter of the King of France, and James must needs settle accounts with Francis ere he returned to Scotland. The two kings met at a village called La Chapelle, not far from Roanne, in central France. And there James received a right royal welcome. Francis was himself too much a light o' love not to sympathise with a young man's caprices and he bore James no grudge for throwing over Marie de Bourbon, whom he graciously offered to provide with

[1] Miss Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, Vol. I (1850), p. 290.

another husband, suggesting a certain Marquis de Pont-à-Mousson. But Mademoiselle de Bourbon, refusing to be compensated with a marquis for the loss of a king, remained unmarried until her death, which occurred not long afterwards.

Encouraged by the reception he had received from his royal host, James boldly asked for the hand of one of his daughters, either Madeleine or Margaret. And Francis was not unwilling to grant his request. But Henry VIII was the difficulty. Francis could not afford to offend the English King who might aid the Emperor in the invasion he had now undertaken of southern France. And so, in order to sound Henry on the question of James's marriage with a French princess, an ambassador, La Pommeraye, was despatched to the English court. And until his return Francis took care that James should not meet the princesses.

When the ambassador came back, although he had to report Henry's persistent disapproval of the marriage, he could assure Francis that he need fear no active interference from the English King, who had his hands full with the Pilgrimage of Grace.

There was now no reason why James should not be presented to the princesses. Madeleine and Margaret were at Amboise and doubtless on the tip-toe of excitement, devoured by curiosity to see the romantic suitor of whose adventures

they cannot have been ignorant. James at La Chappelle had expressed a willingness to take either of the princesses in marriage. As soon as he reached Amboise he changed his mind, and decided that Madeleine and none other than Madeleine should be his bride. Margaret was but a child of thirteen; Madeleine, two years her senior, had attained the most marriageable age, so the Renaissance deemed it; moreover she was beautiful with a loveliness enhanced by the hectic flush and the transparent complexion which foreshadowed her doom. James, as we have seen, was handsome, just the gallant golden-locked knight of whom Madeleine had dreamed. The young people fell in love at first sight and succeeded at length in winning from the reluctant Francis his consent to their marriage. The King would have greatly preferred Margaret to have been Queen of Scotland; for he feared—and rightly so, as subsequent events proved—the effect of the northern climate on Madeleine's delicate health.

The marriage contract was signed at Blois. The wedding took place at Paris, in the cathedral of Notre Dame, "with great pomp and triumph and glory," on New Year's Day, 1537. The bride wore white damask embroidered in gold, and among the many great ladies who attended her was her sister Margaret. A whole week of jousting and junketing followed. And when

the week was over James showed no desire to return to his kingdom ; and Madeleine was only too glad to linger among her own people ; she had always longed to be Queen of Scotland, but she showed no desire

" D'aller parmy les Escossois,"

of whose language, according to the old song, she understood not one word or one syllable.[1] The departure of the King and Queen was still further prolonged by the illness which befell the latter at Rouen. And it was not until the 19th of May that, after a stormy passage and some risk of being captured by English vessels, they landed at Leith.

James's hopes had been realised and there was a prospect of an heir. But barely had the Queen touched Scottish soil, than she again fell ill. The hand of death was upon her.

"A peine elle sautoit en terre du navire
Pour toucher son Escosse, et saluer le bord,
Quand en lieu d'un royaume elle y trouva la mort."

sang Ronsard,[2] who, as page to King James, accompanied Madeleine on her journey to Scotland.

[1] *Je n'y entents mot ne demy. Chanson Nouvelle, Faicte sur le Department de la Royne d'Escosse,* No. XXXIV in *Recueil de Chants Historiques Français.* Le Roux de Lincy (1842).

[2] *Œuvres* (ed. Blanchemain), VII, p. 180.

After six months of marriage the Queen died at Holyrood, on July 7th, 1537.

The news of her sister's death came as a terrible shock to Margaret. So deeply did she grieve that she began to grow pale and thin, and her aunt, the Queen of Navarre, trembled lest she should share her sister's fate. So the elder Margaret persuaded her niece to come for long walks in the Park at Fontainebleau ; and, by means of this healthy exercise having succeeded in coaxing some colour back into the young girl's cheeks, the Queen could write to Montmorency that Margaret was beginning to grow quite bonny again.[1]

From her cradle Margaret, like her sisters, had been the centre of perpetual matrimonial projects. Like her aunt, the Queen of Navarre, she twice narrowly escaped being married to Henry VIII. The first proposal came from the French court in 1536, on the death of Catherine of Arragon. And then a necessary preliminary to the marriage would have been the annulling of Henry's existing union with Anne Boleyn. The second proposal came from Henry himself after the death of Jane Seymour. But the execution of Anne Boleyn was fresh in the mind of King Francis, to whom a wife-murderer seemed hardly a suitable husband for his daughter. Moreover the King had other plans for Margaret.

[1] *Lettres de Marguerite d'Angoulême*, I, 360.

And she had views of her own. For by now she had reached that most marriageable Renaissance age of fifteen. Like her sister, Madeleine, she was ambitious. And so when, in 1543, Antoine Duke of Vendôme,[1] a prince of the blood royal, sued for her hand, she rejected him proudly, saying: "I will never marry a subject of the King, my father." And indeed, wrote the Venetian ambassador, a princess "so wise, so modest, so good, so gifted was worthy of the greatest prince on earth." In her choice of a husband Margaret had good reason to be ambitious; wherefore, on her father's death, she was "still to marry."

In the lifetime of Francis, however, a marriage scheme was broached for Margaret which must have gratified even her ambition. The Empress, Isabella of Portugal, died in 1539. In that year there happened to be a lull in the long duel between Hapsburg and Valois. In the previous year there had been a question of marrying Margaret to the Infant Philip. Now Francis suggested that the Emperor himself should be the bridegroom. And just at this juncture the imperial city of Ghent revolted and it became convenient to Charles to travel from Spain through France to the Netherlands. The Emperor's visit seemed to offer an excellent oppor-

[1] Afterwards the husband of Jeanne d'Albret and King of Navarre.

tunity for discussing the marriage. But, while gratefully accepting the hospitable invitation of the King and of his daughter to pass through France, Charles shrewdly stipulated that no negotiations, matrimonial or otherwise, should be opened as long as he was on French soil.

We have no reason for believing that he ever seriously thought of marrying Margaret. In the event of a settlement with France, he intended her either for his son Philip, his nephew Ferdinand, or his brother-in-law, Don Luis of Portugal.

The Emperor's stipulation, however, failed to daunt Montmorency, that most inveterate of matchmakers, especially where "his good daughter" Margaret was concerned. And if Charles might not be approached on the matter of his marriage, there was no reason why the subject should not be discussed with his minister. Consequently Montmorency travelled post-haste to Gascony, where, at Mont-de-Marsan, he met the Emperor's Chancellor, Nicolas de Perrenot, Seigneur de Granvelle, who had left Madrid ten days before his master.

To Granvelle Montmorency sang Margaret's praises. He extolled her virtues at the expense of the other court ladies. He described her as a rose among thorns, as an angel among fiends. But all to no purpose. For the Chancellor coldly

replied that as far as he knew the Emperor had no thought of marrying again.

Neither did the Emperor's journey through France serve to forward Margaret's cause. The French laid themselves out, as only Frenchmen can, to royally entertain their royal guest. But Charles was in no mood for gaiety. Never of a cheerful disposition, he was then peculiarly melancholic, grieving over the recent death of his clever, fascinating wife, anxious about the revolt of his great Flemish city and suffering from a heavy cold.

The elaborate festivities which attended his journey all the way from Bayonne to Valenciennes wearied him and impeded his progress. Twice he was in danger of losing his life : at Amboise, where he was nearly asphyxiated, and a few days later when he was nearly stunned by a beam falling on his head as he sat at dinner. Meanwhile his liberty was being threatened by the plots of the Duchess of Étampes, the King's mistress, and of the Duke of Orléans, his youngest son. Many thought that Charles's presence in France was too good an opportunity to be lost. And Triboulet, the French King's jester, presenting his master with a list of the Emperor's fools, said : " If the Emperor escape, I shall include your Majesty."

Of these designs against his liberty Charles was probably not unaware. At any rate he did

his best to propitiate the Duchess of Étampes, to whom he presented a very valuable ring.[1]

During his five weeks' journey through France —from early December, 1539, until the middle of the following January—Montmorency was the Emperor's favourite companion. With great magnificence he entertained Charles at Chantilly. And we may be sure that he never lost an opportunity of bringing the Emperor and Margaret together.

But Montmorency's schemes met with no success. For, on his arrival in the Netherlands, Charles wrote to his recent host: "We pray the King to renounce the project, of which there has been question since our journey through France. We have no intention of marrying again; and we are moreover too old for Madam." The Emperor was forty, Madam was seventeen. Thus were all hopes of an imperial alliance for the Princess dashed to the ground. Charles held to his resolve not to take a second wife. Soon the likelihood of Margaret's having any Spanish husband disappeared; for in 1543 Philip married his cousin, Mary of Portugal.[2]

[1] It was probably during this visit that the Emperor presented Margaret with the diamond, which, described as "the gift of the Emperor," figures in the inventory of her jewels, taken at Romorantin in 1559 (see *post* p. 216), when, as the bride of the Duke of Savoy, she was on her way to join her husband at Nice. See Archivio di Stato at Turin (Gioje e Mobili, 1386–1631. No. 4–1559).

[2] The daughter of John III, King of Portugal, and Catherine of Austria, sister of Charles V.

Marriage in the Family of King Francis

The last years of her father's life cannot have been very happy for Margaret. Her friend, the Constable, through his failure to arrange a settlement with the Emperor, had fallen into disgrace and retired from court. After 1545, Henry was Margaret's only surviving brother; and, as so often happens, the heir-apparent was in direct opposition to the King. This estrangement between her father and her brother must have sadly grieved Margaret's peace-loving soul. The court was now divided into two hostile parties. Memoir writers of the day refer to certain persons as "of Monsieur le Dauphin's following" or as "the favourites of Monsieur le Dauphin." Henry's faction was closely in touch with the discredited Constable; and this circumstance was in itself enough to annoy the King. Margaret was too diplomatic to overtly espouse either side in the quarrel; but we suspect that her heart was with her brother and his wife Catherine, to whom she was passionately attached, rather than with the King, her father, who had always been somewhat of a stranger to his daughter.

As the disease from which Francis had suffered for years [1] took a firmer hold upon him, his natural restlessness increased. A fortnight was now too long for him to stay in one place. After a few days he grew impatient to be on the move.

[1] Probably cancer.

And when not actually travelling, he was wearing himself out in chasing the deer or fowling with the falcon.

To one of Margaret's studious disposition this perpetual motion must have been very irritating. Whenever she could escape from sport she loved to spend her afternoons in study. And while the others were hunting in the park, she, like Lady Jane Grey, might be found "intent upon learned writings, meditating upon the obligations of life, the traditions of old-world simplicity," those wise precepts, which hereafter she was to turn to such good account.

In the last days of January, 1547, tidings reached the French court of the death of King Henry VIII. He and Francis were near of an age: Henry was born in 1491, Francis in 1494. In taste and inclination the two kings were alike. In war they sometimes had been enemies, but oftener friends and allies against the overweening power of the house of Austria. To Francis the King of England's death was an omen of his own approaching end. More ardently than ever did he plunge into the excitement of the chase. He tore from place to place, from Saint Germain to Villepreux, from Villepreux to Chevreuse, from Chevreuse to Limours, from Limours to Rochefort and then back to Saint Germain again. But Saint Germain was never reached. On his way he halted at Rambouillet, intending to spend five or six days

hunting in the forest. There fever seized him, and it was found necessary to perform an operation. But the clumsy surgery of those days was powerless to save the King ; and ten days after the operation, on the 31st of March, 1547, he died. Thus passed from the drama of European politics in the sixteenth century the second of its three protagonists ; only Charles now remained. This is not the place to judge Francis as a king. As a father, at least as a father of daughters, he may be found wanting. But his last illness had drawn him to his daughter Margaret. On the day of his operation Margaret came to his bedside and the King held out his hand to her, saying, *Touches-la*. Then, overcome by love and sorrow, unable to speak, he turned away his face. Three days before his death, having received the Sacrament, the King called for the Dauphin, to whom he commended his sister, asking him to be a father to Margaret.[1]

Over the King's death Margaret's loving heart must have deeply mourned. Yet hers was not the passionate grief of her aunt, the Queen of Navarre. To the eldest Margaret in her blind devotion her brother Francis was " greater than Solomon," " bold, wise, valiant, terrible in battle, strong and powerful."

[1] Guillaume Marcel, *Histoire de l'Origine et des Progrez de la Monarchie Française* (1686), IV, 373.

CHAPTER IV

MARGARET AT THE COURT OF HENRY II

Margaret's Household—The Duel between Jarnac and La Chataigneraie—Moulins and Lyon—Marriage of Jeanne d'Albret—Death of the first Margaret.

"On peut dire . . . qu'elle n'eut pas un moindre partage en France que le Roy Henry second, son frère, puis qu'elle regna sur tous les esprits."—LE LABOUREUR.

MUCH more important was Margaret's position at court during the reign of her brother, Henry II, than in her father's lifetime. *Madame la Sœur Unique du Roi,* as she was called, ranked next to the King and Queen. Foreign ambassadors waited on Madam Margaret after they had paid their respects to Queen Catherine. Special messengers were despatched to the King's sister on the conclusion of important state affairs.

Margaret's household was organised on a scale magnificently royal, with chaplains, clerks, secretaries and treasurers to say nothing, of an army of domestics, numbering one hundred and fifty souls in all, to whom, in the year 1549, Madam's treasurer, François Barguyn, paid in wages the

Photo. Giraudon

KING HENRY II OF FRANCE

From a portrait by François Clouet in the Museum of the Louvre, Paris

sum of 22,824 livres tournois, which would be about £13,023 of our money.[1]

Over this vast household Margaret ruled wisely; with self-restraint and equanimity. Seldom did her lacqueys and her maid-servants see her in anger; for, like a philosopher, she knew how to prize things according to their true value; when a vase was broken or a piece of furniture damaged, says her Chancellor, Michel de l'Hospital, she found therein no occasion for wrath;[2] and so, beneath the sway of a mistress who loved quiet, the servants were peaceable and the household well ordered.

If Margaret erred it was in being over-indulgent to her servants. Her *gouvernante*, Madame de Brissac, thought she would have been better served had she been a little more severe with those who waited upon her. And one day after dinner Madam spoke seriously to Margaret on the subject. L'Hospital, who was present, took Margaret's side. By being often forgiven servants increase in value and in attachment to their mistress, he said. But even he would have the princess behave with less lenience to those place-hunters who thronged her ante-chamber and seldom went away with empty hands.[3] The

[1] *Les Dépenses de Marguerite de France en* 1549, Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 10394, *Fo.* 227.

[2] Michel de l'Hospital, *Œuvres*, III, Ep. VI, pp. 260–7.

[3] *Ibid.*, Ep. I, pp. 81–85.

flattery of these fawning-folk he knew Margaret detested and he pleaded with her to bid the intruders depart like drones from the hive.

At court Margaret lived in close intimacy with the King and Queen. She and Catherine, who in childhood had been playmates, remained throughout their lives the closest of friends. To her brother, despite his dull reserve and heavy taciturnity, Margaret was always devotedly attached.

Some one has remarked that all the later Valois kings were adored by their wives. They were also adored by their sisters: Francis I by Margaret of Angoulême, Henry II by our Margaret, and Henry III, in youth at least, by La Reine Margot.

How far the three Margarets influenced their respective brothers it is difficult to tell. Probably the influence of Margaret of Angoulême was the strongest. L'Hospital says that[1] our Margaret won Henry from pursuits of war to those arts of peace loved by the Muses. But not for long did he follow the Nine; for when Henry was not fighting on the battlefield, he was generally tilting in the lists or playing tennis.

With no great ardour did Henry return his sister's affection. When Margaret wanted to solicit a favour from him she used to resort to Montmorency's intercession.[2] Notwithstanding

[1] Michel de l'Hospital, *Œuvres*, III, Ep. III.

[2] Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3152, *Fo.* 46.

his promise to be a father to his sister,[1] Henry did not scruple, shortly after the death of Francis, to bestow on his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, a certain revenue which should have accrued to Margaret.[2] Consequently, while the King's mistress might have as many dresses as she liked, his sister was reduced to re-lining her old petticoats and to turning her dresses about to suit changing fashions.[3]

In the welfare of her nieces and nephews, the King's sister took as deep an interest as her aunt, the first Margaret, had done in her own upbringing. Over the studies of Henry's children our Margaret presided. She it was who chose Amyot to be their tutor. And in their illnesses she nursed them tenderly.

Two of her autograph letters[4] refer to the sickness of one of her nieces. The niece was probably Mary Stuart,[5] the promised wife of the Dauphin Francis, who, having come to reside at the French court, fell ill at Fontainebleau in September, 1556, and was afterwards removed to the palace

[1] *Ante* p. 71.

[2] *La Revue Historique*, 1877, September to October. Article by Paillard, p. 89.

[3] *Dépenses de Madame Marguerite.* "*De la frise noire pour doubler les plis d'une robe de velours noir qui a été refaite. . . . Pour allonger une robe deux aunes de velours noir.*"

[4] Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3152, *Fos.* 46 and 32.

[5] See Appendix A for the original French of these letters and for the justification of this hypothesis.

of her uncle, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, at Meudon. Margaret's letters are addressed to Catherine and to Montmorency, Constable of France.

To Catherine she wrote :

" Madam, you see by the doctor's letters that Madam your little girl continues to improve. It seems to me, Madam, that we may hope since the eleventh night passed without a return [presumably of the fever] that the fourteenth will pass likewise. We have good cause to praise God. For my part I am almost as thankful as when he cured you at Ginville [Joinville]. Madam, I must not forget to tell you that at her worst she always remembered the King and would never drink out of any cup save that which her husband gave her. When we meet I shall have many good stories to tell you of her sayings ; for, ill as she was, when she grew angry, she could not have been prettier. Meanwhile, Madam, I entreat you to keep me in the King's good grace, and very humbly I commend myself to you. Praying God, Madam, to give you what you desire.

" Your very humble and very obedient sister and subject " MARGARET OF FRANCE.

" *To the Queen.*"

It was probably about the same time that Margaret wrote to the Constable :

" Father, yesterday you heard by the doctors' letters of the improvement of Madam my little niece, in which state, thank God, she continues as

you will hear from Batisses the bearer of this letter. On him I depend to give you a detailed account of this matter and other news from this place. It is enough for me to thank you for your unfailing kindness, especially on the present occasion; for I know that it was you who persuaded the King to send me here [probably to the palace of the Cardinal of Lorraine at Meudon], and that it was you, whose exaggeration of the little I have done for my niece, procured for me from the King and Queen thanks far greater than I deserve."

As we learn from this letter, Montmorency had quitted the retirement in which he had spent the last days of King Francis and returned to that position of place and power which he was never to relinquish as long as Henry lived. But in the King's counsels Montmorency had a rival: Diane, the King's mistress, was determined to counteract the Constable's influence, and in order to do so she allied herself with François, Duke of Guise and with his brother Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, the two ablest statesmen of the day. In the hands of these politicians, Henry, who detested politics, was as clay in the hands of the potter. And a contemporary rhymester described the situation exactly when he wrote:

"Sire, si vous laissez comme Charles désire,
Comme Diane fait, par trop vous gouverner,
Fondre, pétrir mollir, refondre, retourner,
Sire, vous n'êtes plus, . . . vous n'êtes plus . . . que cire." [1]

[1] See *La Revue Historique*, 1877, September–October, p. 94.

The long series of brilliant court functions which filled the first five years of Henry's reign opened, in 1547, the year of his accession, with three gorgeous pageants : on the 22nd of May the state funeral of the late King ; on the 10th of July the famous duel between Jarnac and La Chataigneraie ; on the 24th of July the coronation of King Henry at Reims. On all three occasions Margaret was present, but it was on the second that she played the most important and the most significant part.

The duel between Guy Chabot de Jarnac, Seigneur de Montlieu and François de Vivonne, Seigneur de la Chataigneraie, looms large in contemporary records and in later histories ; though many of the accounts differ widely in detail.[1] However, the dispute which led to the duel is generally admitted to have been an old score left over from the previous reign, from the later years of King Francis when the court was divided into the King's faction and the Dauphin's faction, when the leader of the one, the Duchess of Etampes, the King's mistress, and the leader of the other, Diane de Poitiers, the Dauphin's mistress, hated each other with a deadly hatred. And it was their jealous rivalry which found expression in the quarrel between Jarnac and La

[1] For the most authentic account see extracts from the History of Scipion Dupleix (1569–1661) in Guillaume Marcel's *Histoire de l'origine et des progrez de la Monarchie françoise* (1686), pp. 395–406. See also Brantôme (ed. Lalanne), V, 87; Michelet, *Histoire de France* (1852), IX, pp. 5–32.

Chataigneraie. The former was the brother-in-law, some said the lover, of the Duchess. The latter was of the Dauphin's following and one of Diane's favourites. A slander was circulated against Jarnac, of which La Chataigneraie confessed himself the orginator ; and in the face of Jarnac's denial La Chataigneraie maintained his statement. As long as King Francis lived Jarnac was refused permission to prove in the lists the falsity of the slander. But as soon as the King died, Diane, eager to punish her rival the Duchess in the person of the Duchess's favourite, persuaded Henry to let La Chataigneraie send a challenge to Jarnac. On the 23rd of April, less than a month after the old King's death, Jarnac received the challenge ; and the duel was appointed to take place on the 10th of July.

All kindly souls pitied Jarnac ; for La Chataigneraie was renowned as the greatest duellist of the day. Wonderful stories were told of his prowess. It was related that in childhood, fed on powdered gold and steel and iron, he had taken a wild bull by the horns and arrested him in his flight. Irascible of temper, broad of build, supple of wrist and stout of limb, none could stand against La Chataigneraie, least of all Jarnac, who was a fashionable court gallant, slim, tall and elegant. Yet there remained one chance for Jarnac : La Chataigneraie, as the result of a wound, suffered from a stiffness in one arm ; and

Jarnac, resolving to turn this weakness to his own advantage, took lessons in sword practice from a famous Italian duellist.

In its support of the combatants the court was divided. Margaret's tender heart was on the side of the knight who was apparently the weakest; and she warned Jarnac that Diane was bent on his ruin and that Henry was prepared to grant anything to his mistress. Margaret's "good father," the Constable, was also on Jarnac's side, and so also was the head of the Bourbon house, Antoine de Vendôme. But the Guises naturally followed Diane and powerfully supported La Chataigneraie.

With that passion for scenic effect which ever characterises the French, the place chosen for the duel was the vast plateau of Saint-Germain which overlooks the broad basin of the River Seine. There by early dawn on the morning of the 10th of July a great crowd had assembled. For the news of the duel had been bruited far and wide; and from all parts of the kingdom knights and squires had flocked to Saint-Germain curious to see the new King and eager to watch the opening spectacle of a new reign. On the platform erected down each side of the lists were arrayed the gay ladies of the court, those who survived of *La Petite Bande* of King Francis and those who were to figure in *l'Escadre Volante* of Queen Catherine. In the front row, gravely apprehensive, sat Margaret.

At six o'clock the herald announced the assailant's approach. La Chataigneraie entered the lists with great noise of trumpets, escorted by his companion-in-arms, François of Guise, and by three hundred knights of La Chataigneraie's company, all radiant with his colours, white and scarlet.

Having passed round the lists and, as the phrase ran, " honoured the field," La Chataigneraie returned to his tent there to remain until half-past seven,[1] the hour appointed for the combat. Jarnac having also appeared, " honoured the field " and retired to his tent, the supporters of the combatants met to decide on what arms should be used during the fight. After a lengthy discussion this crucial point was settled ; and then the heralds called on all to keep silence during the duel. The combatants now appeared in the lists for a second time. Again they " honoured the field " ; and, as each passed the King he took an oath, swearing on a copy of the Gospels that he believed his cause to be just and that he bore upon him neither words, charms, nor incantations with which to overcome his adversary. At length all preliminaries terminated. Then, at a cry from the heralds, the knights closed. In the first round one of them was seen to stagger beneath his adversary's thrust, and then, beneath another, to fall heavily to the ground. To the astonish-

[1] De Bouillé, *Les Ducs de Guise*, I, 174.

ment of all spectators it was La Chataigneraie who had fallen, wounded in the left leg and totally disabled. The Italian's fencing lessons had borne fruit in a sword-thrust which was to be known down the ages as *le coup de Jarnac.*

It was evident that all was over. "Give me back my honour," cried Jarnac to his fallen foe, "and ask mercy from God and from the King." But the wounded knight made no answer. Leaving him on the ground, Jarnac crossed the lists and addressed the King. Kneeling, he implored: "Sire, I entreat you, hold me to be a man of honour. . . . I give you La Chataigneraie. . . . Take him, Sire. Our quarrel was but the heat of youth."

The King was silent. His mistress's revenge was in his mind; and he hoped that her champion's wound was not so serious but that he might be able to rise and overcome his adversary.

Jarnac returned to where his enemy lay, apparently unconscious and bleeding profusely. The victor trembled, fearing that he had killed the King's favourite. But La Chataigneraie was not dead; for, as his antagonist called upon him to repent, he rose on one knee, and, with a desperate effort, endeavoured to throw himself upon Jarnac. "Do not move, or I shall kill you," cried Jarnac. "Kill me then," retorted the other, and with these words fell back.

Again Jarnac returned to the King and on his

knees entreated: "Sire, Sire, accept him from me, since he was bred in your household. And esteem me a man of honour! . . . If you have cause of battle, you will find no knight with a better heart to serve you."

But again the King was silent.

Jarnac returned to his enemy, who was lying in a pool of blood.

"Chataigneraie," he implored, "my old comrade, make your peace with God, and let us be friends."

But La Chataigneraie's only response was a last attempt to rise and attack his adversary.

Meanwhile the spectators could see that there was danger of La Chataigneraie dying then and there, in the lists.

The Constable came down to look at the wounded man and told the King that he must be carried away.

Jarnac was entreating for the third time: "Take him, Sire, for the love of God I beseech you."

And the King, with his mistress's eye upon him, still hesitated to put her enemy in the right.

Then Jarnac turned to the one person in that courtly multitude, whom he knew to be just, to her whose heart was ever pitiful, and, approaching the platform, where, pale as a corpse, sat Margaret, to her the victor cried: "Ah! Madam, you told me how it would be."

Did Henry hear these words or did he merely observe that his sister was being appealed to? Whichever it may have been, from that moment he relented; and to Jarnac's fourth entreaty the King answered curtly:

"You have done your duty and your honour must be restored to you."

The customary formula, "You are a man of honour," even now Henry refused to pronounce.

And then at length the wounded man was carried off the field. But, knowing that if he lived he would be dishonoured, he refused to recover, and, cutting the bandages on his leg, he bled to death. The magnificent triumphal banquet, which in his assurance of victory, La Chataigneraie had prepared in his tent, was consumed by the rabble.

Jarnac, aware that the King would never pardon his victory and afraid to provoke yet further the royal wrath, refused the honours usually accorded to the victor in a duel. Yet he was never taken back into the royal favour. He died a mere captain, serving under Coligny, in 1557, at the Siege of St. Quentin.

After the coronation on 25th of July, it was arranged that early in the following year, 1548, the King and Queen and the court should start on one of those royal progresses through the kingdom, which were so greatly favoured by the Valois kings. Margaret was to accompany them. And,

towards the end of April, 1548, the courtly throng set forth from Saint-Germain. Having visited the Duke of Guise at his château of Joinville, in Lorraine, they travelled south to the Abbey of Vauluisant, near Sens, where they were entertained by Coligny's brother, the Cardinal de Châtillon. On the 10th of May they were at Troyes. Thence by way of Dijon and Beaune, they proceeded to Lyon; and there the court parted, the King and his nobles going into Piedmont while the Queen and her ladies went to Moulins.

Among the gardens, fountains and forests of what had once been the Bourbon château of Moulins,[1] Margaret, with Catherine and the ladies of the court, passed the time of the King's absence in Italy. Among the rare books of the Bourbon library it would have delighted Margaret to browse at her leisure. But alas! those priceless tomes had been removed to Fontainebleau, whence later they were to be conveyed to Diane's château of Anet, the gift of Henry II to his mistress.

Towards the middle of August, Catherine and her ladies left Moulins to go and meet the King on his return from Piedmont. At the ancient

[1] This château, with other possessions of the Connétable de Bourbon, passed into the hands of Louise de Savoie on the Constable's defection to the Emperor. One of the greatest and most magnificent of sixteenth-century châteaux, nothing now remains of it.

château of La Côte-Saint-André in Viennois, where the Dauphin Louis, afterwards Louis XI, had married his Savoyard bride, the court was re-united. Lyon was their next halting-place. There Catherine and her suite arrived on the 20th of September and Henry a day later.

Lyon was then the greatest and the most prosperous of French provincial towns. Among its citizens it numbered the leaders of the French Renaissance: of literature François Rabelais; of painting Pierre Corneille; of architecture Philibert de L'Orme; of scholarship Etienne Dolet.

But of Renaissance femininism Lyon was also the centre. The famous poetess of the century, Louise Labé,[1] known as *La Belle Cordière* because of her marriage with a wealthy rope-maker, one Ennemond Perrin, of the city, was at that time in her magnificent hôtel in the Rue Comfort holding one of the earliest of French literary and artistic salons. It is not unlikely that Margaret may have figured with the poets, artists and captains who gathered round Madame Perrin's hospitable board, spread with an elegant collation[2] of those succulent *confitures*, for which Lyon was famous. To Margaret *la belle Cordière* dedicated one of her sonnets. The Princess may also have

[1] Or Louise Charly Labé (1526–1565). See Paradin, *Histoire de Lyon*, pp. 355–6, and Feugère, *Femmes Poëtes au XVIième Siècle*, pp. 4–23.

[2] Hauréau, *La Croix du Maine*, p. 180.

Photo Giraudon

PORTRAIT OF MARGARET OF FRANCE IN 1548

From a painting by Corneille de Lyon at Versailles

visited that other literary salon of the city of which Madame du Perron,[1] wife of the famous scholar, Antoine de Gondi, was mistress. We know that Margaret and the court listened with delight while the beautiful Mademoiselle Clémence de Bourges,[2] the pearl of Lyonnese society, played on the virginals. Some years later Mademoiselle de Bourges came to a sad end. In 1561 she died of grief for the loss of her betrothed who fell fighting against the Protestants of Dauphiné. The citizens of Lyon united to mourn her death and to give her a state funeral.

From a window in the Rue St. Jean, on the 23rd of September, Margaret watched her brother make his triumphal entry into his good city. Not even those gorgeous shows with which the Piedmontese had greeted their sovereign could compare with the magnificence of the welcome accorded to him by the citizens of Lyon.

Although the Queen was present, it was not Catherine but Diane who received all the honours of the day. For Diane's duchy of Valentinois, recently bestowed upon her by the King, was close at hand, wherefore the shrewd Lyonnese were especially desirous to win her favour. So in every scene of that magnificent pageant Diane figured :

[1] R. C. Christie, *Etienne Dolet* (ed. 1880), p. 169

[2] See *Biographie Universelle*, s.v. *Bourges ;* also Feugère, *op. cit.*, p. 22; and François de Billon, *Le Fort Inexpugnable de l'honneur féminin*, p. 214.

Diane as the moon goddess, Diane as the huntress, Diane's crescent on the triumphal arches, on the walls and on the cornices, Diane's initial interlaced with the King's on pillar, hanging and obelisk ; but above all Diane the centre of that great allegorical tableau, designed by the Lyonnese poet, Maurice Scève, which was the pageant's culminating glory. On his right hand as he entered the town, the King beheld, six feet above the ground, a meadow planted with trees, whereon deer of all kinds disported themselves, and where suddenly to the sound of horns and trumpets appeared Diana and her maidens hunting in the forest. The goddess, in a tunic of black net, bespangled with stars of silver, wearing sleeves and boots of crimson satin, embroidered in gold and armed with a richly chased Turkish bow, was followed by a train of maidens also elaborately accoutred, some holding in leash dogs of divers breeds, others bearing bundles of Brazilian arrows with ribbons of black and white, Diane's colours, depending. Then there rushed fiercely from the grove a lordly lion, who, spying the goddess, crouched tamely at her feet and permitted her to lead him by cord of black and silver to the King, to whom the royal beast was presented as an emblem of the good town of Lyon submissive to the King's command.

On the following day, the 24th of September, it was Margaret's turn to figure in the pageant of

the Queen's triumphal entry into the city. No less magnificent than that of the previous day was this procession, in which, side by side with Catherine and our Margaret, drove Margaret of Angoulême and her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret.

After five days of feasting on land and on water, the court quitted Lyon on the 1st of October, and, by a leisurely progress, made its way to the château of Moulins, which was reached on the 8th.

At Moulins there was more feasting in honour of the marriage of Jeanne d'Albret with Margaret's sometime suitor, Antoine, Duke of Vendôme. To this marriage the bride's parents strongly objected. And it was only by the King's express command that they were present at the wedding. The King and Queen of Navarre had for years been plotting and scheming to unite their daughter to a prince of Spain, hoping thereby to win back that part of their kingdom which Spain had conquered. But the Kings of France, both Francis and Henry, disapproved of this Spanish alliance, and now Henry had succeeded in preventing it.

The occasion of her daughter's wedding was the first Margaret's last appearance at court. A sad and disillusioned woman, she devoted her remaining days to religious contemplation.

" I have no longer father, mother, sister, brother, nought but God in whom I hope," she wrote. " Everything have I cast into oblivion, the world, my kinsfolk, my friends, wealth and honours in

abundance, foes do I hold them and such treasures do I mistrust."[1]

The elder Margaret's imaginative mind had always been fascinated by the mystery of life and death. "Are you happy in heaven?" she had asked her dead niece Charlotte, in a poem already alluded to.[2] Hanging over the death-bed of one of her ladies, she had watched intently, trying to observe in some material guise the soul's escape from the body. When her friends, the Reformers, talked of eternal life, she would say: "Yes, it may be true, but first we must stay a long while underground." "Is it comfortable in the tomb, think you?"[3] asks one of her characters. To Margaret herself was it given to solve the great mystery on the 21st of December, 1549, when, after a short illness, she passed away at her château of Odos, near Tarbes.

Since the death of King Francis, the Queen of Navarre had been little at court, and the two Margarets can have met but seldom. Yet we know that the death of her aunt must have left a sad blank in the life of our Margaret, that *petite Margot*, whom in her early years the elder Margaret had tended with such loving care.

[1] *Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses* (ed. Félix Frank), III, pp. 120–1.

[2] *Ante* p. 15.

[3] Prou, in the farce, *Trop, Prou, Peu, Moins.*

A WOODCUT REPRESENTING MARGARET OF ANGOULÊME, BY NICOLAS DENISOT
From the Frontispiece of "Le Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois"

CHAPTER V

A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

The Defendant, Jacques de Savoie, Duc de Nemours—The Plaintiff, Françoise de Rohan, Dame de Garnache—The Wooing of Françoise—Nemours' Treachery in Italy—The Ball at Blois—Catherine's Warning—Margaret's Intervention—A Kiss in the name of Marriage—The Ordeal—Flight of Françoise—Birth of Henri de Savoie—Thirty-four years of Litigation—Margaret's Evidence—The Agreement of 1577—Last Years of Françoise—Death of Jacques de Nemours.

"Amour contre amour querelle
Si par double effort contraire
Le mien l'on me veut soustraire
A l'honneur d'honneur j'appelle."

THE manners of King Henry II's court prove that the gallantry of the Renaissance tended to become what the chivalry of the Middle Age had not seldom been—a mere cloak for sensuality. Nowhere is the grossness, nay even the bestiality, of the period more clearly reflected than in the records of an action brought by Françoise de Rohan, Dame de Garnache, against Jacques de Savoie, Duke of Nemours, which was the *cause célèbre* of the century.

The Zolaesque details of these realistic records

we will spare our readers; but no biography of our Margaret would be complete without the story of this famous trial,[1] in which she was one of the chief witnesses.

The defendant, Jacques de Nemours,[2] was Margaret's cousin, being the nephew of her grandmother, Louise de Savoie. He was also the cousin of Margaret's future husband, Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. The most dashing of all the gay gallants at the court of King Henry II, Nemours was as graceful a courtier and as accomplished a gentleman as "le beau Brissac" had been at the court of King Francis. Not in France only but throughout Europe was Jacques de Nemours known as the flower of chivalry, "a verray parfit, gentil knyght." As such his fame was to cross the Channel and to reach the court of Queen Elizabeth. That "Great Ladie of the greatest Isle," the Gloriana of all true knights, expressed a wish to see this champion of chivalry and even hinted that he might not be unworthy to share her throne. Elaborate preparations were made for Nemours' visit to the Virgin Queen. But before they were complete that fickle sovereign had changed her

[1] See Alphonse de Ruble, *Le Duc de Nemours et Françoise de Rohan* (1883), also a briefer and less accurate account of the story by La Ferrière Percy in *Trois Amoureuses au XVIième Siècle* (1885).

[2] 1531–1585.

[3] See genealogical table of the House of Savoy, p. 151.

mind. Possibly she had heard rumours of some of the events to be narrated in this chapter. At any rate, the Duke was given to understand that he would no longer be welcome at the English court.

Françoise de Rohan,[1] the plaintiff in this *cause célèbre*, was a princess of the blood royal; on the side of her father, René de Rohan, she was descended from old Breton kings; through her mother, Isabeau d'Albret, she was niece to Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre, who had married the first Margaret. And Françoise, like many another, owed much to the kindness of the Queen of Navarre. When René de Rohan and his wife were on the brink of ruin, the first Margaret rescued them from their creditors and carried off their daughter Françoise to be educated with her own daughter, Jeanne. Unhappily for Françoise, Jeanne at that time had none of her mother's kindness; the future mother of Henry Quatre domineered over and even beat her poor relation. And Françoise must have been glad when Jeanne's marriage, in 1548, set her free from so tyrannical a playmate.

On the death of the Queen of Navarre, in 1549, Mademoiselle de Rohan was taken to court. There she became one of Queen Catherine's ladies with servants of her own and a suite of

[1] The date of the birth of Françoise is uncertain, but it was probably after 1534.

apartments, which she shared with Jeanne de Savoie, sister of the Duke of Nemours. The two girls had a governess, a mature widow, one Gabrielle de Binel, Dame de Coué, of whom we shall hear again. This duenna, who was considered something of a prude, had for that reason been appointed to guard the charms of Françoise de Rohan, who was growing very beautiful. But nothing less than the eye of the basilisk and the wisdom of the serpent could effectually protect young loveliness in that licentious court, and with neither of those famous safeguards was Madame de Coué endowed. Prude she may have been, but she was likewise very human and very susceptible to the cajoleries of the handsome Duke of Nemours when he came ostensibly to visit his sister. So gallant a squire of dames was not slow to appreciate the charms of his sister's companion. Soon he was giving Françoise presents and soliciting permission to wear her colours, white and violet, when he tilted in the lists, and writing her letters, which she dutifully showed to her governess.

In a gossiping court such things could not long be hid. Rumours that the Duke of Nemours was paying his addresses to Mademoiselle de Rohan reached the ears of Antoine de Vendôme, King of Navarre, who had been her guardian since the death of her father. Antoine asked the Duke his intentions and offered to ob-

tain the King's permission for his marriage with Mademoiselle de Rohan. But Nemours put Antoine off with the vague assurance that some day he would marry Françoise and that when the day arrived the King of Navarre should be the first to hear of it. Antoine was an easy-going person and with the Duke's assurance he seems to have been satisfied.

This interview took place early in 1555 ; and soon afterwards Nemours left the court for the Italian wars.

The night before his departure, accompanied by three gentlemen of his suite, he visited Mademoiselle de Rohan, staying with her and her ladies, in spite of Madame de Coué's remonstrances, until one o'clock in the morning. Before taking his leave, in the presence of six witnesses, the Duke promised to marry Françoise on his return ; and he sent her a gold enamel ring as he passed through Paris. In terms of passionate devotion he corresponded with her during his absence ; and Françoise kept the letters which she produced at the trial. But, while penning love-letters to his lady, Nemours was writing to his friend, the Maréchal Saint-André, that he had no intention of marrying her. Of her lover's double-dealing Françoise did not long remain ignorant. But to her remonstrances Nemours replied with new protestations of love and new promises of marriage, which he besought

Mademoiselle de Rohan to keep to herself. Such a request alone should have aroused her suspicion. Indeed, had she but known, there was every reason for her jealousy; Nemours was at that very time proposing to marry Lucrezia d'Este,[1] Margaret's cousin, the daughter of Renée of France and the Duke of Ferrara.

Towards the end of 1555, after some months of campaigning in Piedmont, Nemours returned to France and rejoined the court at Blois. That winter there was high revelry in the halls of the Blois château. For Philibert de Marsilly, Seigneur de Cypière, a great noble, a gay companion, a famous teller of stories and a scholarly gentleman withal, was marrying Louise de Halluin, a demoiselle of ancient lineage, daughter of my Lord and Lady of Piennes and one of Margaret's ladies.[2] The wedding festivities lasted throughout the winter, and at all the balls, banquets and tournaments Nemours cut a brilliant figure, still wearing the favour of Françoise, a sleeve of

[1] Sister of Anne d'Este, Duchess of Guise, whom, after the assassination of her husband, Nemours was to marry. See *Mémoires de François de Lorraine, Duc de Guise* (ed. Michaud et Poujoulat), 1ière série, VI, p. 235.

[2] See *Dépenses de Marguerite de France, Doc. cit.* Bib. Nat. Jeanne de Piennes, sister of Louise, was to share the fate of Françoise de Rohan and to be jilted by the Constable's eldest son, François de Montmorency, for the King's natural daughter, Diane de France. But, unlike Françoise, Jeanne submitted tamely, and soon afterwards married some one else. For her farewell to her lover see Le Roux de Lincy. *Recueil de Chants Historiques Français* (1847), 2ième série, p. 205.

silver cloth with a rosette of violet silk, when he tilted in the lists. In January, 1556, the feasting reached its climax in the performance by ladies and gentlemen of the court of the famous play of *Sophonisbe*,[1] the first regular tragedy of modern literature. After the play followed a supper and a ball. During the ball, Françoise, accompanied by the King's natural daughter, Madame Diane de France,[2] went out on to the terrace of the castle. There, by appointment, she met Nemours. And there she promised the Duke to receive him in her apartments when the dancing should be done.

That night the lovers spent some hours together, doubtless in the company of lords and ladies of their following, for, according to evidence given at the trial, they were seldom, if ever, alone.

For weeks the relations between the lovers had been somewhat strained. And now it seemed at first as if they had met only to quarrel. Françoise reproached the Duke with his many flirtations and with one in particular, with a lady who was nameless ; but afterwards there was a reconcilia-

[1] Translated into French by Mellin de Saint-Gelais and François Habert from the Italian of Trissino, the play had once before been performed at court, on the occasion of the marriage of the Marquis d'Elbœuf, the son of Claude, Duke of Guise, with Louise de Rieux, Comtesse d'Harcourt, in 1554.

[2] The mother of Madame Diane was probably a lady of Piedmont, one Philippa Duc.

tion, and these words passed between the Duke and Françoise :

NEMOURS. I take you for my wife
(*Je vous prends à femme*).
FRANÇOISE. I take you for my husband
(*Je vous prends pour mon mary*).

The next day Françoise started for Brittany to visit her mother. The journey had been arranged some time earlier, but Mademoiselle de Rohan's departure had been delayed in order that she might take part in the acting of *Sophonisbe*.[1]

Her interview with her lover had been in direct disobedience to the Queen's command. For Catherine had forbidden Nemours to visit Françoise and had charged Madame de Coué to refuse him admittance. These injunctions resulted from advice given to the Queen by the Cardinal of Lorraine, who, though not exactly a paragon of virtue himself, was a precisian where other people were concerned. Counselled by the Cardinal, Catherine had summoned Nemours to her presence and had drawn from him the admission that for the present he was too poor to marry Mademoiselle de Rohan; he hoped, however, so he told the Queen, that soon this obstacle would vanish and that the wedding would take place. Catherine asked him to

[1] " In France, even in the early part of the fifteenth century, women occasionally appeared on the boards." Boulting, *Women in Italy*, p. 341.

swear that he would marry Françoise within a year ; but he refused on the ground of it being unnecessary, Mademoiselle de Rohan herself having already received his promise upon oath. Catherine, more astute than Antoine de Vendôme, was not to be put off with vague promises, and the Brittany visit was probably of her contriving. But the lovers were not separated long ; Françoise was soon back again ; and in April she rejoined the court, which was still at Blois.

Now Margaret began to intervene in a romance, which for some time she must have been watching with interest and concern. Soon after the return of Mademoiselle de Rohan, Nemours made another public declaration of an intent to marry Françoise ; the value of this public announcement, however, was speedily cancelled by its contradiction in private. The incident illustrates the manners then prevailing in the French court. It happened in the apartments of Madam Margaret. There, in the presence of the King's sister and of numerous lords and ladies, Nemours took Françoise in his arms, saying :

" My mistress, kiss me in the name of marriage." And Françoise kissed him in the name of marriage. Now a kiss given in public was then regarded as the irrevocable sign of wedlock.[1] Wherefore Margaret took Nemours apart and inquired

[1] Such was the case in Italy and probably also in France before the matrimonial decrees of the Council of Trent.

whether such were indeed the significance of the kiss he had just received from Mademoiselle de Rohan. And then this flower of chivalry had the audacity to reply that nothing was further from his thoughts than marriage with Françoise. Margaret acted as a true friend to Françoise by going at once to tell her of what Nemours had just said. But even this treacherous avowal on the part of her lover seems to have made no impression on the infatuated girl. Her relations with Nemours continued as before. The Truce of Vaucelles having for a time put an end to the war, the lovers were now constantly together. From Blois Nemours accompanied Françoise and the court to Coligny's château at Chatillon-sur-Loing and afterwards to Fontainebleau. Here another significant conversation took place, and again it was in Margaret's apartments. This time the Queen endeavoured to cure Françoise of her infatuation by convincing her that, ever since Nemours' return from Italy in the previous December, all hope of their marriage had vanished. But the ground for her statement, viz. that the Duke was planning marriage with Mademoiselle d'Este, Catherine, with what seems to us a cruel reticence, withheld. We, with the wisdom derived from after events, can see that this knowledge alone could have saved the unfortunate girl, who was now rushing blindly on her fate.

To the Queen's warning Mademoiselle de Rohan paid no more heed than to Margaret's. The lovers continued to meet as before until November, 1556, when the renewal of war called the Duke to Italy.

Soon after his departure those two court busybodies, the Constable and the Cardinal of Lorraine, began to suspect and to watch Françoise. In January, 1557, they imparted their suspicions to the King. Then Henry also began to watch. And, as the consequence of these observations, one morning while Françoise was in bed, she found her room invaded by a train of ladies, led by the Queen and Diane de Poitiers. Then and there they subjected Mademoiselle de Rohan to an ordeal not uncommon in those days, recalling that imposed by the matrons of Poitiers upon Joan of Arc a century earlier. But the result of the ordeal in Mademoiselle de Rohan's case was different. It proved that the King's suspicions were not groundless and it led to the lady's being summoned to the King's closet.

There, before the King himself, the Queen, Madam Margaret, the Constable, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duchess of Montmorency, the Duchess of Montpensier and Diane de Poitiers, Françoise was called upon to prove that Nemours had promised her marriage and to produce his letters.

We should like to record that on this occasion Margaret displayed her natural kindness and spoke some word of sympathy to another woman in distress. Alas! we have no authority for attributing to her any such kindly word. Throughout the whole of this affair the King's sister was entirely on the side of her kinsman Nemours.

The only person who showed any consideration for Françoise was the King; he enjoined all present to observe the strictest secrecy on the matter, an injunction which everyone promptly disregarded.

Soon after this ordeal Mademoiselle de Rohan left the court and took refuge with her guardian, Antoine de Vendôme, in Béarn. At the Duke's château of Pau, on the 24th of March, 1557, in the presence of her mother, Isabeau d'Albret, Françoise gave birth to a son, of whom she asserted Nemours to be the father.

Weak and frail Françoise may have been as a girl, as a mother she was strong and unwavering. Her courage and persistence were admirable. For thirty-four years, from the birth of her son in 1557 until the day of her death in 1591, Mademoiselle de Rohan insisted upon her moral and legal right to be regarded as the lawful wife of the Duke of Nemours. Her argument was that the Duke's promise constituted marriage. And she was perfectly right according to ecclesiastical procedure previous to the matrimonial

Photo. *Giraudon*

JACQUES DE SAVOIE, DUC DE NEMOURS, ABOUT 1560.
From a portrait of the Clouet School at Chantilly

decree, issued in 1563, by the Council of Trent. Before that date the Church had disliked but had not forbidden clandestine unions, neither had it required the marriage contract to be made in the presence of a priest. It had merely insisted upon just such a mutual promise of marriage made in the presence of witnesses, as in the case of Françoise de Rohan and Jacques de Nemours had certainly been given.

It was in 1559, two years after the birth of her son, that Mademoiselle de Rohan instituted legal proceedings against the Duke of Nemours, who from the first had denied that he was the father of her child. For seventeen years, from 1559 until 1576, through four different reigns these proceedings lasted. The suit, or rather suits, were carried from court to court, civil and ecclesiastical. They included two distinct trials. In the first Mademoiselle de Rohan was endeavouring to prove that Nemours had promised her marriage,[1] in the second she was endeavouring to obtain the nullification of the Duke's union with Anne d'Este, widow of the Duke of Guise, a marriage which had taken place on the conclusion of the first trial. Both trials concluded by a sentence pronounced against the plaintiff.

It was during the first trial that Margaret was summoned as a witness on behalf of Françoise,

[1] *Elle se porta demanderesse pour promesse de présent et mariage consommé* in the legal phraseology of the time.

together with other great personages of the court, the Queen, the Constable, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duchess of Montmorency, Diane de Poitiers and the famous surgeon, Ambroise Paré. One of Nemours' advantages lay in the fact that his witnesses were all persons of high rank and of public renown, whereas Mademoiselle de Rohan could only summon servants, whom Nemours accused her of having bribed.

A month after the tragic death of King Henry II and the marriage of his sister with the Duke of Savoy, the judges went down to Saint-Germain there to interrogate the Queen and Madam Margaret. Both witnesses were strongly in favour of Nemours. The Duchess of Savoy, as we have said, had always taken his side ; and now she had further inducements to support him, for he was her husband's cousin and the heir to his dominions.

Margaret in her evidence confined herself to declaring what was perfectly true, that Nemours had told her he never meant to marry Mademoiselle de Rohan and that of this fact she had informed Françoise.

Soon afterwards the Duchess quitted France for Savoy. And here her part in the story ends. Our readers, however, may be interested to learn the end of so famous a dispute and the fate of so persistent a litigant.

Like most great French trials of the sixteenth

century, and indeed of later times, the suit of Mademoiselle de Rohan against the Duke de Nemours became entangled with political affairs. During its progress the wars of religion broke out. While the Rohans and Françoise herself joined the Huguenots, Nemours remained a Catholic and one of the ablest commanders of the Catholic army. At one moment it looked as if the quarrel was to be transferred from the courts of law to the field of battle, for the brother of Françoise appeared at court with one hundred and seventy armed men; and bloodshed was only averted by the mediation of Catherine de Médicis.

The Queen remained throughout a strong supporter of Nemours, while Mademoiselle de Rohan's most influential champion was Antoine de Vendôme. Even after his union with the Catholic party Antoine continued to support his kinswoman's cause. It was owing to his influence that, in 1561, the course of the quarrel took a very surprising turn. From the Catholic army encamped before Bourges Nemours sent Françoise an offer of marriage: if, by the 15th of September in that year, she would come to the château of Langeais near Tours, he would there marry her and her son should be legitimised and become the Duke's heir, provided always that this proposal should be kept secret until after the marriage ceremony had been performed.

This insistence upon secrecy, so characteristic of earlier promises made only to be broken, and the lonely situation of the château at Langeais alarmed Françoise. She recollected other instances of women being lured to lonely spots under pledge of marriage and then never being heard of again. So she not unwisely refused the Duke's offer.

A few months later Antoine died from the result of a wound received at the siege of Rouen, and with his death Mademoiselle de Rohan's last chance of success vanished.

On the 28th of April, 1566, the first trial concluded with a sentence in favour of Nemours. On the following day the Duke married Anne d'Este.[1] Shortly afterwards Françoise de Rohan began a second suit with the object of establishing the nullity of this marriage on the ground that the Duke was already married to her, Françoise.

Again Mademoiselle de Rohan carried her complaint from court to court, and again with no success, for, after ten years, in 1576, the Pope pronounced against her.

The papal sentence put an end to all legal proceedings between Françoise and Nemours, but it by no means concluded their quarrel. Even his Holiness was unable to convince Made-

[1] Her first husband, the Duke of Guise, had been assassinated in 1563.

moiselle de Rohan that she was not the Duke's lawful wife.

The year following the Pope's sentence, the chances of war placed in the hands of Mademoiselle de Rohan's enemies a powerful weapon against her. Her son, Henry de Savoie, as he called himself, a ne'er-do-well, who, in the religious wars, was acting the free-lance and the filibuster, was taken prisoner by the army of the League. And straightway he was used as a means of extorting submission from his mother. She who had braved royal edicts and papal bulls surrendered to maternal love. In order to obtain her son's liberty and at the instance of her rival, Anne d'Este, Françoise consented to admit, not the nullity of her (Mademoiselle de Rohan's) marriage with Nemours but its dissolution. By a written declaration she undertook to renounce all intention of holding converse with the Duke of Nemours, "seeing that he hath acted unfaithfully towards us," and "seeing that, according to the opinion and counsel of many good and honourable persons of our religion, we have sufficient cause for divorce."

In reward for his mother's submission, Henry de Savoie was liberated without ransom; and the house of Guise settled upon him an income of 20,000 livres. To his mother was granted as appanage the town of Loudun in Brittany, the title of duchess and a considerable fortune.

Despite these benefits mischance continued to pursue her. Besieged by her own son in her ancestral castle of Garnache, she was driven from beneath her own roof and compelled to leave a great part of her possessions in the hands of him for whom she had already sacrificed so much.

Nor were her matrimonial adventures yet at an end. For, in 1586, was recorded a promise of marriage between Françoise de Rohan and one François de Legelle, Seigneur de Guébriant, a Breton captain. Did this marriage ever go beyond a mere promise? We cannot tell. But in any case the union must have been morganatic, for until her death, in 1591, Françoise is always described as the Duchess of Loudun.

Her son was never permitted to inherit his mother's property. He died in 1596, leaving no legitimate heir.

Six years before Françoise, Nemours had died of gout at his castle of Annecy in Savoy, leaving two sons born of his marriage with Anne d'Este.

Margaret had then been dead some years. But until the close of her life the Duke and Duchess of Nemours had corresponded with her regularly [1] and they had asked her to be godmother to one of their boys.

[1] See Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3227, *Fos.* 74, 24, 52, 68, 154, and *F.F.* 3238, *Fo.* 62.

CHAPTER VI

MARGARET AND MEN OF LETTERS

Margaret the Pallas Athene of the Pléiade—Her Protection of Ronsard and the Poet's Gratitude—The Salon in La Rue St. André-des-Arcs—*Le Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois.*

" C'est la Pallas nouvelle
Fille de la cervelle
De ce grand Roy François
Des Muses la dixième
Des Graces la quatrièmne."

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

OUR wanderings in the wake of Françoise de Rohan and Jacques de Nemours have carried us far from Margaret. We left her after the death of her aunt, the Queen of Navarre, in 1549, a year which is a landmark in the history of the French Renaissance.

With the first Margaret passed away the older generation of French Renaissance writers : Marot, the literary dictator, the Boileau, of Margaret's court, had died in 1544 ; Francis I, the Cæsar of that Augustan Age, in 1547; Rabelais, the Titan, whose uproarious laughter shook to the roots mediæval institutions, had only a few years to live, he died in 1553.

In 1549, new figures were coming upon the stage and a new spirit was at work in the French Renaissance. It was but a tentative innovation in language and in literature over which the first Margaret had been called to preside, our Margaret was to be the inspirer of a great literary revolution.

The first bugle-note of this Revolution was sounded by Du Bellay when in this year he published *La Deffence et Illustration de la Langue Française*, which was the manifesto of the new school. The call to arms was immediately answered by the young poets of the day ranging themselves into a phalanx known first as La Brigade and later with growing ambition, soaring to the skies as la Pléiade.

Of this constellation Pierre de Ronsard was the central star, and round him revolved Joachim du Bellay, Antoine de Baïf, Jean Daurat, Pontus de Tyard, Etienne Jodelle and Remy Belleau.

In honour of *la docte et gracieuse Marguerite* all these poets wrote verses. To Margaret they looked for encouragement and reward. She was their Pallas Athene.

Thus, as the goddess of peace and wisdom, the patroness of art and letters, is Margaret represented by the beautiful Limoges enamel in the Wallace Collection. It was executed on copper, according to the inscription it bears, in 1555, just when La Brigade, under Margaret's banner, were marching to victory. In this picture the virgin

MARGARET OF FRANCE AS PALLAS ATHENE
From a Limoges Enamel, signed "Jehan de Court," in the Wallace Collection

daughter of King Francis is represented as bearing those symbols with which the Greeks used to portray the maiden daughter of the King of Heaven. Seated upon the orb of the world, with a helmet by her side, Margaret in her right hand holds the lance, while her left rests upon the ægis with the Gorgon's head, and, at her feet, beneath which are two ponderous tomes, sits the bird of learning, the owl. The author of this lovely picture, the prevailing colours of which are blue and green, is—again according to the inscription—Jehan de Court. He may have been that same Jean Court who was appointed painter to the King on the death of François Clouet, in 1573.[1]

Margaret was naturally flattered by the homage of the poets in exalting her to be their Pallas Athene. And, as appropriate to her rôle of goddess of peace and wisdom, she adopted as her emblem an olive branch wound about with a serpent, with the device: "Wisdom, guardian of all things" (*Rerum custos sapientiæ*). Indeed just then the new poets had great need of the serpent's wisdom and of Athene's lance and shield. For at court La Brigade was unpopular; the King, on the rare occasions when he took any interest in literature, was inclined to favour the older poets of Marot's school, one of whom, Mellin de Saint-Gelais, was his chaplain and poet laureate.

[1] Louis Dimier (*French Painting in the XVIth Century*, p. 238) is not absolutely certain on this point.

One day, surrounded by the lords and ladies of the court, Henry inquired of Saint-Gelais his opinion of the new writer, Pierre de Ronsard. "Nought but a conceited youth, a mere imitator of Pindar," was the poet's reply. And, taking up Ronsard's latest poem, an Ode in honour of Henry II, Saint-Gelais read it aloud in such a mocking tone that its graceful lines became ridiculous. Henry laughed and his courtiers joined in the jest. But Margaret was present, and she could not endure to hear good lines thus murdered. Advancing quickly, she snatched the manuscript from Mellin's hand and read the poem in such a manner that mockery was turned to admiration.[1]

From that moment La Brigade's fortunes were made. Margaret had slain the monster Ignorance. Beneath the shield of their Pallas Athene the new poets might shelter from the venomous darts of Mellin and his school. In Margaret, Ronsard and his friends beheld their tenth Muse, their fourth Grace, the Nurse of their Helicon, the Nymph in whom centred all their hopes.

Elated by the triumph which Margaret had won for their verses, the new poets did not scruple to take revenge on their discomfited adversary. Mellin de Saint-Gelais fared badly at their hands.

[1] See Ronsard, *Œuvres Complètes* (ed. Blanchemain), VIII, pp. 22 *et seq.*; *Saint Gelais* (ed. *ibid.*), Introduction, pp. 23 and 24. Also Artigny, *Nouveaux Mémoires*, V, p. 204.

Joachim du Bellay flayed him alive in the most piquant of his satires, *Le Poète Courtisan.*

Ronsard thanked Margaret in verse for having stood by him when his work was *Mellinisé* and when his fame was barked at as a dog barks at the moon.

So high did the quarrel rage that Margaret had to intervene. Aided by her diplomatic Chancellor, l'Hospital, and by her own unerring tact, she effected a reconciliation between Mellin and his foes. From the second edition of his *Odes* Ronsard was persuaded to omit the lines paraphrased above and to insert an Ode in which he graciously bestowed his pardon upon Saint-Gelais. While Joachim du Bellay, at Margaret's request, flattered the elder poet to the top of his bent in an Ode, beginning :

> *" Mellin, que chérit et honore*
> *La cour du Roy, plein de bonheur ;*
> *Mellin, que France avoïre encore*
> *Des Muses le premier honneur,"*

Saint-Gelais replied with a sonnet in honour of Ronsard. And to the joy of the peace-loving Margaret the clash of arms died away on Mt. Helicon. On poets of both schools the Princess could now, with open hand, lavish rewards, abbeys and all manner of benefices and high offices, the presidency of a college for a translation of Horace, a seat in the King's council for an elegant Latin poem.

Margaret of France

Among the new poets Ronsard was the most richly rewarded. He had every reason to bless the day when President Bouju introduced him to Margaret, who obtained for him a handsome pension from Henry II as well as abbeys and other benefices. Even after her marriage and departure from France she did not forget her friend. In 1560 she wrote to Catherine de Médicis, asking for some benefice for Ronsard in order that he may "continue the labours, which, until now, he has undertaken for the profit and honour of France." [1]

In return for these favours the poet consecrated to his benefactress a rich garland of song. There is not one collection of his works which does not contain poems dedicated to Margaret or inspired by her memory. If her fame has lived in history, it is largely, as a recent sonnet records, due to Ronsard's lines :

> "*Et si son nom garde une histoire*
> *C'est que le bon Ronsard a mis*
> *Un peu d'amour sur sa mémoire.*" [2]

Ronsard, firmly convinced that his own fame would endure, himself foretold that he would hand down Margaret's name to posterity :

> "Je publi'ray parmi la France
> Le loz de ta divinité,
> Tes vertus, bontez et doctrine

[1] Ronsard, *Œuvres* (ed. Blanchemain), VIII, pp. 137–8.
[2] Pierre de Nolhac, *Poèms de France et d'Italie*, pp. 30, 31.

Les vrais boucliers de ta poitrine,
Blanchissante en virginité ;
Afin qu'après ma vois fidelle,
Au soir, à la tarde chandelle,
Les mères, faisant œuvres maints,
Content tes vertus precieuses
A leur filles non ocieuses,
Pour tromper le temps et leurs mains.
Peut-estre aussi, alors que l'âge
Aura tout brouillé ton lignage,
Le peuple qui lira mes vers,
Abreuvé d'une gloire telle,
Ne te dira femme mortelle,
Mais sœur de Pallas aux yeux vers,
Et te fera des edifices
Tous enfumez de sacrifices,
Si bien que le siecle avenir
Ne congoistra que Marguerite
Immortalisant ton merite
D'un perdurable souvenir." [1]

It was not always, however, as in Ronsard's case, that just the right people were rewarded. Too often Margaret permitted the keenness of her critical sense to be dulled by the kindness of her heart. L'Hospital urged her to show more discrimination in her patronage.[2] Jodelle, the tragic poet of the Pléiade, complained that in her temple "hoarse crows" were permitted to take rank with the "rarest swans."[3]

[1] *A Madame Marguerite*, *Œuvres* (ed. Blanchemain), II, pp. 308–9.

[2] Ep. I, *Œuvres*, III, pp. 81–85.

[3] Ronsard, *Œuvres*, V, p. 7, *Epistre d'Etienne Jodelle, Parisien, à Madame Marguerite, Duchesse de Savoie.*

Sometimes, says Ronsard, Margaret was caused to blush and shake her head by the absurd fulsomeness of the flattery to which her admirers descended. Thus François de Billon dedicated to the Princess a fantastic work, called *Le Fort inexpugnable de l'honneur du sexe féminin*, wherein he explained that Margaret was not herself an author because of the jealousy of the gods who permitted her as seldom as possible to take pen in hand. For her acquaintance with some of the most brilliant of her literary friends Margaret was indebted to a gentleman of the court, one Jean de Morel, Seigneur de Grigny. Without being himself a writer, Morel was the friend of all the most eminent French authors of the day. His taste, his learning and his friendship with Erasmus, whom he had tended in his last illness, threw open to him the doors of literary society when, in 1536, he came to Paris. It also prepared his way at court ; and in that year he was appointed *maître d'hôtel* to Henry, then Duke of Orléans, and *mareschal du logis* to Henry's wife, Catherine. Later he became tutor to Henry's natural son, Henry d'Angoulême.[1] And from the first he was the friend of Henry's sister.

Then as now literary Paris tended to dwell on the left bank of the Seine and especially in the narrow streets with their tall houses near where the Institute now stands. Abounding in memories

[1] His mother was Lady Fleming, Mary Stuart's governess.

of old literary Paris is La Rue St. André-des-Arcs (now corrupted into *des Arts*) which turns out of a little *carrefour* made by the end of La Rue Mazarin, La Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie and La Rue de Bucy. Wandering down this ancient thoroughfare in the direction of the Boulevard St. Michel, one passes some fine old dwellings. But most of the old houses facing the narrow street have disappeared, and one has to turn in behind the modern buildings to discover old courtyards, quaint passages and even an ancient square tower, recalling the war towers of mediæval Italian cities. With the aid of a tablet on number 49, one may trace the site of the old Hôtel de Navarre, which was the favourite residence of Margaret's grandfather, Louis XII, before his accession to the throne and when he was Duke of Orléans. One looks in vain, however, for a tablet to indicate the position of Jean de Morel's house, yet here he lived and here also dwelt his still more famous friend, Michel de l'Hospital.

In culture and in learning Morel's family was equal to any of the accomplished Renaissance households, to Robert Etienne's, the printer's, or to that of our own Sir Thomas More. Morel's wife, Antoinette de Luynes, good, wise and accomplished, wrote Greek and Latin verse. His three daughters, Camille, Lucrèce and Diane, "as beautiful as they were learned," instructed in classics by the famous scholar of Ghent, Jean

Utenhove,[1] became, as their contemporaries tell us, the wonder of the age, and, as we may read for ourselves, the theme of many a poet's song.

In his hôtel in Saint-André-des-Arcs, surrounded by his wife and daughters, "like Apollo among the Muses," the Seigneur de Grigny received poets, philosophers and professors. And his house, like the mansion in La Rue Notre Dame du Comfort,[2] at Lyon, became a true literary salon, the parent of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and the literary salons of the eighteenth century. In its turn almost every French salon or group of salons has been the cradle of some important literary or social movement. In Madame de Rambouillet's Blue Room, grammarians and poets set up a standard of purity in diction and precision in form, which, borne aloft by the French Academy, revolutionised the French language. In the *bureaux d'esprit* of the eighteenth century conferred those writers of the *Encyclopèdie* who were to sweep away the *ancien régime*. And two centuries earlier in Madame de Morel's parlour la Brigade was ordering its ranks for a crusade against confusion in thought and chaos in rhyme and metre.

Madame de Morel's salon, besides being the recruiting ground of la Brigade, was the cradle

[1] At Cranmer's invitation Utenhove came to England and spent there the last years of his life.

[2] See *ante* p. 86

of the earliest French Academy. The institution founded by Richelieu and by Conrart is too often regarded as the first of its kind in France. But an earlier Academy existed in the previous century. And its founders were the guests of Madame de Morel, Ronsard, Antoine de Baïf and the other members of la Brigade. It held its first meeting in 1570, and six years later was invited by Henry III to assemble in the Louvre, being called henceforth L'Académie du Palais. Its life was but a short one, owing to the Wars of the League. But in a manuscript in the Royal Library of Copenhagen there are preserved no less than seventeen orations delivered by Ronsard, Desportes and others, at the Académie du Palais in the presence of King Henry.[1]

Not far from la Rue St. André-des-Arcs was another literary centre of Paris, le Mont St. Hilaire, where was the famous printing-press of Michel Fezandat.[2] And here in the Rue Chartrière, on the site of the ancient Hôtel de Bourgogne, was the Collège Coqueret, where Ronsard and his young friend Antoine de Baïf studied Greek with the greatest Hellenist of the day, Daurat, or, as he preferred to call himself, Auratus. When, having risen at five in the morning, the brains of pupils and teacher grew weary, they were pleased

[1] Frémy, *L'Académie des Valois.*

[2] Here was printed *Le Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois*, see *post* p. 121.

to drop into Madame de Morel's, where they might meet the poet-bishop, Lancelot de Carle, brother-in-law to Montaigne's friend, Etienne de la Boétie, or Jean de la Vigne, who was to represent France at Constantinople, or Joachim du Bellay, the melancholy Jacques of the assembly, who lived not far away, in the Cloister of Notre Dame, or perhaps Pontronius, the tutor of Madam Margaret, fresh from reading Aristotle with the King's sister.

Women guests too might be found at Madame de Morel's. With Salmon Macrin, the Horace of the day,[1] came his beautiful wife whom he called by the Greek name of Gélonis,[2] with Daurat came his learned daughter, Magdalene, and with Michel de l'Hospital, from their house hard by, came his grave, gentle spouse, Marie Morin. And there was one woman, who if not present in person was in the minds of all Madame de Morel's guests ; in her they centred their hopes—she was the tutelary goddess of the salon. To Margaret, one by one, the good M. de Morel presented first the works of his friends and then the authors, until the parlour in the Rue St. André-des-Arcs became a veritable ante-chamber to Margaret's presence.

In 1547, having read a Latin epistle which Michel de l'Hospital had addressed to her from Bologna, Margaret invited Morel to bring her the

[1] Known also as Maigret or Macrinus.

[2] See Joachim du Bellay's poem on the death of Gélonis.

LE

TOMBEAV

DE MARGVERITE DE VA-

LOIS ROYNE DE NAVARRE.

Faict premierement en Disticques Latins par les trois Sœurs Princesses en Angleterre. Depuis traduictz en Grec, Italie, & François par plusieurs des excellentz Poëtes de la Frace.

Auecques plusieurs Odes, Hymnes, Cantiques, Epitaphes, sur le mesme subiect.

A PARIS.

De l'imprimerie de Michel Fezandat, & Robert GranIon au mont S. Hilaire à l'enseigne des Grans Ions, & au Palais en la boutique de Vincent Sartenas.

1551.

AVEC PRIVILEGE DV ROY.

author when he should return from Italy. And, no sooner had he been presented to her than quickly discerning the young lawyer's high merit, she appointed him Chancellor of the duchy of Berry, which the King had recently conferred upon her.[1]

Margaret was not mistaken in her estimate of l'Hospital. He proved to be a man after her own heart, a strong pillar of learning and of law, an advocate of justice and of peace, one of the few who in that bigoted age both preached and practised the doctrine of religious liberty.

No sooner was l'Hospital Margaret's chancellor than he began to follow his friend Morel's example and to play the Mæcenas.

He it was who presented to Margaret a tiny book, which is of especial interest to English readers, for it originated in England and with three English maidens, Anne, Margaret and Jane Seymour, the three eldest daughters of the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, and of his second wife, Anne Stanhope. Entitled *Le Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois* this little octavo volume was one of those collections of verses by various hands written on the death and in the memory of some famous personage,[2] which were then greatly in vogue.

[1] In 1550, on the death of the first Margaret, who was Duchess of Berry.

[2] Like the volume in memory of Edward King, of which Milton's *Lycidas* formed a part. See also *Le Tombeau d'Em-*

The inception of the work was related by l'Hospital in a Latin epistle to Margaret, which he sent to her with the book.

"You have here, sweet maid,"[1] he wrote to Margaret, "goodliest poems of renowned singers, as yet not read by me, who, wearied of this thankless unceasing task of mine, foster-child of brawls and strife,[2] have dwelt[3] far from city and from forum, close held by love for the country-side, these ten days past. . . . This golden book, you must know, had its first beginning in far-away Britain and in the Latin tongue. Thence it made its way across the Straits and the sea the sailor dreads, and reached the French and the city of Paris. There hands and tongues have been busy with the new-come guest. The theme and its

manuel Philibert, post p. 314. Our Margaret too was to have her Tombeau. See Bibl. Mazarine, No. 32,851. "*L'ombre et le tombeau de la très haute et très puissante dame Marguerite de France, en son vivant duchesse de Savoie et de Berry, fait et composé premièrement en langue latine par R. d'Er et puis traduit en français par Endi, imprimé à Turin le* 17 *Oct.*, 1574, *par Baptiste d'Almeida* (small 8°)."

[1] Michel de l'Hospital, *Œuvres* (ed. *cit.*), III, p. 251, *et seq.*

[2] Possibly referring to his seat in the Parlement of Paris. The history of this counsellorship is curious. It was bestowed by Francis I on l'Hospital's father-in-law, the King's *lieutenant criminel*, Morin, as a reward for his zeal in prosecuting heretics, and it was to pass as dowry to the husband of the *lieutenant's* daughter, Marie. Thus in his early manhood l'Hospital, the apostle of religious liberty, was dependent on the reward of religious persecution.

[3] Probably at his father's country-seat of Vitry on the Maine.

treatment pleased our poets, and some straightway turned it into their mother-tongue ; others into Greek and others again into Italian ; anon it was their pleasure to add verses of their own making to those they had translated and thus to give to the whole the form of a well-filled volume."

Thus did l'Hospital briefly epitomise the history of the book he was presenting to Margaret. It is not difficult to add further details to his narrative and to supply a few names and dates.

It was in 1549, the year of the first Margaret's death, that the Seymour sisters composed in her honour their two hundred Latin couplets. Their former tutor, Nicolas Denisot, a Frenchman, an artist and something of a poet, was then in Paris. And to him they sent their verses, which Denisot showed to Ronsard and other poets of La Brigade. Apparently at the suggestion of these writers, in 1550, the English girls' verses were published, together with some Greek epigrams and Latin lines by certain members of La Brigade, Denisot himself, Daurat, Antoine de Baïf and others. The title of the book in this its first edition was *Annæ, Margaritæ, Janæ, Sororum Virginum, heroidum Anglarum in mortem Margaritæ Valesiæ Navarrorum Reginæ Hecadistichon.*

In the following year, as l'Hospital related, the book assumed another and a more interesting form. Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay contributed original poems, hitherto unpublished,

Nicolas Denisot—who was a better artist than poet—a frontispiece in the shape of an excellent woodcut, a portrait of Margaret of Angoulême at fifty-two, wearing a severely simple coif and a furred gown, and holding in long thin fingers a richly bound volume with untied book-strings. Under the anagram of le Comte d'Alsinoïs, Denisot also contributed a rhetorical dedication to Madam Margaret, Duchess of Berry, while the Seymour maidens were addressed in an elaborate eulogy from the pen of Herberay des Essars, the translator into French of the popular Spanish romance, *l'Amadis de Gaule.* The volume was still further expanded by the translation of the original Latin couplets into Greek, Italian and various French versions; into Greek, by none other than the great Hellenist, Jean Daurat, into Italian by the translator of Ariosto, Jean Pierre de Mesme, who wrote under the initials J. P. D. M.; into French by four members of La Brigade, Joachim du Bellay, who wrote under the initials J. D. B. A. (standing for Joachim du Bellay, Angevin), Jean Antoine de Baïf, Nicolas Denisot and Damoiselle A. D. L., who is none other than the mistress of the salon in La Rue St. André-des-Arcs, Madame de Morel, writing under her maiden name of Damoiselle Antoinette de Loynes.

Thus furnished forth with the learning, the literary skill and the artistic taste of the Renais-

sance, a symbol not unworthy of the bond which united scholars on both sides of the Channel, this little volume made its way into the presence of Madam Margaret.

By the English maidens' tribute of praise to her illustrious aunt the second Margaret must have been gratified. But of the literary value of their lines she can have formed no high opinion. Both the original and the translations were very far from being true poetry. Yet the Seymour verses are interesting, chiefly as showing the influence of the elder Margaret's work on her youthful admirers. Their tutor, Denisot, had been Margaret's personal friend. And he doubtless would have introduced her writings to his pupils. But even outside their family her poems were well known, for Princess Elizabeth at the age of eleven had translated into English Margaret's *Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse.*[1]

[1] For the careers of the Seymour sisters and of their tutor, Denisot, see Appendices B and C.

CHAPTER VII

THE ROMANCE OF JOACHIM DU BELLAY

Margaret at Les Tournelles in 1549—Morel presents her with Du Bellay's works, *La Deffence* and *l'Olive*—Was l'Olive Margaret ?—Margaret's Kindness dispels the Poet's Melancholy—The Gift of a Handkerchief—Du Bellay in Rome—*Les Regrets*—His grief at Margaret's departure from France—His early death, 1560.

"La saincte horreur que sentent
Tous ceulx qui se presentent
Craintifs devant les dieux
Rendoit ma muse lente,
Bien qu'elle fust bruslente
De s'offrir à voz yeulx."

Joachim du Bellay à tres illustre Princesse Madame Marguerite.

THE most ardent of Margaret's literary adorers was the melancholy Jacques of Madame de Morel's salon, Joachim du Bellay. Ronsard might forsake Margaret, his "divine pearl," for Marie, Helène or Cassandre; Du Bellay, not even on those rare occasions when he yielded to another's charms,[1] ever forgot the royal lady who was *Le seul appuy et colonne de toute son espèrance.*

[1] The Latin verses in which Du Bellay tells of his love for Faustine, a beautiful Roman lady, are dedicated to Margaret.

Like l'Hospital, Du Bellay was presented to Margaret by the good Seigneur de Grigny, Jean de Morel. This introduction was the turning-point in the poet's career. It happened in June, 1549, when the Princess with the King and Queen had come to the Palace of Les Tournelles [1] for Henry's triumphal entry into his capital and for Catherine's coronation at Saint-Denis. Throughout this reign the greater part of the Louvre was undergoing complete reconstruction and was uninhabitable, and so Les Tournelles became the favourite royal residence. The palace stood on the site now occupied by the Place des Vosges, just within the St. Antoine Gate, flanked on the north by a wooded park and on the south by the Hôtel d'Angoulême.

In those June days Paris, the "heart of Christendom," and *compendium Orbis*, was all astir with preparations for the great pageant of the King's entry. To witness the show multitudes had flocked from all parts of the kingdom. Vincent Carloix, that picturesque but inaccurate author of Vieilleville's Memoirs, gives a Gargantuan account of the procession, in which, he says, figured no less than two thousand pages. But, while mistrusting his numbers, we may believe Carloix when he tells how the streets were sump-

[1] Breul (*Antiquitez de Paris*, pp. 781–3) identifies Les Tournelles with the Hôtel de St. Paul, so named from the church at its gates, and built by Charles V., 1364–80.

tuously decorated with arches, pyramids and obelisks, how of gold and azure there was no meagre display, and how embroidered upon the hangings might be read eloquent lines in Greek and Latin by the learned Daurat and odes in French by the divine Ronsard. In the summer of 1549, Paris, Joachim du Bellay tells us, threw care to the winds and every house was bathed in pleasure.

Amidst the shows and feasting of this *Annus Mirabilis,* Margaret found time to read two new books, a volume of prose and a collection of verse. They were both by Joachim du Bellay. One was *La Deffence et Illustration de la Langue Française,* and the other a series of sonnets entitled *l'Olive.* No sooner had Margaret read them than she wished to know their author.

La Deffence appealed to her because it glorified the possibilities inherent in her mother tongue. *L'Olive* may have touched her in a more personal manner. For there are those who would have us believe that Olive, the mysterious lady of these sonnets, is none other than Margaret herself, whom Du Bellay had long adored from afar.

For many a year Olive was thought to have been a Parisian lady belonging to the well-known family of Viole, whose name Du Bellay, following the prevailing fashion for anagrams, was believed to have turned into *Olive.* But no trace has yet been discovered of Du Bellay's

acquaintance with the Viole family, whereas numerous poems and letters attest his admiration for Margaret even before he knew her. Years after his presentation to the Princess, the poet, in a letter to Morel, wrote of Margaret as "the divine spirit" to whom he long ago consecrated all "the fruit of his industry." Hence M. Léon Séché [1] has recently propounded the not improbable hypothesis that Olive is Margaret. Her emblem, as we know, was an olive branch; and Daurat, in a Latin epitaph introducing the sonnets, when he compares Du Bellays' Olive to the laurel of Petrarch,

> "*Phœbus amat laurum, glaucam sua Pallas olivam,*
> *Ille suum vatem, nec minus ista suum,*"

was surely thinking of Margaret who was known as the Pallas of the Renaissance. Moreover, Du Bellay's description of his lady in the sonnets themselves is the portrait of Margaret. To her physical attractions Olive adds intellectual charms: she is literary, scholarly and accomplished, for she dances and sings and drives away all care; and her thoughts are as high as her expression is sweet and serious. Of this there is not one word but what is true of Margaret.

Jean de Morel was not slow to obey the Princess's request and to bring his friend into her

[1] See *Œuvres*, Joachim du Bellay (ed. Léon Séché), I, *l'Olive*.

presence. Du Bellay, when the summons reached him, was in the moment of his darkest melancholy. Depressed by the shams of the indifferent poets then infesting France, and despairing of the acknowledgment of true merit, he was resolving to abandon poetry for some other study. Margaret's summons gave him fresh courage. She received him with her unfailing amiability; she praised his past work, she incited him to further efforts. A new world dawned for Du Bellay. The poet's despair melted away like a morning mist and he broke into a song of triumph :

> " *Chante ma lyre doncques*
> *Plus haut, que ne fit oncques,*
> *Et parmi l'univers*
> *Fay resonner sans cesse*
> *Le nom de ma Princesse,*
> *Seul honneur de mes vers.*"

Margaret requested that Du Bellay's next volume should be openly dedicated to her. Accordingly in the autumn of 1549 appeared a collection of verse inscribed to " the very Illustrious Princess Madam Margaret, Only Sister of the King." And in the next year appeared a new edition of *l'Olive* considerably enlarged and now openly dedicated to Margaret.

The adoration expressed in these two volumes is one of those conventional passions which sonnet writers usually affected. There is very

little sincerity or even individuality in the constantly recurring similes, which compare Olive's face to a sun, her eyes to the stars, her virtues to the flowers of spring, to the fruits of autumn, to the treasures of India, to the sparks from Etna and to the waves of the sea. But one sonnet in the second edition of *l'Olive* strikes a more personal note, the echo it may be of an incident which really happened, Olive's gift of her handkerchief to her poet lover. Such was the freedom of the Valois court and such the easy manners of our Margaret that she may in very deed have given Du Bellay her "lovely square beautifully worked," her "handkerchief embroidered with her emblem," which "he cherished as the only treasure of his sleeve." Even greater condescension to poor poets on the part of kings' daughters was not unknown. Had not an earlier Margaret [1] stooped to kiss the poet Alain Chartier as he slept. To Du Bellay's heart his Olive's gift was so dear that in graceful verse he hymned it thus :

"Ce voile blanc que vous m'avez donné,
Je le compare à ma foy nette et franche :
L'antique foy portoit la robbe blanche,
Mon cœur tout blanc est pour vous ordonné.
Son beau carré d'ouvrage environné
Seul ornement et thresor de ma manche,
Pour vostre nom porte l'heureux branche

[1] Margaret of Scotland, daughter of King James I and first wife of the Dauphin Louis, later Louis XI.

De l'arbre sainct, dont je suis couronné.
Mille couleurs par l'esguille y sont jointes,
Amour a fait en mon cœur mille pointes,
Là sont encor' sans fruict bien mille fleurs,
O voile heureux, combien tu es utile
Pour essuyer l'œil, qui en vain distile
Du fond du cœur mille ruisseaux de pleurs." [1]

But for Du Bellay was to come a time when mere conventional allusion and graceful metaphor was to give way to something deeper in his poetry. In the train of his kinsman, Cardinal Du Bellay, he went to Rome and bade farewell to Margaret. Then and then only did he adequately appreciate her charms.

"Alors, je m'aperceu qu'ignorant son mérite
J'avais sans la connaître admiré Marguerite
Comme, sans les connaître, on admire les cieux."[2]

Banished from the sunshine of his lady's presence to the distant banks of the Tiber among "the great gods whom Ignorance worships," Du Bellay penned and dedicated to Margaret the most beautiful of his poems *Les Regrets*. Here, mourning that his inspiration has departed, he strikes the note of true sincerity. "He was never a greater poet than when he lamented that he had ceased to be one." [3] Sainte-Beuve

[1] Sonnet LXXII, Du Bellay, *Œuvres Complètes* (ed. Léon Séché), Vol. I, p. 127.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 221, note 1.

[3] Sainte-Beuve, *Nouveaux Lundis*, XIII, p. 332.

calls *Les Regrets la poésie intime.* Pater[1] develops the same idea when he writes : " The very name of the book has a touch of Rousseau about it, and reminds one of a whole generation of self-pitying poets in modern times. It was in the atmosphere of Rome, to him so strange and mournful, that these pale flowers grew up ; for that journey to Italy, which he deplored as the greatest misfortune of his life, put him in full possession of his talent and brought out all its originality. And in effect you do find intimacy, *intimité* here. The trouble of his life is analysed, and the sentiment of it conveyed directly to our minds."

Du Bellay returned from Italy about 1556. Three years later Margaret married and left France. During those three years the poet saw little of his lady, for he was deeply involved in family quarrels and, owing to the frankness of his verses, in a dispute with his patron, Cardinal du Bellay. Moreover, increasing deafness, a malady from which in common with Ronsard he had suffered for many years, cut him off from all communication with the outer world save by writing. And on Margaret's departure from France, he could not even go to court to bid her farewell.

The light of Margaret's favour, in earlier, happier days, had dispelled the gloom of the poet's melancholy. Now her absence plunged

[1] In *The Renaissance*, Joachim du Bellay (ed. 1877), 159.

him once more into darkness. "*Spes et fortuna valete*," he wrote to Jean de Morel. "What use is it henceforth to wrack one's brain for something good, seeing that we have lost . . . the presence of such a princess, of her, who, since the death of that great King, Francis, the father and founder of good letters, hath remained the only support and refuge of virtue [1] and of those who profess it. I cannot continue to write on this subject without tears, the truest tears that ever I shed." [2]

Margaret left France in November, 1559.[3] Two months later, in January, 1560, Du Bellay died. He could not have been more than thirty-eight.[4] The immediate cause of his death was apoplexy.

[1] In the Italian sense of artistic excellence.

[2] This famous letter is reproduced by Becq de Fouqières, *Œuvres Choisies*, p. 321, by Pierre de Nolhac, *Lettres de Joachim du Bellay*, p. 35, and by Sainte-Beuve, *Nouveaux Lundis*, XIII, pp. 352–4.

[3] See *post* p. 214.

[4] The exact date of his birth is uncertain. M. Léon Séché thinks it was 1522.

CHAPTER VIII

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF BERRY

Margaret's Gift for Government—Her Salon at Bourges—The University—Her Disputes with the Mayor and Aldermen—Her Attempts to revive the Woollen Industry of Bourges.

"Ses sujets seront heureux comme les habitants de l'Elisée ou ceux des isles fortunées que la Grèce a placées dans le grand Océan."

MICHEL DE L'HOSPITAL.

ON the 19th of April, 1550, Margaret succeeded her aunt, the Queen of Navarre, as Duchess of Berry, Henry II having granted the province as appanage to his sister in accordance with a time-honoured custom.

No student of Margaret's life can afford to neglect her relations with Berry; for they reveal her in a new rôle. In Berry she was more than the friend of letters, which was the position she held at her brother's court; in Berry she was a stateswoman equally interested in the commercial and social as well as in the intellectual development of her subjects. Indeed, as governor of this province, Margaret appears as the true

descendant of that wise king, Louis XII, her grandfather, and as the inheritrix of those gifts which rendered him one of the best of French kings. It is no exaggeration—although perhaps it is no very high praise—to say that in ruling her province Margaret displayed a greater gift for government than any male member of her house in this century.[1]

The peacefulness of provincial life in Berry Margaret preferred to the noise and gaiety of the court, the narrow streets and grim fortress of her capital of Bourges to the gilded halls of Fontainebleau and Chambord. At Bourges Margaret's residence must have been the great castle built by John the Magnificent, first Duke of Berry,[2] one of the most famous of mediæval builders. The Duke, with his father, King John, had been taken prisoner by the English at Poitiers. And it was after his return from captivity in England that he began to construct this massive fortress at Bourges. All that to-day remains of the castle is its vast banqueting hall. The rest of the building, with Duke John's beautiful Sainte Chapelle, has perished.

In this feudal fortress, which, unlike most

[1] Louis XII, having died in 1515, may be taken as belonging to the fifteenth century.

[2] Invested with Berry in 1360, died 1416. See Pierre Champion, *Vie de Charles d'Orléans* (1911), pp. 75 *et seq.*

mediæval castles, was *logeable*, or fairly comfortable, Margaret gathered round her literary friends in such numbers that Duke John's stronghold became the "nursery of Helicon," the "hostel of the Muses." Here the Duchess founded a literary salon; here she established what the poets called "her school of knowledge and of virtue." Around her learned board (*sa docte table*) assembled poets of the Pléiade, "beguiling with their verses the tedium of the repast" and professors of the university disputing hotly on all manner of subjects with a freedom tolerated nowhere else in France. Presiding alike over recitation and dispute, at the head of the board sat the gentle Duchess, "the queen and arbitress of conversation."

Throughout the nine years (1550–1559) of her close connection with Berry, Margaret devoted much time and thought to the University of Bourges. Founded in 1463 by Louis XI, the university, like the English universities of that day, had owed much to women. Louis XI's unhappy daughter, Jeanne, on the nullification of her marriage with Louis XII, received Berry as her appanage. And at Bourges she spent the last years of her life, founding there a college of the university.

The first Margaret, who became Duchess of Berry in 1517, established a fund for the payment of university professors. Under her sway

the university became one of the first in Europe. She it was who invited to Bourges those great jurists, Andrea Alciati and others, who were to render the university the chief school of jurisprudence. Alciati numbered among his pupils Calvin and Théodore de Bèze. To the chair of Greek and Latin the first Margaret appointed Jacques Amyot. And at Bourges Amyot spent the happiest years of his life. There he began his famous translation of Plutarch's Lives, and there he completed his version of the romance of Heliodorus, *Théagène et Chariclée.*

By her niece and successor the first Margaret's educational work at Bourges was ably continued. During the last years of her life the Queen of Navarre, withdrawing from all worldly concerns, had left the management of the university to the mayor and aldermen of Bourges, who had latterly been in the habit of appointing the professors. That power our Margaret had considerable difficulty in recovering ; and on this subject she must needs write explicitly and imperiously to the mayor of Bourges, saying :

" We will not have law imposed upon us by our dependents, not even in things concerning the peace and well-being of our town and university." [1]

In those turbulent times it was no easy task

[1] Raynal, *Histoire de Berry*, Vol. IV, *Pièces Justificatives.*

to rule a university in which all the passions of the age were reflected. The men of those days, if they thought at all, thought intensely—opinions were strongly held; enmities were bitter; disputes were violent and not seldom accompanied by clash of arms; assassinations and arrests were not infrequent.

When, in 1555, the Duchess appointed Jacques de Cujas to succeed Alciati in the chair of jurisprudence, his fellow-professors refused to recognise him. Margaret was not one to suffer such rebellion. And promptly she wrote [1] to the Mayor and Aldermen telling them to withhold the doctors' salaries until such time as they should receive her nominee.

Why the professors should have objected to Cujas it is difficult to understand. For he was an excellent companion, kind, humorous and jocular, a *bon-viveur* and a brilliant talker. True he had his eccentricities, as, for example, his habit of when studying arraying his books in heaps on the floor, and prone, face downwards, wriggling serpent-wise from pile to pile. But surely it cannot have been on this account that his colleagues disliked him. Probably they were jealous. For Cujas already enjoyed the reputation of a great teacher, one who could breathe new life into the dry bones of legal study. He had moreover always been a great favourite with

[1] See *Ibid.*

his pupils, joining in their amusements, helping them out of difficulties, lending them books and even money.

Margaret might force the doctors to receive Cujas, she could not make them treat him kindly. And so bitter was their hostility to the nominee of the Duchess that, after two years, Cujas refused to stand it any longer, and left Bourges for Paris. Then he was appointed professor at the university at Valence, and Margaret paid for his journey to that city. She never ceased to take an interest in her friend, although by that time she had married Emmanuel Philibert and left France for Savoy. At the request of the Duchess, on the death of one of his bitterest enemies at Bourges, Cujas returned to the city, in 1560. And thence, in 1566, again at Margaret's invitation and at her expense, he journeyed to Turin, where she and her husband had recently restored the university. What pleased him most, he wrote, was that by going he showed his obedience to Madam (Margaret).[1] Despite his devotion to the Duchess he did not remain long in her capital, although he there received high honours, being admitted to the Duke's privy council. From Piedmont this wandering scholar soon strayed to other Italian states and finally returned to France, first to Valence and then to Bourges, where he died in 1590, sixteen years after Margaret. Visitors

[1] See Berriat-Saint-Prix, *l'Histoire de Cujas* (1821), p. 517.

to Bourges may still see the stately mansion in La Rue des Arènes, where Cujas spent the last years of his life. It is one of the most lovely dwellings in a city renowned for its beautiful houses.

The industrial concerns of Bourges, which were then in a critical condition, must have caused Margaret considerable anxiety. For centuries the city had been one of the greatest of French manufacturing centres. On the rich pastures of Berry grazed a specially fine breed of sheep. Their wool was sent into Bourges, there on the banks of the Allier, the Cher and the Auron, the three rivers which encircle the city, to be woven into cloth and to be dyed a hue richer than any that could be produced even in the Gobelins factory at Paris. Like Florence, Bourges had for centuries been a city of great merchants, whose beautiful dwellings remain today, adorning the steep and tortuous streets of the town. The largest and the most imposing of these houses was built in the fifteenth century by the famous banker, Jacques Cœur. The house is a veritable palace. Its motto, which is inscribed everywhere in words and in allegorical symbols, "*a vaillans* (*cœurs*) *riens impossible*" (to courageous hearts nothing is impossible) had in Jacques' case proved true. For, the son of a humble tanner in the city,

he had gone to the East, made a great fortune, then returned to France, where he became a banker and minister of finance to the penurious Charles VII, lending him money to pay the troops which Jeanne d'Arc led against the English. Having incurred the royal disfavour, Jacques Cœur was thrown into a prison, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Fleeing from an ungrateful country, he entered the Pope's service and died in exile in the Island of Chios in the year 1456.

With his vast wealth Jacques Cœur had done much to develop the resources of his native city. And it was soon after his death that Bourges attained to the height of her prosperity. But some hundred years later, when our Margaret became duchess, the prosperity of the city was declining.

The main reason of this decline was the snobbishness of the Bourges merchants, who were beginning to disdain commerce and to aspire to the Church or to the King's service. Thus they were gradually withdrawing from trade their capital and their children. The woollen industry was consequently languishing and forsaking Bourges for the town of Châteauroux in Touraine, where the citizens were humbler minded. The inevitable result followed : the wares of Bourges deteriorated ; a cloak of Berry cloth was no longer as of yore handed down as a family heirloom,

nor did a bride's marriage contract require her to be attired therein.

In the industrial affairs of the city Margaret and the corporation worked harmoniously. Together they made every effort to revive the city's waning industry, the corporation improving the navigation of the rivers and the Duchess renouncing her right to exact tolls from the traders, and persuading the King to lend money to the town. At her request, her nephew Francis II, on his accession abstained from demanding the usual subsidy from the city. Margaret herself, when she was journeying to Savoy,[1] after her marriage, refrained from visiting Bourges in order to save it the expense of receiving her. But, having shown her people this consideration, she was disappointed when, as a wedding-gift, Bourges granted her a paltry 1500 crowns; and in terms of some displeasure she wrote to the corporation relating at length all the services she had rendered to the city.[2]

Henceforth the taxes of Berry, which formed an important part of Margaret's income, produced less and less, until, in 1564, the Duchess was compelled to appeal to her nephew, King Charles IX, with what success we have not discovered, to grant her compensation for this

[1] See *post* p. 216.

[2] See Raynal, *op. cit., Pièces Justificatives.*

After her marriage Margaret never visited her province of Berry. But until her death she continued to take a great interest in the University of Bourges and to appoint its professors.[1]

[1] For Margaret's intervention on behalf of Bourges during the wars of religion, see Chap. XIV.

CHAPTER IX

COURTSHIP—EMMANUEL PHILIBERT

Margaret's views as to a Husband—Proposals to marry her to Alessandro Farnese and to Philip of Spain—The Savoy Alliance first proposed in 1526—Proposal renewed in 1538—Did Margaret and Emmanuel Philibert then fall in love?—Alliance refused as not good enough for Margaret—The Fortunes of the House of Savoy—Early life of Emmanuel Philibert—He commands the Forces of Spain—Renewed Proposals for his Marriage with Margaret, 1550–1557—The Battle of St. Quentin, 1557.

" C'est un guerrier lequel n'a son pareil
Ni en vertu, ni combat, ni conseil."

RONSARD.

KINGS, princes, dukes, " thousands and thousands of great lords," sang Ronsard with poetic hyperbole, had solicited the hand of Madam Margaret. And yet on her brother's accession, the King's only sister was " still to marry." The princess herself was in no hurry to make a selection from among her numerous suitors. " If my brother can find me a husband, alliance with whom may honour and advantage his kingdom," she said, " then will I marry in order to please the King." King Henry did his best to find a bridegroom for his sister. A

few months after his accession, he suggested Margaret's old suitor, Philip of Spain, whose first wife had recently died. But once again Valois and Habsburg failed to come to terms, this time on the questions of Navarre and of Piedmont ; and once again the project of marrying Margaret to a Spanish husband was discarded.

In the autumn of 1547, a novel type of suitor presented himself. Pope Paul III sent a legate to France to propose the marriage of Margaret with his grandson, the Cardinal Alessandro Farnese. The Cardinal's father, Perluigi Farnese, Duke of Parma and Paul III's natural son, had just been murdered in his own citadel of Piacenza ; and the Pope, discerning the Emperor's hand in the assassination, sought to revenge himself by forming an alliance with France and marrying his grandson to the French King's sister. True, Alessandro was a Cardinal, yet his papal grandfather, who had bestowed that dignity upon him at the age of fourteen, could easily release him from his vows. But the offer was never seriously considered at the French court. The Pope might mate his natural children with the illegitimate offspring of French sovereigns—Ottavio Farnese was to marry King Henry's natural daughter, Diane de France—but the so-called "nephew" of the Pope was no fit consort for the sister of the French king.

Something better was in store for Margaret than

Photo. *Giraudon*

CHARLES III, DUKE OF SAVOY, FATHER OF EMMANUEL PHILIBERT

From a portrait attributed to Jean Clouet in the Pinacoteca at Turin.

alliance with the corrupt house of Farnese. It was not a decadent cardinal, but a vigorous soldier, a skilful captain and a wise statesman whom Margaret was ultimately to marry.

An alliance between the daughter of Francis I and the House of Savoy had several times been proposed. When Margaret was three years old, Charles III, Duke of Savoy, offered his eldest son, Louis, for her husband. But Louis died shortly afterwards. Then from time to time the marriage of Margaret with Louis' younger brother, Emmanuel Philibert, Prince of Piedmont, was discussed. In 1538, Margaret was at Nice when her father was trying to come to terms with the Pope and the Emperor. Then Duke Charles, on whose territory the conference was being held, revived his favourite matrimonial scheme. Margaret chaperoned by her aunt, the Queen of Navarre, was taken to see her prospective father-in-law in his castle. She made a very favourable impression ; and the Duke became still more eager for the match. Poets[1] and romantic historians have jumped to the conclusion that Margaret and Emmanuel Philibert met on that occasion and that the princess immediately fell in love with the prince and cherished an ardent affection for him ever afterwards. There is nothing to prove that they did not meet ; very probably they did.

[1] Probably Ronsard had this legend in mind when he wrote the lines at the beginning of the next chapter.

But the Prince was a little boy of ten, while the Princess was fifteen, and, according to Renaissance ideas, quite a grown-up young lady. Moreover, when on subsequent occasions, the marriage project was revived, Margaret intimated that she had no wish to marry a landless duke. And so this pretty fiction is contradicted by solid fact.

In 1538, Francis had rejected the suit of Emmanuel Philibert in favour of the Emperor's proposal to marry Margaret to his son Philip, who was naturally a much more brilliant match. For, in 1538, the prospects of the Prince of Piedmont, whose father had been driven out of all but a very small corner of his dominions, were about as poor as they could be. There was therefore a vast difference between the landless little prince, *pauvre de biens et riche de douleurs*, to whom it was proposed to unite Margaret in 1538, and the brilliant general whom she married twenty years later. How so poor a match became one of the most brilliant in Christendom is a striking story. But to appreciate it one must know something of the history of those dominions, over which Margaret was one day to reign as the consort of Emmanuel Philibert.

As the Paris to Turin express rushes forth from the Mont-Cenis Tunnel, the traveller may look out of his carriage window on to the cradle of the Savoyard house, the oldest reigning house

in Europe. For over those snow-clad peaks and mountain valleys, over the banks of the Isère and the Dora Rivers, over the land known to the Romans as Sapaudiæ,[1] in the eleventh century—from 1025 to 1051—ruled Humbert of the White Hands, called likewise Humbert the Saxon, the earliest known ancestor of the Savoyard princes.

As fiefs from the Emperor, Conrad II, Humbert held the lands of Tarentaise, Chablais, St. Maurice and the Val d'Aosta. Thus while most of his dominions lay north of the Alps his possessions in the Val d'Aosta gave him a footing in Italy. Humbert and his successors were quick to see the strength of their position as keepers of the Alpine passes. They realised that their one chance of success lay in a carefully balanced political neutrality. They laid their plans accordingly and resolved to turn to their advantage the vicissitudes of European politics. To throw the weight of their alliance now on to this side now on to that became the traditional policy of Savoy; and thus this tiny state came to play an all-important part in the building of modern Europe.

Steadily, throughout eight centuries, following a policy patient, astute, grasping and ambitious, the princes of Savoy pursued the aggrandisement of their house. Ever surrounded by more powerful neighbours, ever coping with adverse circum-

[1] Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (ed. Bury), III, p. 450, note 11.

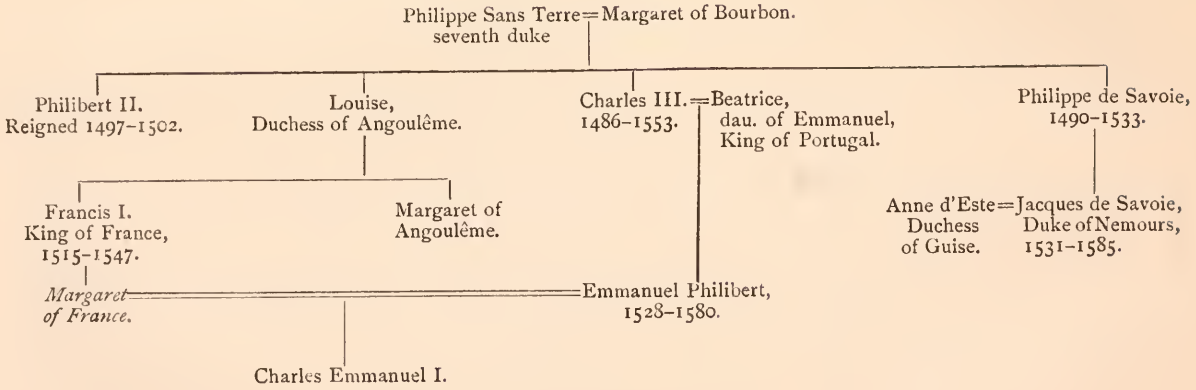
stances that might have crushed many a stronger state, they have gone on from strength to strength. Counts of Maurienne in the eleventh century, they became counts of Savoy in the twelfth, dukes of Savoy in the fifteenth, kings of Sicily and then kings of Sardinia in the eighteenth, and finally fifty years ago kings of all Italy.

We in this country have experienced a striking example of the Savoyard passion for self-aggrandisement. In the thirteenth century we suffered much at the hands of Savoy. In 1236, our King, Henry III, married Eleanor of Provence, the niece of Amadeus IV, Count of Savoy. Now Eleanor was blessed with no fewer than eight uncles, her mother's brothers. These Savoyard princes descended on our unhappy land like a cloud of locusts. They greedily exacted rich treasure, fat acres and high office from their all-too-feeble nephew, King Henry. Their greed helped to plunge England into civil war.

Peter of Savoy with English money built himself a magnificent palace in the Strand. William the King made Bishop of Winchester. But the worst of the Queen's uncles, the most brutal and the most rapacious, was Boniface, who, before he had ever set foot in England, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury as successor to the saintly patriot, Edmund Rich. This was in 1241 ; but it was not until 1243 that the appointment was confirmed by the Pope, Innocent IV. In the

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY FROM 1438–1580

SHOWING THE DESCENT OF EMMANUEL PHILIBERT


Philippe Sans Terre, seventh duke
Margaret of Bourbon.
Philibert II. Reigned 1497–1502.
Louise, Duchess of Angoulême.
Charles III. 1486–1553.
Beatrice, dau. of Emmanuel, King of Portugal.
Philippe de Savoie, 1490–1533.
Francis I. King of France, 1515–1547.
Margaret of Angoulême.
Anne d'Este Duchess of Guise.
Jacques de Savoie, Duke of Nemours, 1531–1585.
Margaret of France.
Emmanuel Philibert, 1528–1580.
Charles Emmanuel I.

following year Boniface visited his province for the first time. And it soon became evident that he regarded it merely as a mine from which he might dig vast treasure. After a few months, having raised a considerable sum of money, he departed for the Continent, where he remained for five years, assuming the state of a great feudal baron, commanding the Pope's guard and obtaining from his Holiness a grant of the firstfruits of the province of Canterbury for seven years.

When at length, in 1249, Boniface did return to England, it was only to institute a visitation of his province with the purpose of exacting fines for all offences. The resistance of the Londoners he quelled with his Provençal troops. When St. Paul's cathedral was shut against him, the doors were forced open and the rebellious prebendaries excommunicated. On the following day, in the choir of St. Bartholomew's Priory, when the sub-prior refused to obey his commands, the Archbishop felled him with his fist and beat him unmercifully, crying out: "This is the way to deal with English traitors." A tumult ensued, during which the Archbishop's vestment being torn, he was seen to be wearing armour beneath his rochet. Even his Provençal troops were now powerless to protect the Primate, who fled ignominiously, and, taking boat, escaped to Lambeth. Thus there was an end of his visitation. With his ill-gotten gains he left the

country and repaired to the papal court, to return three years later when civil war was on the eve of breaking out. At first Boniface seemed inclined to side with the national party against the King, his nephew. And, in 1258, he was one of the council of fifteen appointed to supervise the government.

Although one of the handsomest and perhaps the most rapacious Archbishop who ever sat on the seat of St. Augustine, Boniface was by no means a man of parts. Unintelligent and uneducated, force was his only weapon. And he was incapable of exercising any influence over English politics. We find him therefore gradually drifting on to the side of the King, and eventually excommunicating rebellious English barons and recruiting troops in France to fight on the King's side in the Barons' War. On the triumph of the royalists in 1265, Boniface was back in England. Four years later he started with Prince Edward for the Holy Land. But on his way through Savoy, the Archbishop was lured by the charms of his native land. He went no further. And in his own country he died a year later and was interred in the burial-place of his house, the Abbey of Hautecombe, on Lake Bourget. There, in the heart of Savoy, behind the high altar in the Abbey, may visitors still see the tomb of the Savoyard Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was not until the fifteenth century that

the shrewd policy of Savoyard princes began to abundantly bear fruit. During the long reign of Amadeus VIII the boundaries of Savoy receded and its count received from the Emperor the title of Duke. Then it was that the possessions of the house on each side of the Alps, which had for over a century been held by different branches of the family, were reunited under the rule of one prince. And then it was that the lands on the shores of the Lake of Geneva were conquered.

After ruling for forty-eight years, 1391–1439, Amadeus VIII abdicated in favour of his son. And, having entered the Church, he withdrew, in the company of a few chosen friends, to the hermitage of Ripaille on the Lake of Geneva. But here his religious contemplation was disturbed by messengers from the Council of Bâle, then sitting, who came to make him Pope, in succession to the deposed Eugenius IV. In those days of schism, the authority of Amadeus, or of Felix V, as he called himself, was never recognised by more than a small section of the Church. He never went to Rome ; and in 1447, having doffed the papal tiara, he again retired to the solitude of Ripaille, where he died in 1451.

During the last part of the fifteenth century Savoy was involved in contentions with the Swiss Confederation,[1] which was now becoming extremely powerful and encroaching on the princi-

[1] Formed about 1291.

pality in the north. At this time, owing to the ill-health of Duke Amadeus IX, the government of Savoy was in the hands of his wife, the Duchess Yolande, the brilliant sister of Louis XI of France.

Yolande, with Margaret in the sixteenth century and Henry IV's daughter, Christine, in the seventeenth, forms a trio of French princesses to whom Savoy is greatly indebted. During her husband's prolonged illness and her son's minority, Yolande ruled with great ability. But she was unable to check the advance of the Swiss, who, in 1476, inflicted a serious defeat on the combined troops of Savoy and Burgundy at Morat. The power of the cantons continued to increase throughout the century, until in 1500 the Emperor Maximilian was forced to acknowledge their independence.

The introduction of the Reformation into Switzerland ought to have served as a protection to Savoy; for the Reformation divided the cantons, who grouped themselves into two leagues, one Catholic, which looked for aid to the Emperor and to Savoy, the other Protestant which was inclined to an alliance with France. Unfortunately the reigning Duke Charles III of Savoy,[1] the father of Emmanuel Philibert, was incapable of utilising this division among his enemies. Charles III forsook the traditional policy of his house and threw all his weight on to the side of

[1] 1504–1553.

EMMANUEL PHILIBERT IN INFANCY, DEPICTED AS A CARDINAL.
From a painting in the Pinacoteca at Turin

the Emperor. By so doing he aroused the hostility of his nephew, Francis I.[1] The French King incited the Swiss Protestants to rise against his uncle. In 1534, Charles retaliated by besieging Geneva. The other Protestant cantons came to her aid. Charles was defeated and lost all his territory on the shores of the lake. Two years later a French army conquered the greater part of his Italian dominions, and a few years later still of Savoy.

The Duke with his wife and family were driven to take refuge at Nice, the only territory in Savoy which remained to them, and there it was that in 1538 Charles proposed to marry his eldest son, Emmanuel Philibert, to Margaret.[2]

Emmanuel Philibert was born in 1528, at Chambéry. He was the third son and the only surviving child of a family of nine. And in infancy he himself was so delicate that his life was despaired of. For hours after birth he was only kept alive by means of artificial respiration. He could not walk until he was three. A child so frail could be good for nothing but the Church, thought his parents. And so he was early dedicated to a religious order ; and the Pope Clement VII promised to make him a Cardinal. But the deaths of the elder brothers of Emmanuel Philibert

[1] Charles III was brother to Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis I. See genealogical table, p. 151.

[2] See *ante* p. 147.

rendering him heir-apparent to his father's dominions, changed his vocation, and by making a military open-air training necessary for the delicate boy probably saved his life.

The mother of Emmanuel Philibert was Donna Beatrix of Portugal, the sister of the Emperor's wife, Isabella, and the daughter of Emmanuel, King of Portugal. The Duchess Beatrix was an extraordinary person ; beautiful, clever and ambitious, but so masterful that she was said to possess nothing of a woman save the sex. She it was who insisted on her husband forming a close alliance with his imperial brother-in-law. The disastrous fruits of this counsel pierced her to the heart and she died of grief in 1538.

Her son, Emmanuel Philibert, inherited his mother's determination as well as her good looks, her cleverness and her charm, but he added to those qualities a soundness of judgment, in which Beatrix had been deplorably lacking. At the age of seventeen the Prince of Piedmont left his father's court for the Emperor's camp, where he had for companion in arms his cousin Philip, Prince of Spain.[1] In the imperial camp, throwing off the delicacy of his childhood, Emmanuel Philibert led the hard life of a common soldier,

[1] "*Tu vins au port de grand Charles d'Autriche*
Prince benin, qui ne t'abandonna
Ains pour ami à son fils te donna."

RONSARD, *Le Bocage Royal.*

carrying his own gun and ammunition, and acquiring such a power of endurance, that he became insensible to extremes of heat and cold; in pouring rain and in scorching sun he rode with his head uncovered and his helmet slung at his side, a habit by which he acquired the nickname of Tête de Fer,[1] the Iron-headed. Du Bellay's lines, written on the Duke's marriage with Margaret, are literally true:

> "Sa virile jeunesse
> N'a suivi la mollesse
> Des lascifs courtisans
> . . . .
> Mais il a sur la dure
> Et sous la couverture
> De pavillons, appris
> Qu'en la poudreuse plaine
> C'est avec la peine
> Qu'on emporte le pris." [2]

While everything that Emmanuel Philibert did was performed with the grace of the complete courtier his tastes and accomplishments were those of the soldier and the athlete. He was an adept at all warlike exercises; a first-rate rider, swimmer and tennis-player. In the arts and sciences connected with war, chemistry, mathematics, metallurgy and engineering he was deeply interested; he could forge a gun as

[1] On account of his strong will, he was also known as *Brise-fer*.
[2] *Œuvres* (ed. Marty Laveaux), Vol. II, p. 434.

well as fire one.[1] At the age of forty-two, despite the numerous duties of a reigning prince, he found time to take a daily lesson in geometry; and when commanding the imperial troops in the Netherlands he kept a diary.[2] While science was his favourite study, like all intelligent rulers, he read history and chiefly in the Spanish tongue. Spanish was the language he preferred and the one he used most frequently; he also knew French, Flemish and Italian; but he had little Latin and less Greek. Indeed, in those days of the classical revival, men marvelled that any one could be so intelligent as the Duke of Savoy and not know Aristotle. In order to maintain his proficiency in modern tongues, the Duke had about him servants of various nationalities with whom he conversed in their own languages.

Emmanuel Philibert was a typical man of action, ever on the move, pacing to and fro even when transacting affairs of state, spending but a few moments at table, but a few hours in bed.[3]

In personal appearance he was, like so many

[1] *et aymoit . . . sur tout à forger des canons d'harquebuz. Il en faisoit de tres bons. J'ay veu sa forge et nous faisoit monstre de son exercice.* Brantôme, *Œuvres* (ed. Lalanne), II, p. 151.

[2] In the Archivio di Stato (Turin), *Storia della Real Casa*, No. 7, 1555–1559, is a copy of this journal, containing also recipes for making gold and melting silver, elaborate regulations of court ceremonial and a prayer (for the last see *post* p. 161).

[3] The Venetian Ambassador, Francesco Molino, in Baschet, *Les Princes de l'Europe au XVIième Siècle* (1862), p. 73.

famous soldiers, a short man with a well-knit, well-proportioned frame. His countenance was bold and dignified yet pleasing. Fair curly hair, a short thick beard, grey eyes, and a ruddy complexion suggested not so much the Piedmontese as the Saxon founder of his line. While possessing a vivacious fiery temperament, Emmanuel Philibert was capable of great self-control.[1] Strong language he detested. An oath was seldom heard to fall from his lips. In religion he was a devout Catholic. "The Catholic Duke," Michelet calls him.

To his religious faith the following prayer at the end of his diary bears witness :

"My God, my Creator and my Redeemer, who died for me and for all those who shall confess thee and believe what thy Holy Catholic Apostolic Church shall command, I beseech thee very humbly and with the submission due from the creature to the Creator, from nothing to All, and especially from me, unto whom thou hast vouchsafed so many mercies which I never have and never shall deserve, I beseech thee in thy goodness to look upon the wounds of Jesus Christ our Redeemer and thy Son and one person with the Trinity, and to pardon me my hideous sins and my great ingratitude to thee for the great and numberless benefits I have received from thy bounty. And I beseech thee that henceforth thou wilt have me in thy holy keeping, and

[1] Costa de Beauregard, *Mémoires historiques sur la Maison Royale de Savoie* (1816), Vol. II, pp. 574 *et seq.*

grant me thy succour so that I may not offend thee further, but rather that in thy holy faith and true justice I may rule the people whom thou hast committed to my charge, and that I may keep what it hath pleased thee to give me,[1] which is more than I am able to govern."[2]

From early youth Emmanuel Philibert set his life to the accomplishment of one great purpose : the restoration of his father's dominions. At the age of nineteen he adroitly introduced into a letter congratulating Henry II on his accession a request for the restoration of Piedmont to its Duke. But, while losing no opportunity of urging his demand, the Prince was well aware that he would never obtain his object by mere asking. He was quick to see his father's error in abandoning the traditional policy of their house. He realised early that if he was ever to be more than the titular Duke of Savoy and Piedmont he must make himself important both to France and to Spain. A landless prince, he had nothing but his sword and on that sword he depended. *Spoliatis arma supersunt,* " Even to the dispossessed arms remain," was his motto. In 1552, the outbreak of war between France and Spain, gave him the opportunity of proving it.

[1] This prayer, which, with the journal, is in French, probably dates from the time of Emmanuel Philibert's restoration to his dominions.

[2] Archivio di Stato (Turin), *doc. cit.*

Courtship—Emmanuel Philibert

It was in his ancestral dominions, at the siege of Bena in Piedmont, in the spring of 1553, that Emmanuel Philibert first engaged in that brilliant military career which was to render him one of the greatest captains of history, and in his day and generation second to none, not even to François, Duke of Guise.

In the following summer we find the Prince of Piedmont in Flanders, commanding in the army of the Seigneur de Bugnicourt and, in the words of Ronsard, shattering like a thunderbolt [1] the walls of Térouenne, a fortress so valuable to the King of France that it was described as one of the two pillows on which he might sleep securely. The other pillow was probably Boulogne.

Throughout this war, by a malicious stroke of fortune, Emmanuel Philibert's trusty sword was time after time to bring disaster to the dearest friends of his future wife, Madam Margaret, and especially to the family of the Constable "her *bon père.*" The commander who capitulated at Térouenne, was François of Montmorency, the Constable's eldest son. Margaret grieved deeply over her friend's misfortune; and when, at the Truce of Vaucelles, in 1556, the prisoner was released, she wrote to his father: "the news was so good I dared not believe it, but now

[1] Lors tu rompris les murs comme une foudre
De Terouanne. . . .

you announce it, *mon père*, I know it to be true, and I am as delighted as possible. I have no doubt that he (François of Montmorency) will receive from the King and from you the warm welcome which he desires and merits." [1]

The defender of Térouenne did indeed deserve well of the King, for, daily expecting a relieving force which never came, and with the city walls all shattered and overthrown by the enemy's cannon, he had gallantly held out to the last moment.

As the reward of his exploits at Térouenne, Emmanuel Philibert was appointed to command the imperial forces in Flanders. And he speedily justified his appointment by the capture of the much-contested fortress of Hesdin. Here again Margaret's friends suffered. M. de Turenne, the Constable's son-in-law, and the Comte de Villars, his brother-in-law, were taken, while Orazio Farnese, brother of Margaret's sometime suitor and husband of her brother's natural daughter, Diane de France, lost his life.[2]

Touching the "piteous news from Hesdin,"

[1] "Le plesir que j'ay repsu de ce que me mandes de la delivrance de monsieur de Maumourancy ancore que je l'euse oui dire, je ne loisois croire pour le grand desir que j'en avois, mes puis, mon pere, que me le mandes, j'an suis à sete heure bien asurée et la plus esse qu'il est pausible, je m'asure bien qu'il ara du Roy et de vous ansi bon recueul qu'il desire et merite." Bib. Nat., *F.F.*, 3119, *Fo.* 20.

[2] See *ante* p. 97.

Margaret wrote somewhat tardily to Madeleine de Montmorency, the Constable's wife, asking pardon for her delay in writing on the ground of her dislike to be the bearer of evil tidings. But Margaret rejoices with Madeleine in that the Comte de Villars' life has been spared, "surely," she adds, "it must have been in answer to your prayers." [1]

Thus throughout this war, while Margaret was suffering through the sorrows of her friends and the losses of her country, her future husband was winning for himself glory and renown. Moreover, with the ransoms of the illustrious prisoners taken at Hesdin Emmanuel Philibert was able to line his empty pockets. "*Il se rempluma un peu*" ("he feathered himself a little"), writes Brantôme, whose eldest brother, M. de Bourdeille, was one of the birds which was plucked by the Prince of Piedmont. For this Brantôme ever afterwards bore Emmanuel Philibert a grudge; and while acknowledging the Prince's great ability, he unjustly accused him of having been "sly, fraudulent and corrupt." [2]

The Prince of Piedmont, commander-in-chief of the imperial army in the Low Countries, was no longer a suitor to be despised. Brilliant matches were proposed for him. And when

[1] Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3119, *Fo.* 12.

[2] "*Fin, trinquant, et corrompu.*" *Œuvres Complètes* (ed Lalanne), V, p. 72.

the Emperor's ambassadors were sent to England to negotiate Queen Mary's marriage with the Prince of Spain they were instructed to suggest a second union : that of the Prince of Piedmont with the Princess Elizabeth.

But Emmanuel Philibert was growing dissatisfied with the treatment he was receiving from the Emperor. The Prince coveted the command in Italy, where with his sword he might win back his own. But the Emperor was not desirous for his nephew's presence on that battlefield ; and so he entrusted the Duke of Alva with the Italian command. Emmanuel Philibert, considering himself slighted, forthwith began to solicit alliance with the French and marriage with the French King's sister. To every other bride, who was then offered to him, to Elizabeth of England, to Mary of Portugal [1] and to Juana of Spain,[2] the Prince of Piedmont preferred Madam Margaret. But the Princess herself was not then willing ; not even when her old friend and *serviteur particulier*, the Maréchal de Brissac, urged the advantages of the match. Emmanuel Philibert was now titular Duke of Savoy, his father having died in August, 1553. But he was still an exiled duke and in Margaret's opinion therefore no fit consort for the daughter and the sister of French kings.

[1] Daughter of Queen Eléonore of France by her first husband.
[2] Daughter of Charles V.

After this rebuff the Duke of Savoy reverted to Spain. He accepted an invitation, refused earlier in the year, to visit King Philip and his royal bride in England. And during his stay in this country Emmanuel Philibert urged his host to use all his influence with his imperial father for the restoration of Savoy to its lawful ruler. At this time Philip again broached his favourite project of a marriage between Princess Elizabeth and Emmanuel Philibert. Queen Mary however was too jealous of her sister to wish for a match which would increase Elizabeth's influence ; the Duke was too devout a Catholic to desire marriage with a Protestant princess ; and Elizabeth was too shrewd to consent to a union which might take her out of England. Had she seen the Duke her attitude towards him might have been different ; for Emmanuel Philibert was a handsome prince and a gallant squire of dames, whose good looks could not have failed to touch a heart always susceptible to masculine beauty. But the pair never met, for, although the Duke of Savoy stayed at Somerset Place, Elizabeth's house in the Strand, Mary took care to keep her sister down at Woodstock. And, in the autumn of 1554, the Duke of Savoy returned to the Netherlands an unplighted bachelor. Madam Margaret was still the bride whom he most desired.

Emmanuel Philibert now resumed command of the imperial forces. In the autumn of 1554,

before the gates of Amiens, he defeated his famous cousin the Duke of Nemours, and at Givet, in the following year, the Maréchal de Saint-André. But during these campaigns there was little fighting. Although the Constable and King Henry commanded an enormous force, they seemed afraid to come to blows with so able a commander.

The Duke, albeit still poor and dispossessed, was now a person to be counted with. During the abortive negotiations for peace in 1555, the Emperor's representatives demanded for Emmanuel Philibert the revenues of the Italian town of Ivrea. In the following year the Truce of Vaucelles was signed; and then Henry II undertook to pay the Duke of Savoy an annual pension of 25,000 francs. This was the only concession the imperial ambassadors exacted from the French King; and Henry was able to boast that he had not been made to surrender one inch of all the conquests he had won.

The Truce of Vaucelles was signed on the 5th of February, 1556. Margaret was then at Blois; and there, two days later, she received a messenger from the King to tell her of the settlement. The news of peace always rejoiced her heart; and this truce was especially gratifying to her because it set her friends at liberty. Moreover, while carefully watching every vicissitude of the war she must have been interested in the brilliant triumphs

of her suitor Emmanuel Philibert, even although they were now at her country's expense.

Again at Vaucelles, Savoy "feathered himself a little." French writers complain of the imperiousness and cupidity with which he extracted ransoms from his prisoners. But less interested critics will remember that as long as France deprived him of the revenues from his dominions, the Duke's only income consisted in the salary paid him by the Emperor. Even his jewels were in pawn. And he must have foreseen that when the time came for him to return to his principality his first requirement would be a well-lined purse.

Although he had benefited by the agreement of Vaucelles, it was not to the Duke's advantage that the truce should run its full five years' course. And there seemed little chance of its doing so. The settlement, which was largely due to the diplomacy of Margaret's friend, Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, was generally unpopular.[1] As soon as his son Francis was liberated, the Constable lost all interest in the truce. The

[1] The signing of the Truce of Vaucelles was one of the last acts of authority performed by Charles V. He was then gradually withdrawing from the field of action. On October 25th, 1555, he had made over his northern provinces to his son Philip. Milan and Naples had been previously handed over. In January, 1556, he resigned his Spanish kingdoms and Sicily, and shortly afterwards Franche Comté to Philip. In favour of his brother Ferdinand he renounced all imperial authority, though his formal renunciation of the Empire did not take place until 1558, the year of his death.

Guises had disliked it from the first ; so had the French allies, Pope Paul IV and the Sultan of Turkey. By August, 1556, King Henry was quite ready for war. In Italy fighting had never ceased. On the north-eastern frontier of France it had soon been resumed. Despite "the good, sure, true, stable and loyal abstinence from war and cessation from arms, concluded, resolved, agreed and determined" in the previous February, throughout the summer of 1556 troops were assembling and French strongholds were being fortified. Such bravado in time of truce, said the Duke of Savoy to the French ambassador at Brussels, he would never endure even if the King his Master were prepared to tolerate it.

The truce was formally broken and war was declared on the 31st of January, 1557.

In the following July Emmanuel Philibert took command of the Spanish army, consisting of 35,000 foot and 12,000 horse, which was to be reinforced by a body of 10,000 English ; for Queen Mary of England, in support of her Spanish husband, had likewise declared war on France in the June of this year.

Soon after the declaration of war it became obvious that the Duke of Savoy intended to attack the fortress of Saint-Quentin, the defences of which were notoriously imperfect. And Coligny, who was then governor of Picardy, had only just time to enter the town by night when, on the

3rd of August, its investment by the Spanish army was begun.

We may well imagine with what intense anxiety Margaret must have awaited news from Saint-Quentin where her future husband was once again face to face with one of her dearest friends, Gaspard de Coligny, the defender of the town.

The story of the siege and of the Battle of Saint-Quentin is too well known to need repeating here. The Constable's intervention on behalf of Coligny, his nephew, resulted in a crushing defeat. Margaret's "good father," fighting like a lion, was seriously wounded in the side and compelled to surrender to Margaret's future husband. With the Constable were captured or slain the flower of the French nobility. Seventeen days later, after a gallant resistance, Coligny was forced to capitulate, and he too became a prisoner in the enemy's hands.

Paris was in danger. Everyone expected the victorious army to march upon the French capital. But, says Monluc,[1] "God miraculously deprived the King of Spain and the Duke of Savoy of the wisdom to follow up their victory."[2] Instead of making for Paris, they contented themselves with capturing a few Picard towns.

[1] *Mémoires et Commentaires* (Michaud, 1st series), Vol. VII, p. 183.

[2] Savoy wished to march on Paris. It was Philip's caution that prevented him from doing so.

The King had been at Compiègne during the battle. He now repaired hastily to Paris, where Queen Catherine, assisted by the Cardinal of Lorraine, was energetically doing her best to raise money and troops. For some weeks Henry and his court remained in the city. There, in September, they were attacked by a curious epidemic, which had not been known for fifty years. It was a feverish catarrhal disposition, probably a kind of influenza, and was called the whooping-cough or chin-cough disease. Margaret, the King and Queen, their daughters and the Cardinal of Lorraine all succumbed to it. And the air of Paris was so infected that, as Henry told the Venetian ambassador, the court as soon as the sufferers had recovered, were glad to escape to Saint-Germain.

Meanwhile Margaret was feeling very anxious about her "good father," the Constable. At first his friends did not even know the place of his imprisonment; and some thought he was dead, for his wound was known to have been very serious. The Duke of Savoy proved a hard gaoler. He refused to allow the great surgeon, Ambroise Paré, to visit his prisoner, although he permitted other French doctors, who were less famous, to attend him. The numerous letters of condolence, which, after a time, the Constable was permitted to receive, must have been a great consolation to him. Among these letters was one

from his captor, the Duke of Savoy, and one from his good daughter and cousin Margaret.

A romantic imagination might picture as an augury of the union to come, those two missives, penned by the hands of the future husband and wife, lying side by side on the table of the Constable's Flemish prison.

In September, 1557, Montmorency was permitted to have his own servants. And a year later he was allowed to depart on parole and to pay a few days' visit to King Henry, who was at Beauvais. Margaret was not there, but Montmorency wrote to her of his "joy and satisfaction at seeing the King." And Margaret replied: "I entreat you to believe that could I have had my will you should not have waited so long. I have hopes that God will grant us the favour that by means of a good peace we may see you again soon, which will never be as soon as I desire."[1]

Only a few days after the Constable had left, Margaret rejoined the King and Queen at Beauvais.

[1] . . . *je vous prie de croire que si seut esté selon mon désir que nusies tant atandu j'ay espévance que Dieu nous fera cete grâce par le moien d'une bonne pais de vous ravoir du tout qui ne sera jamés si tost que je le le* [sic] *souhete.* Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3139, *Fo.* 59.

CHAPTER X

BETROTHAL AND THE TREATY OF CATEAU-CAMBRÉSIS

St. Quentin and the fortunes of Emmanuel Philibert—Negotiations in the Abbey of Cercamp—The Duke of Savoy proposes for Margaret's niece, Claude—But accepts Margaret, who is offered to him by the Constable—Negotiations at Cateau-Cambrésis—The Constable's joy at obtaining a husband for Margaret—Margaret's assumption of the rôle of diplomatist—Unpopularity of the match in France and in Piedmont.

"Or ceste vierge en vertu consommée,
D'un cœur très haut desdaignait d'estre aimée
. . . . . .
En attendant que Fortune propice
Eust ramenée toy, son espouse, Ulysse ;
Seule en sa chambre au logis l'attendoit,
Et des amans, chaste, se defendoit."

RONSARD.

ST. QUENTIN was the most decisive battle of the century. It changed the course of European history. It settled the duel between Hapsburg and Valois in favour of the Austrian house. It transferred the hegemony of Europe from France to Spain.

In the affairs of Emmanuel Philibert, St. Quentin marked the turning of the tide. It restored

him to his own. It gave him for his bride that "most accomplished and instructed woman of the world," for whose hand he had so often sued in vain. Henceforth the Duke of Savoy was arbiter between the houses of Hapsburg and Valois. Now he might truly say, "The side on to which I throw my weight will be victorious."

From the fatal day of St. Lawrence—for the Battle of St. Quentin was fought on the 10th of August, which was the Feast of St. Lawrence—Henry was set upon peace. The brilliant exploit of the taking of Calais from the English by the Duke of Guise failed to reconcile Henry to the war. It was enough that the Constable was a prisoner: without him the King was at sea; his successors in the council chamber, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, Henry could not trust; Montmorency must be liberated at any cost. "I shall die content," Henry wrote to the Constable, "when I see a good peace and the man, whom more than all others, I love and esteem; and so fear not to fix your ransom at any sum that may be asked." Again the King wrote: "Do all you can to bring about peace. . . . I can know no greater joy than to have a good peace and to see you at liberty."

In mid-October, 1558, formal negotiations for peace opened at the Abbey of Cercamp in Picardy. The president of the conference was the dowager duchess of Lorraine, Christine, niece of the

Emperor Charles V. The French representatives were Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, the Constable, the Maréchal Saint André, Jean de Morvilliers, Bishop of Orléans, and Claude de l'Aubespine, Secrétaire des Finances. Spain was represented by the Duke of Alva, the Prince of Orange, Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, Antoine Perrenot, Bishop of Arras later Cardinal de Granvelle, and Ulrich Viglius de Zuichem.

The English ambassadors were Lord Arundel, Thirlby, Bishop of Ely, and Dr. Nicholas Wotton.[1] Savoy sent the Count of Stropiano and the President of Asti. The dispossessed King of Navarre was also represented.

In the first preliminaries of peace the Spaniards had been given to understand that the French did not expect such good terms as they had procured at the Truce of Vaucelles. They were prepared to resign some of their conquests. But from the beginning the French interest was compromised by the rivalry between their two commissioners, the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Constable. The latter endeavoured to keep Piedmont for France; but the Cardinal privily informed the Spanish ambassadors that the French King might be induced to give way on that point. The fact that the French representatives were thus working at cross purposes, coupled with the King's desire for the Constable's release at any cost,

[1] Appendix C, p. 335.

went far to account for the losses inflicted on France by the treaty now in course of mediation.

The first session of the conference occupied the last fortnight of October. During that time it was settled that to Emmanuel Philibert Piedmont and Savoy with the exception of certain towns should be restored, and to the King of Spain all French conquests made in the north since 1552. In the sixteenth century no treaty was complete unless ratified by marriages. And one of the first duties of the Assembly at Cercamp was to arrange a double marriage: Elizabeth, King Henry's eldest daughter, was to espouse Don Carlos, Philip II's son, while Emmanuel Philibert asked for the hand, not of Margaret this time, but of her niece, Henry's second daughter, Claude. According to the Venetian ambassador at the French court, the Duke proposed for Claude because he had "no fancy" for Margaret. And Savoy may well have owed Margaret a grudge for her recent rejection of his suit.

Indeed so completely had Emmanuel Philibert despaired of ever winning Margaret that some time before the opening of the Cercamp negotiations he had been betrothed to Madeleine of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand and the first cousin of Philip II. Out of this incident an Italian dramatist of the present day, Signor Raffaelle Fiore, has woven a romance

which is related in his play *Emanuele Filiberto*.[1] And here the dramatist represents his hero as being passionately in love with Madeleine, whom his marriage of convenience with Margaret compels him to denounce. The Italian dramatist is not the only writer who has imagined that while his political interests led him to desire Margaret's hand, Emmanuel Philibert's affections had been bestowed elsewhere. Years ago Alexandre Dumas in his thrilling novel, *Le Page du Duc de Savoie*, told of the Duke's passion for a mysterious person called Leone, who, disguised as a page, accompanied him on his campaigns, until her lord's marriage with Margaret.

In such stories we discern the influence of Brantôme, whose spicy gossip until quite recent years was credited as history. And Brantôme, as we have said, makes Margaret out to have been at the time of her marriage a well-advanced spinster of forty-six, and moreover a spinster with a past. According to Brantôme therefore Emmanuel Philibert was making a serious sacrifice when he allied himself with this elderly bluestocking of somewhat doubtful reputation. But we now know how very little Brantôme is to be trusted. And such tales as those of Dumas are probably as well founded as the companion romance that Margaret had been in love with Emmanuel Philibert since he was a boy of ten

[1] Margaret too had another suitor, her cousin Alfonso d' Este of Ferrara.

and she a girl of fifteen. Nevertheless we dare not venture to deny the probability that before his marriage with Margaret the Duke's heart had been engaged and many times over. For, as we have said, he was a famous squire of dames. And, as for his betrothal to Madeleine of Austria, whether or no that engagement was an affair of the heart, it rests on the authority of no less a person than Samuel Guichenon, author of *L'Histoire de la Royale Maison de Savoie.*[1]

These love-stories however have led us to anticipate. And we must now return to the Cercamp negotiations and to the Duke of Savoy's proposal to marry Princess Claude.

It was soon pointed out to him that Claude was promised to another. As early as 1552, she had been betrothed to the young Duke of Lorraine, son of Duchess Christine, the President of the Cercamp Conference; and preparations were already being made for the marriage, which took place in January, 1559. But France could not afford to lose Savoy's alliance, especially now that the Duke was to be restored to his dominions. Consequently the oft-discussed project of his union with Margaret was revived; and this time the proposal came from France.

Emmanuel Philibert on the eve of restoration to his ducal throne was now a husband after Margaret's heart. Union with him would fulfil

[1] Vol. I, p. 676.

the condition for her marriage which she had always laid down: it would both advantage and honour her brother's kingdom. And so the Constable, as eager as ever to mate his "good daughter and cousin," was doubtless furnished with the lady's consent when he offered her to the Duke of Savoy. Emmanuel Philibert, despite his alleged fancy for Claude, appears to have been no less eager to accept the offer.

About the 12th of October the Duke received his lady's picture, which, as he wrote to his cousin, Nemours, intensified the desire already long cherished in his heart. And he hoped that if God granted him the happiness to marry Madam, he (the Duke) would so acquit himself as to please all three (apparently God, Henry and Margaret).[1]

Meanwhile the King's sister seems not to have been altogether pleased that her suitor should have so readily transferred his offer of marriage to her niece. At least so the Cardinal of Lorraine gave Emmanuel Philibert to understand. But the Cardinal is well known to have been averse to the match. And we have no evidence that Margaret ever directly expressed her displeasure to the Duke. He however deemed it wise to write a letter explaining his apparent inconstancy; and probably he hoped that the letter would be brought to Margaret's notice.

[1] L'Aubespine, *Négociations*, etc. (1841), pp. 195–6.

It is dated the 10th of November, 1558, and addressed to Monsieur du Bochet, who, we may presume, was a friend of the Duke at the French court.

"Friend and Brother," he writes, "only this morning did we receive the letter which you wrote on the seventh of this month. And we are at once amazed and annoyed that it should have travelled so slowly; for we fear that our delay in replying may be attributed to indifference. . . . We are grieved to hear from the Cardinal of Lorraine that Madam Margaret appears to think us ill-disposed towards the marriage proposed between her and us because of the offers which were made to the King's daughter, her niece. . . . But in truth the request addressed to the one conveyed no scorn of the other. For, during many years and on repeated occasions, you among others have heard me praise and extol Madam Margaret in a manner worthy of the graceful charms of her person and of the singular virtues of her heart. On her gifts we set such store that we shall esteem ourselves happy if God grants us such a bride. And, in all seriousness, we believe that there doth indeed await us the fate with which you have so often threatened us, and that we shall submit to be governed by a woman to whom we shall be ever striving to give content." [1]

This letter, with its lame explanation and its concluding note of ironical resignation to the

[1] See Saint Genis, *Hist. de Sav.*, III, Docs. No. 38.

inevitable, shows that the Iron-headed Duke laboured under no illusion as to the character of his bride. Margaret was known throughout Europe to be a strong-minded woman. And as such, once having resolved on this marriage, she was not to be deterred from it by any jealousy of her niece, if indeed such a sentiment ever existed outside the fertile brain of the Cardinal.

Some weeks before the Duke's letter to Monsieur du Bochet, on the 15th of October, Margaret had written to the Maréchal de Brissac, who had more than once suggested a matrimonial alliance between her and Emmanuel Philibert, vaguely hinting at her approaching marriage.

"There is much talk of peace," she wrote. "You wish me to be included therein. If you had your wish I should be pleased, and if I had mine you would be happy, for there is no woman in the world who more earnestly desireth your advancement." [1]

It is evident from this sentence, "if you had your wish I should be pleased," that Margaret, despite the Duke's proposal to Claude, still desired the marriage.

The ambassadors at Cercamp found marriages among the easiest points to settle. Much more difficult to arrange were the disputes as to who

[1] Bib. Nat., *ms. fr.* No. 20451, *Fo.* 145 – 74. Collection Gaignières.

should possess Calais and how many Piedmontese towns should be left in the hands of the French. On the 30th of October, in order that the commissioners might confer with their respective sovereigns touching these matters, the conference was suspended for a week.

The second session, which lasted from the 7th of November until the end of the month, accomplished little ; and the death of Mary of England, on the 17th of November, introduced a further complication. At the end of the month a second adjournment took place ; and it was understood that before the ambassadors reassembled the Constable and Saint-André, who had both been taken prisoners at Saint Quentin, would pay their ransoms and obtain their liberty. The Constable however had to do a great deal of hard bargaining with his captor, Emmanuel Philibert, before he could induce him to accept a reasonable sum. Finally 200,000 crowns was agreed upon ; and Montmorency, having paid the first instalment, returned to France in December.

When the Conference reassembled in February, 1559, it was in a new meeting-place. The old abbey of Cercamp was too cold and too draughty for winter habitation ; so the ambassadors met at Cateau-Cambrésis, in a spacious palace, belonging to the Bishop of Cambrai. But at first the change seemed no improvement. The Bishop's

palace was even more uncomfortable than the abbey, the windows were unglazed and the furniture insufficient. Paper panes in frames of lattice had to be hastily inserted and more furniture brought. Then, amid much complaining, the negotiations proceeded.

The Constable was now a free man but Saint-André still remained a prisoner of war. The chief points to be settled were, as we have said, Calais and the Piedmontese fortresses. Mary's death had resulted in the separation of English and French interests; England, now governed by Queen Elizabeth, could no longer depend upon Philip to support her demand for Calais; France endeavoured to detach the King of Spain still further from England by proposing that he and not Don Carlos should marry King Henry's daughter, Madam Elizabeth. Through February the negotiations dragged on and nothing was done. The Queen of England hesitated to leave Calais in the hands of the French, while Montmorency gave the English ambassadors to understand that for King Henry to surrender Calais would be like yielding his sword to the enemy. So strained were the relations that at one point the French ambassadors announced their departure; their coaches awaited them at the gate, and Madame la Présidente had herself to descend from her apartment, in which the negotiations were being conducted, in order

to persuade Montmorency and his colleagues to return. At the end of February the conference adjourned until the Queen of England should have replied to the French proposals. In this interval the Constable visited Henry and his court at Villers-Cotterets. Margaret too was there. And doubtless the Constable took the opportunity of conferring with her touching the progress of those negotiations on which her destiny depended.

When, on the 2nd of March, the ambassadors reassembled, they received Elizabeth's consent to Calais remaining in French hands for eight years; and a week later a treaty was signed between England on the one hand and France and Scotland on the other.

There still remained the question of the Piedmontese fortresses—how many should remain in the hands of France, until the conflicting claims of France and Savoy to certain territories in the principality should have been decided. At first France demanded twelve, then six, then four. But if France was to retain any towns whatever then Spain too insisted upon garrisoning certain fortresses. Here was another difficulty. This too was overcome by the tact of Madame la Présidente. At her suggestion the ambassadors of France and Spain went off to consult their respective sovereigns; the Cardinal of Lorraine to Henry and Don Ruy Gomez to Philip. In

a few days the ambassadors returned with powers to arrange a compromise. France was to occupy five towns in Piedmont and Spain two. The last obstacle to a general settlement was removed. And Montmorency could write to Coligny: "thanks be to God peace is made and Madam, the King's sister, married." It sounded like a *Nunc Dimittis*. And indeed the Constable had striven long and strenuously to get Margaret a husband. That her marriage was his doing she herself recognised, for, some years later, in an undated letter,[1] written from Rivoli in Piedmont, referring to the happiness of her married life, she bids the Constable never regret a union of which he had been the cause.

In the middle of March and before the signing of the treaty Margaret despatched to Brussels her Chancellor, Michel de l'Hospital, in order that he might prepare the marriage contract. No sooner was Margaret's marriage arranged than she adopted between her brother and her betrothed that rôle of diplomatist which she was to play with marked success for the rest of her life. She entreated Henry forthwith to hand over to Savoy those Piedmontese fortresses which the treaty permitted France to retain.

With incontrovertible logic, Margaret contended that if the King could trust Savoy so far as to grant him his sister in marriage, he might surely

[1] *Fonds français*, 3260, *Fo.* 2.

trust him to keep his word and carry out the terms of the treaty, wherefore it was unnecessary to take any pledge for its execution. Henry, however, with a man's contempt for a woman's argument, put his sister off, telling her not to worry and vaguely hinting that if the Duke turned out a good husband the fortresses might be restored to him before the three years, which was the time stipulated.

The peace with Spain and Savoy was signed on the 3rd of April. It restored to the Duke his territories of Bresse, Bugey, Valromey, Savoy and Piedmont, with the exception of five towns—Turin, Chieri, Pinerolo, Chivasso and Asti in the territory of Villanuova retained by France, and two, the other Asti and Vercelli, retained by Spain. But, while they could entrench their garrisons in these towns, France and Spain could control neither their revenues, their governments nor their courts of justice. This was an unsatisfactory arrangement for all parties, and one which, as we shall see, was to lead to constant bickering.

Dissatisfaction with the Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis was general throughout France. Brantôme lamented that the conquests of thirty years were surrendered with one stroke of the pen and in one hour. Monluc ascribed to this disastrous peace the civil wars which succeeded it. Brissac beheld in the treaty nothing but

loss and ruin for France, once triumphant over all European nations. Some said that the King had made peace merely to liberate the Constable and Saint-André, others that the Italian conquests were being surrendered in order to provide the King's sister with a husband. The soldiers in Piedmont declared that it was all very well for Madam Margaret to play the Minerva, the goddess of chastity, and then to come to Piedmont to change her name at their expense. Margaret's marriage however was not the cause, but merely the ratification of the surrender of Savoy and Piedmont.[1] Ultimately the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis benefited France. It finally cured French kings of that perpetual hankering after Italian dominions, which ever since the end of the last century had involved France in costly warfare. Henceforth French desires for aggrandisement were to be fixed on the north and east rather than on the south, on the Rhine rather than on the Alps. Under Mazarin, Richelieu and Louis XIV, France having retired from the fever of Italian politics, became a compact state with a strongly centralised government. Could Margaret have looked into the future therefore, she would have seen that ultimately, her marriage was to fulfil her highest

[1] From the Savoyard point of view Margaret's marriage was most happy, it was *la clef et le sceau de la paix et concorde universelle*. Paradin, *Histoire de Lyon*, p. 432.

hopes and to bring to her beloved land nothing but honour and advantage. Her wedding was fixed to take place in the summer, shortly after that of her niece, Elizabeth, who was to marry the King of Spain on the 22nd of June.

CHAPTER XI

A SAD WEDDING

The Bridegroom's Departure from Brussels for Paris—Signing of the Marriage Contract at Les Tournelles—The formal Betrothal and Preparations for the Wedding—Margaret's Trousseau—The Tournament and the Wounding of King Henry—The Art of Surgery in the sixteenth century—Margaret's midnight Wedding—The King's Death.

"The Duke of Savoy on the day before the King's death made his most tearful marriage."—GIOVANNI MICHIEL, Venetian Ambassador in France to the Doge and Senate.

OUT of Brussels city, along the Paris road, in the early days of June, 1559, rode the three hostages, whom Spain was sending to France for the execution of the Cateau-Cambrésis Treaty. Two of them, the Prince of Orange and Count von Egmont, were Netherlanders; and in the coming Revolt of the Netherlands against Spain, both were to suffer death, one by the assassin's pistol the other at the hands of the executioner. The third hostage, the Duke of Alva, was a Spaniard and a sinister figure throughout that Rebellion; he it was who nine years later sent Egmont to a shameful death on a public scaffold in Brussels.

Now Alva held the double office of hostage for the treaty and proxy for King Philip in his marriage with Madam Elizabeth of France.

On that June day each hostage rode separately in order to make a greater display of his retinue. The suite of the Prince of Orange numbered some six hundred horsemen, those of Egmont and of Alva some four hundred each. But the hostages were also accompanied by many members of the Flemish and Spanish nobility who were travelling to Paris to be present at the double wedding of Elizabeth and Philip and of Margaret and Emmanuel Philibert. On the way this courtly throng was entertained at Chantilly and at Ecouen by François de Montmorency, Maréchal de France, the Constable's eldest son. They reached Paris on the 16th of June. Outside the city they were met by a company of French nobles, who escorted them to the outer gate of the Louvre. There the King awaited them. Alva, with Spanish obsequiousness, prostrated himself at Henry's feet ; but Henry, raising him, insisted on greeting Philip's proxy as if he had been Philip himself.

After having been presented to Queen Catherine and to Madam Elizabeth, Alva paid his respects to Madam Margaret. He had news to tell her, which she heard with delight : the Prince of Piedmont had even then left the Netherlands and with all speed was hastening along the Paris road " towards the joy awaiting him."

The Duke's departure from Brussels had been delayed, ostensibly because his clothes were not ready, really, so he told the Venetian ambassador, because Coligny had not yet handed over certain fortresses on the Flemish frontier, which, according to the Treaty, should be delivered to Spanish governors.

Before he started, the Low Countries, of which he had been for some time regent, presented Emmanuel Philibert with a handsome gift of between four and five thousand crowns. The money must have been very acceptable, for the Duke was suffering from "that eternal want of pence, which vexes public men," his jewels were in pawn, he was heavily in debt, no revenues from his dominions as yet flowed into his purse, and he found great difficulty in equipping himself as befitted the bridegroom of the Most Christian King's Sister.

His poverty notwithstanding, two hundred and fifty thousand crowns did the Duke spend on clothes for himself and his suite and on costly gifts. No wonder then that Savoy and his gentlemen ruffled it finely[1] when, on the 14th of June, they rode out of Brussels city, with their servants all gorgeously clad in such liveries of silk and gold lace as were never known to have been fashioned before in the memory of man.

[1] See Malaguzzi Valeri, *Le Nozze del Duca Emanuele Filiberto di Savoia*, p. 3.

The brilliance of their starting however was clouded by an untoward event not uncommon in those days ; a gentleman of the Duke's company and a brave soldier, on his way to the palace, dressed in his new livery, was suddenly attacked and slain by one of his enemies.

Savoy travelled slowly and did not reach Paris until the 21st of June. At the city gate he was met by the Duke of Orléans, afterwards Charles IX. And then with great ceremony and escorted by five hundred and fifty French gentlemen in crimson satin doublets and riding-coats of black velvet trimmed with gold lace, the Duke of Savoy made his solemn entrance into the city of his bride.

On that day most probably Margaret met her betrothed. On the morrow was the wedding of Elizabeth with King Philip, who was represented by the Duke of Alva. Margaret, by her bridegroom's presence, was happily to be spared those grotesque rites which used then to accompany a marriage by proxy.

On the 27th of June, an illustrious company assembled at the palace of Les Tournelles for the signing of Margaret's marriage contract.[1]

[1] Throckmorton, the English ambassador in France (*Cal. St. Papers* for 1559–60, p. 347), says the contract was signed at "Meigret, a house of the Constable's near the place of jousts," but in the contract, as reproduced by Guichenon, *Histoire de Savoie* (Vol. II, pp. 530 *et seq.*), we read, *ce fut fait et passé en l'Hostel des Tournelles à Paris.* See also Turin *Archivio di Stato, Matrimonii della R. Casa di Savoia, Mazzo,* 19.

The party included the King and Queen of France, the King and Queen of Scotland,[1] the newly wedded Queen of Spain and the young Duchess of Lorraine,[2] the Constable, the Duke and Duchess of Guise, the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Prince of Ferrara. The youngest witness to the marriage contract was the third Margaret, then a child of seven, the bride's niece and godchild and the King's youngest daughter, who later as "Queen Margot, the last of the Valois," was to display all the vices with but few of the virtues of her house.

The contract[3] fixed Margaret's dowry at three hundred thousand crowns, secured on the revenues of Lyon, Riom and Bourges, two hundred thousand to be paid on the wedding-day and the remainder six months afterwards.

The day after the signing of the contract, on Wednesday, the 28th of June, took place the formal betrothal. The wedding was fixed for the following Tuesday, the 4th of July[4]; and elaborate preparations were going forward at the Bishop's residence, the Palace of the City[5] and at Les Tournelles. The poets of the Pléiade were glorifying the nuptials in Latin and French verse. Du

[1] The Dauphin Francis and Mary Stuart.

[2] Claude, Henry's second daughter.

[3] Archivio di Stato, Turin. Matrimoni della Real Casa di Savoia, 102, Mazzo, 19.

[4] Ribier, *op. cit.*, II, p. 805.

[5] Now the Palais de Justice.

Photo. *Giraudon*

MARGARET OF VALOIS, AT ABOUT THE AGE OF THREE
From a crayon by François Clouet in the Bibliothèque Nationale

Bellay had written an Epithalamium which Morel's learned daughters were to recite at the wedding banquet. And after a brief respite from gaiety following the festivities of Madam Elizabeth's wedding, the court burst forth into renewed magnificence, masquerades and dancing, feasting and fireworks.

In the midst of so many distractions the bride-elect found time to superintend the completion of her trousseau ; for although a *femme savante*, Madam Margaret took a keen interest in clothes. She loved jewels and embroidery, satin and velvet, and handkerchiefs embroidered in crimson silk. In her accounts,[1] side by side with the Odes of Horace and the *Ethics* of Aristotle, figure violet stones for ear-rings, passementerie of silver and embossed velvet.

The inventory of Margaret's trousseau[2] is interesting as revealing the modes of a day when Frenchwomen were beginning to supersede their Italian sisters as leaders of fashion.[3] At the court of Henry II women dressed more elaborately, wore more jewels and used finer perfumes than in the days of King Francis. The ladies and gentlemen of Henry's court perfumed everything,

[1] *Doc. cit.*

[2] See l'Aubespine, *Négociations*, etc., pp. 196, 203.

[3] Francis I asked Isabella d'Este to send him a doll dressed in the latest fashion to serve as a fashion-plate for the ladies of his court. In the next century the ladies of our Charles II's court made the same request to Louis XIV.

even their horses' harness. And despising the simple scents, the lavender and rose used by their grandparents, they employed wonderful concoctions, distilled from ingredients known to the compounders alone. Queen Catherine had her own perfumer. Margaret's golden buttons were made hollow and filled with scent. On his way through Venice from Poland, in 1574, King Henry III of France on musk alone spent eleven hundred and twenty-five crowns, while three paintings by Tintoretto cost him only one hundred and fifty. Powder and patches and silk stockings, never dreamed of in the days of King Francis, were common at Henry II's court.

The graceful flowing robes worn by the first Margaret and her ladies were now no more. Women began to cut their bodies in two, into corsage and petticoat, and to cultivate the small waist. The bodice or *corps piqué*[1] was something like a corset, with busks or *basquines*, made of wood, ivory, silver or whalebone. Margaret, we learn from her accounts, bound her *basquines* with silver ribbon; but generally they were gilded or damascened and adorned with a motto or allegorical design. With the *corps piqué* was worn a farthingale, which grew wider and wider as the century advanced, the farthingale in its expansion keeping company with the ever-

[1] In Corneille de Lyon's portrait of Margaret, at Versailles, facing page 86 of this volume, she is wearing *un corps piqué*.

broadening padded shoulders, until the figure of a sixteenth-century dame came to resemble nothing so much as an hour-glass. Trains were still worn, chiefly on state occasions; growing longer and longer until they culminated in the Queen of Spain's wedding-train of twenty-four metres, which was borne by three princesses of the blood, each with a modest tail measuring eight metres.

In this fashion were the twenty-two dresses of Margaret's trousseau. The prevailing colours were gold, violet, crimson, yellow, black, grey and white. In 1559 as in 1911 black velvet was highly favoured. Other stuffs were satin, damask and cloth of gold and of silver. In violet and gold were all the appointments of the bride's toilet-table, the hangings and cushions of her litter, the liveries of her lacqueys, the accoutrements of her horse, and the coverings of her marriage coffer.

Many articles which Margaret must have possessed, gloves, stockings, boots and shoes are absent from the inventory. Perhaps, considering the manners of the century, we need not be surprised to find the trousseau containing but a very meagre supply of linen : only one dozen chemises and one dozen night-dresses ; of towels one dozen and of pillow-cases one dozen, but all worked in gold and in silver.

In days when royal châteaux were but sparsely furnished and a court in its progress had to con-

vey from palace to palace its pots and pans, its beds and bedsteads, its chairs and tables, we find Margaret's trousseau including every appointment necessary for the bed-chambers of the Duchess and of her ladies.

Towards the end of the inventory and strikingly pathetic in the light of subsequent events, are those gorgeous garments—robe of yellow satin, mantle of cloth of gold and dressing-gown of cloth of silver—which Margaret was to wear on her wedding-day, that day which was never to arrive, for unworthy the name of wedding was her sad midnight bridal hurried through by torchlight, but a few yards from the bedside of the dying King.

The cloud which was to darken Margaret's nuptials was already appearing in the sky. The tournament, which was to end in Henry's death, opened on the very day of his sister's betrothal. It was held in the place of jousts, immediately outside the Palace of Les Tournelles, where the Rue St. Antoine now runs. Here the paving of the street had been taken up and a great wooden amphitheatre erected with the usual raised boxes for the ladies. For each of the combatants Joachim du Bellay had composed a motto. M. de Savoye's happily described his approaching marriage as the union of war and letters, of Mars and Minerva :

> " Mars l'a nourri au milieu des alarmes
> Pallas en elle a monstré son savoir."

During the first two days of the tournament all the honours were with King Henry. He overcame the Prince of Ferrara, the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Nemours. Nowhere did the supple figure and graceful horsemanship of the King appear to better advantage than in the lists.

And Henry was the admiration of all beholders when on the afternoon of the third day, the 30th of June, he rode forth accoutred in black and white "because of the fair widow whom he served."

On that day he rode a fiery Turkish steed given him by Emmanuel Philibert, and called—but doubtless after the event—"le Malheureux."

The laws of the tournament required each combatant to run three courses and three courses only. Then he was expected to resign his place to the next comer on the same side. Henry accordingly ran the first course with the Duke of Savoy and the second with the Duke of Guise; and, as on previous days, he overcame both his adversaries.[1] His third antagonist was the Count of Montgommery, son of the Count de Lorges, one of the captains of the Scottish guard, a powerfully built young man, considerably taller than Henry. Montgommery struck the King so roughly with his lance that Henry reeled in the saddle and nearly lost one of his stirrups. Thus ended the King's third course, and he should now have left

[1] *Cal. St. Papers* for 1559–60, pp. xlvi *et seq.*, and 1558–59, p. 347.

the lists and given way to the next comer. But Henry, dissatisfied at not having vanquished his antagonist, insisted on running another course. In vain did Catherine and Margaret, observing him to be fatigued and excited, implore the King to desist. Crying that for love of the Queen he would break another lance, Henry charged Montgommery upon his allegiance to remount and take his place at the end of the lists. There was no alternative and Montgommery obeyed with marked reluctance. Both antagonists splintered their lances successfully; but the Count neglected to throw away the broken shaft of his, which remained in his hand; and, as the horses passed each other in the lists, it struck off the King's helmet, knocking off his plumes, forcing open his visor and driving a splinter into his head over his right eye. The King reeled, dropped his rein and would have fallen from his horse, had he not been immediately lifted from it. Then, dazed and almost fainting, he was unarmed in the lists, and a large splinter was extracted from his temple before he was carried into Les Tournelles.[1]

Henry's chamber was closed to all save his doctors. Five or six surgeons attended him, and chief among them was the great Ambroise Paré. But in days when surgeons knew little of anatomy

[1] In the jousts of the day such accidents were not uncommon. At the wedding of Jeanne d'Albret with the Duke of Cleves, the Seigneur de Tavannes had received a similar blow, but, after the extraction of the splinter, he speedily recovered.

and the Church forbade dissecting except on very special occasions,[1] surgery was in a primitive stage and the surgeon's knife was often more deadly than the enemy's bullet. Before Henry's doctors could prescribe for him they must needs have four or five criminals executed, and, having inflicted on them the injuries the King had received, dissect their heads in the hope of discovering how to treat their royal patient. No sooner had they completed their experiments than they were joined by Vesalius, the great Dutch anatomist,[2] whom Philip II, when he heard of Henry's accident, had despatched post-haste to Paris. It was only with the greatest difficulty and by means of robbing gibbets at night-time that Vesalius had acquired what was then regarded as immense knowledge. That knowledge now enabled him, much to the astonishment of his French *confrères*, to make an immediate diagnosis of the King's case, and one which exactly agreed with their own

[1] At the command of Charles V the doctors of Salamanca held a conference on whether it were lawful to dissect the human body for the purpose of anatomical study. The conclusion they arrived at, if any, is not chronicled by Morèri, who in *Le Grand Dictionaire Historique*, under " Vésale," relates the incident.

[2] 1512–1564. He studied and taught at Louvain, Paris, and Padua. At the age of eighteen he wrote his first work, *La Fabrique du Corps Humain*. On returning from a pilgrimage from the Holy Land, he was shipwrecked in the Ionian Sea, and died of starvation on the I. of Zante. A portrait of Vesalius by Titian hangs in the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence ; but it has suffered sadly from the ravages of time.

barbarously acquired opinions. Yet even Vesalius was able to do very little for the King.

For three or four days Henry lay in a comatose condition. His wound was frequently dressed; and the court hoped for the best. At the most the King will lose an eye, Montmorency informed the English ambassador. But there were those, and Catherine was among them, who took a gloomier view of the situation. They recalled prophecies, one of an Italian astrologer especially, which had seemed to foretell this catastrophe. Protestants regarded the King's accident as sent by God to punish him for the persecution of their co-religionists. The majority, at a time when Calvinism was in the air, darkly regarded this disaster as fore-ordained. Belief in signs and symbols and omens was rife. And the captain Monluc, in a narrative so vividly representing the spirit of the age as to demand quotation here, relates how the wounding of the King was foretold to him in a dream. We quote from Cotton's vigorous old seventeenth-century translation.[1]

"At this time," he writes, "those unhappy marriages were solemnised, and those unfortunate triumphs and tiltings held at court. The joy whereof was very short, and lasted but a very little space, the death of the King ensuing upon it, running against that accursed Montgomery,[2]

[1] p. 215.

[2] Monluc was all the more ready to curse Montgommery because he was a Huguenot.

who I would to God had never been born, for his whole life was nothing but mischief, and he made a miserable end.[1] Being one day at Nerac, the King of Navarre shewed me a letter that Monsieur de Guise had writ him, wherein he gave him notice of the days of tilting, in which the King himself was to be in person, his Majesty with the Dukes de Guise, de Ferrara, and de Nemours, being challengers. I shall never forget a word I said to the King of Navarre, which alas I had often heard spoken before, that when a man thinks himself to be out of his affairs, and dreams of nothing, but how to pass his time well, 'tis then that the greatest misfortunes befal him and that I feared the issue of this tilting. It was now but just three days, reckoning by the date of the letter to the tilting, and the next day I returned home to my own house, and the very night before the tilting, as I was in my first sleep, I dream'd that I saw the King sitting in a chair, with his face covered all over with drops of blood, and methought it was just as they paint Jesus Christ, when the Jews put the crown of thorns upon his head, and that he held his hands joined together, I looked methought

[1] After the fatal tournament Montgommery withdrew to England, where he is said to have become a Protestant. Returning to France, he fought bravely and victoriously on the Huguenot side during the wars of religion. But in 1574 he was taken prisoner in Normandy and brought to Paris, where he was tried on the charge of having plotted the death of Charles IX. He was found guilty and executed on the Place de Grève in the presence of Catherine, who, as soon as she had heard of his capture, determined that he should die in revenge for his accidental wounding of her husband.

earnestly upon him, and could discover no hurt he had, but only drops of blood trickling down his face. I heard methought some say, he is dead, and others, he is not dead yet, and saw the physicians and chirurgeons go in and out of the chamber; and I do believe my dream continued a great while, for when I awaked, I found a thing I could have never believed, which is, that a man can cry in his sleep; for I found my face all blubbered with tears, and my eyes still springing new, and was fain to let them take their course, for I could not give over weeping of a long time after. My wife, who was then living, said all she could to comfort me, but all in vain, for I could never persuade myself any other but that he was dead."

Margaret's rational mind was not likely to pay heed to such tales of dreams and prognostications. But she grieved deeply over her brother's fate and she felt bitterly towards the Count by whose hands he had suffered. And Henry in the rare intervals when he was conscious was not unmindful of his sister. He feared that in the event of his death the Cateau-Cambrésis Treaty and Margaret's marriage would be set on one side. So, when he came to himself, on the fourth day after his accident, the day which had been fixed for Margaret's wedding, he summoned Catherine to his presence and bade her hasten the preparations for the marriage.[1]

After the fatal 30th of June, those preparations

[1] Baron de Ruble, *Traité de Cateau-Cambrésis, p.* 32.

had been abandoned; the decorations at Notre Dame, the Palace and the Louvre had been taken down, and the wedding had been indefinitely postponed. Now to ease the King's mind it was decided to hurry it on.[1] On the 8th of July Henry became seriously worse, his temperature rose, and it was decided that the marriage must no longer be delayed. So, a little after midnight, in the small hours of Sunday, the 9th of July, a little party assembled by torchlight in the Chapel of St. Paul,[2] just outside the gates of Les Tournelles. There, without pomp or show, in rigid simplicity, Margaret of France was united to Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy. Catherine was present, sobbing bitterly. When the marriage party had left the palace, the King was unconscious. During the ceremony, Margaret constantly looked round, expecting every moment a messenger to announce her brother's death. But when the service was over Henry still breathed. Then the bride and bridegroom passed out of the Chapel to the apartments of the Duke of Savoy. Through that day, the 9th of July, the King lingered. On the morrow, the 10th of July, soon after noon, *Dieu fit sa volonté*, "God's will was done," writes the chronicler, and the King died.

[1] Regnier de la Planche, *Histoire de l'Estat de France* (Panthéon Littéraire), p. 204.

[2] The church (see *ante* p. 127, note 1) is no longer standing. It was situated on the east side of the present street of St. Paul, almost at the corner of the Rue St. Antoine.

CHAPTER XII

MARGARET'S DEPARTURE FOR SAVOY AND ARRIVAL AT NICE

A brief Honeymoon—Five weeks of Mourning—Illness of the Duke of Savoy—The Coronation of Francis II—Return of Emmanuel Philibert to Savoy—Margaret at Paris and Blois—Her Parting with Queen Catherine—Her Departure for Savoy, escorted by Michel de l'Hospital—Her Reception at Lyon—Her Arrival at Marseille—Meeting between the Duke and Duchess—Festivities at Nice—Descent of the Corsair Occhiali—Margaret as executrix of Jean de la Vigne, French Ambassador at Constantinople.

"Puis que la nymphe en qui fut l'espérance
Des bon sonneurs s'absente de la France,
Allons-nous-en sans demeurer icy
Pour en languir en peine et en soucy."

RONSARD.

MARGARET'S honeymoon, if indeed such it can be called, overcast as it was by the shadow of her brother's death, was as brief as her bridal had been hurried. Savoy's presence was required in the Low Countries, where King Philip awaited him. So, on the 18th of July, but a week after her wedding, Margaret had to bid her husband farewell. Early in the day, Emmanuel Philibert, wrapped in a heavy mourning cloak, gazed for

the last time on the King's body as it lay in state at Les Tournelles. Then he set forth for Brussels, where he was to surrender his governorship of the Low Countries into the hands of Margaret of Parma, King Philip's natural sister.

From Brussels, Savoy accompanied the King to Antwerp ; and thence on the 19th of August he wrote a letter, revealing that Margaret was already beginning to exercise that influence over her husband's policy which she retained until the day of her death. Indeed even at this early date in their married life it seemed as if Bochet's prophecy were being verified.

This letter is addressed to Margaret's Chancellor, Michel de l'Hospital. He and the Duke must have made each other's acquaintance during l'Hospital's brief visit to Brussels when he came to draw up the marriage contract. They had doubtless met again while Emmanuel Philibert was at Paris. But the Duke can have seen but little of his correspondent. And for the praise bestowed upon him in the following letter l'Hospital was doubtless indebted to his kind mistress. Savoy writes to ask l'Hospital to aid him in reforming the administration of justice in Savoy :

" Now," runs the letter, " that it hath pleased Almighty God, by the means of this holy peace, to restore me the estates which have so long time been occupied [presumably, " by the

foreigner"], after the concerns of religion, my greatest desire is to provide for the administration of justice, because it is of itself important and because in my dominions it stands in great need of reformation. Being therefore resolved to do my duty by establishing order in this department of my state, and desiring nothing more ardently than to govern my people as a just and righteous prince, I have determined to make known this my resolve unto you as being a man of virtue and of prudence; for I am assured that by your good counsel not only my estates but larger kingdoms, were they ruined and about to perish would be speedily strengthened and restored. Wherefore, placing absolute confidence in your judgment, I entreat of you to consider and to communicate to me in writing or otherwise the means whereby I may bring to perfection so great an undertaking; for which service I shall be greatly obliged. Wishing that God may grant you every joy, Monsieur de l'Hospital, as well as health and long life. From Antwerp, on the 17th of August, 1559.

"Your good friend,

"EMMANUEL PHILIBERT." [1]

This letter is a striking testimony not only to the high esteem in which the Duke held Michel de l'Hospital but to the complete confidence Emmanuel Philibert placed in his wife's judgment. And on this occasion, as on almost every other

[1] Quoted from the Archivio di Stato at Turin by Dupré Lasale. *Michel de l'Hospital*, Vol. II, p. 131.

when Margaret ventured to express an opinion in matters of state, events proved the wisdom of her counsel, and Michel de l'Hospital became an invaluable adviser to the Duke. With truly legal caution he advised Emmanuel Philibert to proceed according to the judicial traditions of his dominions and to introduce nothing new. Consequently the new law courts established by the French during their occupation were abolished, and the old tribunals instituted by the wise Duke, Amadeus VIII, who had so greatly benefited Savoy in the previous century, were restored. Moreover great care was exercised in the appointment of judges. And throughout the reign of Emmanuel Philibert this system of judicature seems to have worked extremely well.

Savoy's stay in the Netherlands was longer than he had originally intended. It had been decided that he should remain with Philip until the latter set forth for Spain. And the King's departure was constantly delayed by unfavourable winds.[1] The Duke may also have deemed it prudent not to return to France until he had received authentic tidings of the surrender of his dominions by the French, in accordance with the terms of the Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis.

On the 4th of August news reached Philibert that the restitution had not yet been begun. As a matter of fact, the first cession of territory

[1] Catherine de Médicis. *Lettres, ed. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 124.

took place at Chambéry on the 7th of August, and from that date it proceeded without let or hindrance through the month. Therefore, after the embarkation of King Philip on the 25th of August, Emmanuel Philibert was free to return to his wife, whom he rejoined early in September.

During her husband's absence Margaret had been sharing with her sister-in-law the close confinement of a royal widow's deepest mourning.

Shortly after the King's death,[1] Margaret and Catherine, with the court, left Les Tournelles and took up their residence in the Louvre.

In her horror of the place where her husband had met with his death, Catherine disregarded the custom which required a French queen to inhabit for a year after her husband's death the room in which she had first heard of his decease. Hurrying from Les Tournelles, Catherine never beheld the palace again. Some years afterwards, in 1565, it was pulled down, probably by the Queen's orders.

From the Louvre the court went to Saint-Germain. And there for five weeks the faithful Margaret, renouncing bridal feasts and ceremonies, stayed by her sister-in-law's side in that dimly lighted, black-draped, black-carpeted room, which

[1] Not probably on the same day, *au même instant du trepas*, as a court personage writes to the Cardinal de Tournon. Ribier, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 809.

etiquette prescribed as a royal widow's abode during the forty days following her husband's death. On the 22nd of August the time of strictest mourning was ended.[1] On that day Margaret and Catherine were present at a solemn mass in the chapel of Saint-Germain, that same chapel where thirty-six years earlier the baby Margaret had been held over the font by her aunt the Queen of Navarre. This service was Catherine's first appearance in public since her husband's death. We are told that the Queen was wrapped in sadness and bathed in tears.

A few days later the court went to Villers-Cotterets. And there, early in September, Margaret was reunited to her husband. The joy of their meeting was clouded by an illness[2] which attacked Emmanuel Philibert immediately after his return. On this account the coronation of Francis II was postponed from the 5th of September until the 18th. For the Duke of Savoy was now one of the most important personages at court. Catherine from the time of his betrothal to her sister-in-law had been eager to admit him to her friendship and confidence. The young King looked up to his uncle as to a father and included him in the Royal Council.

[1] The King's funeral at St. Denis took place on August 13th. *Archives Curieuses*, 1st series, Vol. III, p. 328.

[2] For the greater part of his life Emmanuel Philibert suffered from a kidney disease, which ultimately caused his death.

In return for this honour Emmanuel Philibert brought from the Low Countries the order of the Golden Fleece, with which Philip II was pleased to invest his brother-in-law, King Francis.

The Duke's illness did not last long; and by the 11th of September he was well enough to accompany the court in its progress from Villers-Cotterets to Reims. On the 14th Margaret and her niece, Elizabeth, the newly wedded Queen of Spain, made their state entry into Reims. The young King Francis and his Queen, Mary Stuart, followed on the next day. Owing to Henry's recent death, the coronation, which took place on the 18th, was bereft of much of its customary grandeur. Margaret still wore mourning for her brother; while her husband, not being completely recovered from his illness, watched the procession in private, wearing the unfestive attire of "hat and nightgown," or, as we should say, "dressing-gown." [1]

Soon after the coronation the Duke and Duchess bade the court farewell. Emmanuel Philibert was impatient to return to his dominions. Margaret had business in Paris. They journeyed together part of the way, possibly as far as Paris; [2] but they had parted by the time the Duke made his state entry into Lyon on the 5th of October,

[1] Dupré Lasale, *Michel de l'Hospital*, II, 164.

[2] Guichenon, *Histoire de Bresse*, pp. 106–7.

for in the accounts of this ceremony [1] Margaret is not mentioned.

The Duchess of Savoy stayed in Paris until the 22nd of October, receiving visits from the Constable, the King of Navarre and Diane of Poitiers.[2] On the 22nd Margaret left Paris [3] to rejoin the court, which on the morrow arrived at the château of the Maréchal St. André at Vallery. Thence Catherine wrote to Emmanuel Philibert describing the reunion with her sister-in-law as the greatest pleasure she could enjoy.[4]

Instead of proceeding straight to Savoy as she had originally intended, Margaret accompanied the court to Blois for the festival of All Saints. Possibly it was Catherine who persuaded her to delay her departure, for the sisters-in-law were loath to part ; or it may have been that Emmanuel Philibert, who was making a tour of his dominions, was not ready to receive his wife ; or again Margaret herself may have deemed

[1] See Antoine Péricaud, *Notes et Documents pour servir à l'histoire de Lyon* (1840), pp. 33–34, and l'Aubespine, *Négociations*, etc., p. 795. I must therefore disagree with Roger Peyre, *op. cit.*, p. 70, note 2, who says that the Duchess accompanied her husband into Lyon. Moreover, Dupré Lasale, in *Michel de l'Hospital avant son élévation au poste de Chancelier* (Vol. II, p. 258), quotes *F.F.* 2064, *Fo.* 54, according to which document Margaret's intention on leaving the court was to go straight to Paris.

[2] G. Michiel, *Cal. St. Papers Venetian*, Vol. VII, p. 129.

[3] *Cal. St. Papers, For. Eliz.*, 1559–60, p. 56.

[4] *C'est le plus grand plaisir que je pourrais avoir. Lettres, ed. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 127.

it imprudent to leave France until certain clauses of her marriage contract had been executed. Whatever the reason for her delay she remained at Blois until the 18th of November. On that day her niece, Elizabeth, set out for Spain, accompanied as far as Châtelherault by the King and Queen of France and the Queen-Mother. On that day or a little later Margaret also started. And certainly on that day, and with tearful countenance, Margaret took leave of Catherine. The Queen, always maternal, tried to console her sister with the hope that she was about to become the mother of a prince. But Margaret refused to be comforted or to forget her sadness at leaving kinsfolk and friends, the associations of childhood and the land which was so dear to her, in order to stake all on a new love.[1]

Some of Margaret's friends however went with her. In her numerous train travelled the poet Baccio del Bene,[2] with whom she delighted to discuss Aristotle. At the head of her escort was her trusty servant and friend Michel de l'Hospital, whom she had appointed Chancellor of her new principality.

During the last ten years, l'Hospital, through Margaret's favour, had been receiving important preferment : appointed to be Chancellor of Berry

[1] Michel de l'Hospital, *Ad Jacobrum Fabrum*, Dufey, IV, p. 8.

[2] See *ante* p. 37.

in 1550, then master of requests and comptroller of finances, he had been admitted to the Privy Council after Henry's death. Now his mistress claimed him for Savoy.

Together the Duchess and her Chancellor set forth from Blois. Margaret and her ladies were still in mourning for King Henry. And it was probably just before her departure from the French court that François Clouet (*dit* Janet) executed that interesting crayon sketch (see p. xxvii) which is now in the British Museum and is doubtless the original of the oil painting in the picture gallery at Turin. In this portrait Margaret wears the white state mourning of France; and the picture therefore recalls that famous portrait of Mary Stuart,[1] also by Clouet, and executed about a year later, when Mary was in mourning for her husband, the young King, Francis II.

The story of his journey with Margaret from Blois to Nice, at its conclusion, l'Hospital related in a Latin poem, *Iter Nicæum*, addressed in the form of an epistle to his friend Faber. Here the Chancellor tells how with a numerous suite of lords and ladies, accompanied by Margaret's Florentine friend, Baccio del Bene, by Carlo Provana, Abbot of Novalesi, whom Emmanuel

[1] There are many copies of this picture, but the original is probably that in the Bib. Nat. at Paris (J. J. Foster, *Concerning the Portraiture of Mary, Queen of Scots*, p. 32).

Philibert had sent to escort his wife, and by two of those persons who were indispensable in every royal household of the day, the fools, Tertulle and Bogomare, they set out from Blois.

Certain incidents of the way are graphically related by the Chancellor. He tells, for example, how the driver of Del Bene's chariot narrowly escaped death by falling from his seat when he was drunk, but how his very drunkenness preserved him, for although the chariot wheels passed over his body, his blood was "so inflated" with drink that he was able to bear their weight without suffering any injury.[1]

At Romorantin, the Duchess and her suite passed the first night of their journey. Here, Margaret, who, for reasons already explained, had decided to avoid Bourges, received a deputation of aldermen from that town, who came to inform her of the grant which the city was prepared to yield her for the expenses of her marriage. With its amount, as we shall remember, she was not very well pleased. And it was probably in order to explain the cause of her displeasure to the citizens, that the Duchess requested her Chancellor to return with the

[1] Michel de l'Hospital *op. cit.*, p. 371.

"Creditur ebrietas, multos quae perdidit olim,
Hunc servasse virum: nam multo quum gravis esset
Inflatus venasque mero, robustius actas
Sustinintque rotas, et pressum ponderis omnem."

aldermen to Bourges and to rejoin her further on. At Romorantin too an inventory was taken of Margaret's jewels.

Proceeding by way of Moulins, where the Duchess received a magnificent reception and was detained five days by the floods, to Varennes, Roanne and Tartare, the travellers, on the 16th of December, reached Vaize,[1] then a village on the outskirts of Lyon, now a suburb of the town.

At Vaize Margaret stayed the night in the house of one Milan Caze; and there she prepared for her state entry into Lyon on the morrow.

The Lyonnese welcomed Margaret magnificently, spending on her entertainment no less than 205 livres. At noon on the 17th of December, after having dined together, the governor and the councillors, surrounded by forty halberdiers, to protect them from the crowd, went out to Vaize, to the house in which the lady was, to do her reverence and to wish her welcome. And after them came the sergeants and the archers of the provost of the merchants—followed by the notables of the town, all on horseback and in good order. Then came the children of the town and finally the aldermen. By these dignitaries the Duchess was conducted in her litter, over which was held a canopy of purple velvet adorned with the arms of France, to the Bourgneuf Gate and thence round the city; having been received

[1] Péricaud, *op. cit.*, pp. 33–34.

by the clergy, who replaced the aldermen as canopy-bearers, she entered the cathedral of St. Jean, and finally reached the Archbishop's palace where she was to reside during her stay at Lyon.

Of this pageant l'Hospital says not a word. He is too much occupied in giving a description of sixteenth-century Lyon, comparing it with the ancient town, greatly to the disadvantage of the modern city. The Romans, he writes, had built their town on the open hill-side, where the air was pure and whence the prospect was extensive. But, when ancient Lyon was destroyed by lightning, later builders dumped down a city in the narrow space betwixt the hill foot and the river, where the inhabitants, shut in by the hills on the one hand and the river on the other, were for half the day at least enveloped in a damp mist. Meanwhile the restricted area of the city necessitated the houses being built of many stories ; and this style, so common in mediæval towns, is strongly condemned by l'Hospital, who had a true feeling for classic architecture.

Among the mists and "the sky-scrapers" of Lyon, Margaret stayed some days. She must have found much to interest her in that centre of learning and literature. Although some of Lyon's most learned ladies had passed away, Louise Labé, the greatest of them all, was still living and gathering round her men of artistic taste and intellectual culture.

Margaret's Departure for Savoy

Setting forth from Lyon, shortly before Christmas Day, Margaret and her suite travelled south through Viennois, passing Roussillon and Vienne with its Roman antiquities, the vineyards now bare and barren of Tain, Tournon, where the Dauphin, François, had died, and where the Duchess visited the fine college erected by the Cardinal de Tournon, Valence with its famous university, Avignon with the palace of the popes and Laura's tomb, to Salon, where Margaret, despite her scepticism in matters astrological, consented to visit the great soothsayer, Nostradamus.[1]

Margaret, bred chiefly in the north, had probably chosen to enter her southern dominions in the coolest season of the year. But December and January were not good months for travelling. The party had already been once detained by the floods; and now again, when they came to ford the swollen Durance, they experienced considerable difficulty. The mule which bore l'Hospital's baggage refused to enter the torrent and had to be blindfolded before it could be induced to breast the surging waters.

Once across the Durance, Margaret and her suite reached the last stage of their journey. Traversing the great plain of the Camargue, at Martigues, they came upon the Mediterranean; and the sight of the southern sea must have been

[1] See *post* pp. 234–6.

wellnigh as welcome to Margaret as the sight of the Euxine to Xenophon and his Greeks. From the high rocks of Martigues Margaret could espy the walls and villas of Marseille where her husband awaited her, having with four galleys journeyed from Nice to meet his bride.

The joy of their reunion, says l'Hospital, passed his power of description. Once having delivered his royal charge into her husband's keeping, the Chancellor bade her a brief farewell ; for, being a bad sailor, he preferred to continue the journey by land, while the Duke and Duchess, with such of their suite who feared not the sea, embarked on the four galleys and proceeded to Nice, the Savoyard capital. L'Hospital was the first to arrive ; and so he was in time to see the fleet sail into harbour and the Duchess conducted by her husband to her new home.

In the capital of her Transalpine dominions Margaret was received with all the honour and good cheer she could desire. Not only her own subjects but neighbouring potentates were eager to welcome her. The two princes of Monaco, Honoré and Etienne Grimaldi, wrote to congratulate her on her safe arrival and to protest their friendship. On the 31st of January, 1560,[1] Margaret replied, thanking them for their letter,

[1] This letter, which was written from Nice, helps to fix the date of Margaret's arrival. She had been about six weeks on the journey.

and assuring them that when occasion arose she also would be happy to render them service. Some years later she was able to put her neighbours' friendliness to the test ; and at her request Prince Honoré returned to its owners a Piedmontese ship and its cargo of wool, which had been wrecked on the coast of Monaco.

The festivities in honour of Margaret's coming to Nice were disturbed by an untoward event not uncommon in those days, especially on the shores of the Mediterranean. Shortly after the Princess's arrival, on a day when the Duke and his lords were hunting near Villefranche, a port between Nice and Monaco, a pirate fleet of six or seven vessels appeared in the harbour. It was commanded by one of the greatest captains of the day, by none other than the terrible corsair Occhiali, known also as Ali the Renegade, Viceroy of Algiers.[1]

So romantic is Occhiali's history that we must pause in our narrative to give a brief summary of it here. He was born a Christian, in a village of Calabria, of poor parents who were fisher-folk. While exercising the parental calling, Occhiali was captured by Algerian pirates and set to row on their galleys. The Calabrian was shunned and disliked by his fellow-slaves because of a skin disease with which he was afflicted. Becoming

[1] Guichenon, *Histoire Généalogique de la Royale Maison de Savoie* (1660), I, p. 679.

a butt for the blows and insults of his comrades, we read that he found the religion of his birth, which preached resignation, somewhat inconvenient. Wherefore, in order to be able to strike back without suffering qualms of conscience, he turned Mahommedan, and thereby gained a further advantage, for he attracted the notice of his superiors, who regarded him as an interesting convert. Promotion followed, and, ascending swiftly from rank to rank, Occhiali rose to be Viceroy of Algiers.[1] In this capacity he was appointed to command the Turkish fleet. And he it was whom Don John of Austria defeated at the Battle of Lepanto in 1571.[2]

Although in Turkey defeat generally entailed disgrace and dismissal from office, Occhiali, even after Lepanto, was clever enough to retain the Sultan's favour. Having ceased to reign at Algiers, he built himself a great palace near Constantinople and erected near by a magnificent tomb, in which he was buried after his death in 1587.[3]

But now to return to that January day in 1560,

[1] See reference to Aly Cialy, a Greek renegade in Calabria, *Cal. St. Papers, for.* 1564–5, p. 216.

[2] See Brantôme, Life of Don John of Austria (*Œuvres*, ed. Lalanne, II, p. 112) for an account of this battle.

[3] For a graphic account of his career see *Histoire des Rois d'Alger*, par Fray Diègo de Haëdo, Abbé de Fromesta, trad. et annotée, par H. D. de Grammont (Revue Africaine, Nov.-Dec., 1880).

when the Viceroy of Algiers sailed into the harbour of Villefranche and spoilt the Duke of Savoy's hunting-party.

Five hundred men were all that Emmanuel Philibert could for the moment summon to his defence. So, in order to keep the pirates at bay until reinforcements arrived from Nice, the Duke had two culverins brought down to the shore, and opened fire on the invaders. But they, nothing daunted, landed in the teeth of the fire, and putting the Savoyards to flight, nearly captured Emmanuel Philibert himself, who, while protecting his men's retreat, would have fallen into the enemy's hands had he not been rescued by one of his own knights.

Forty Savoyard soldiers and thirty nobles were slain or captured. Emmanuel Philibert, as we have seen, had been renowned for exacting large sums of money from his prisoners of war ; now he himself had to pay heavy ransom.

No less than twelve thousand crowns Occhiali demanded before he would set his captives free, and that was not all : he had heard of Margaret's learning and virtue, and he must see the Duchess, he stipulated, before restoring his prisoners to liberty.

It was an unusual request, but the Duke saw no reason why it should not be granted ; and so, doubtless without consulting his wife, he agreed to the corsair's curious condition.

But he reckoned without his host. Margaret refused to admit to her presence a chieftain who had recently threatened her husband's life. Consequently a piece of duplicity was resorted to, in which we trust Margaret had no part. The promised interview took place, but a lady of Margaret's suite, dressed in the clothes of the Duchess, personated her mistress and the corsair was none the wiser.[1]

The fame of the Duchess had evidently extended beyond Christendom into the Mussulman world. But it is not strange that she should have been talked about in Turkish circles, for the late French ambassador at Constantinople had been one of her most intimate friends.

Jean de la Vigne,[2] Seigneur d'Auvilliers, had been appointed to represent France at the Sultan's court, in 1556. In the October previous to Occhiali's descent on Villefranche, the ambassador had died on his way home from Constantinople, leaving the Duchess of Savoy his executrix.

The story of Margaret's friendship with La Vigne throws an interesting light on her character and reveals a new sphere of her influence at her brother's court.

La Vigne was a man of literary tastes, the

[1] Guichenon, *op. cit.*, p. 679.

[2] See E. Charrière, *Négociations de la France avec le Levant* (1848), I, pp. 609–12, and *Notes et Documents inédits pour servir à la biographie de Jean de Monluc, évêque de Valence* (1868), p. 15.

friend of Joachim du Bellay and Jean de Morel, by whom probably he was introduced to Margaret. He was also a man of high principle and great ability, one of the best ambassadors who ever represented France at the Porte.

This post, which was beset with dangers and difficulties, was by no means an enviable one. In the reign of Francis I, Rinçon, the French ambassador to the Porte, had been mysteriously murdered, probably by Austrian spies who deemed it a deed of holiness to assassinate any messenger to the Infidel; for throughout Europe the alliance between the Most Christian King and the Mahommedan was regarded with horror. Moreover the Sultan himself mistrusted his Christian ally, knowing full well that the French King was merely using him as a weapon against his enemy the Emperor, and that whenever there was a lull in the duel between Hapsburg and Valois the Turk would be thrown over. Consequently the relations between the Grand Turk and the French ambassador at Constantinople were somewhat strained.

In so arduous a position Margaret's friendship and advice were invaluable to La Vigne. She wrote to him regularly; and in her letters, which have been preserved, we can see how greatly she encouraged him by her quick realisation of his difficulties, by her keen appreciation of the services he was rendering to France—"Your presence

at Constantinople is as good as an army,"[1] she writes—by praising her friend to the King,[2] by obtaining for him rich rewards in the shape of lands and abbeys, and by shielding him from the calumnies which his very integrity provoked.[3]

Even Margaret's support and encouragement did not suffice to reconcile La Vigne to the difficulties of his post. More than once he threatened to resign and more than once Margaret wrote urging him to abandon this intention. If his royal friend were no longer to be at the French court, La Vigne's position at Constantinople would become unendurable; and so a few months after Margaret's marriage he insisted on resigning. In October, 1559, he started for France; but he did not live to reach his native land; on the 20th of October he wrote to Francis II from Chervissa; by the 10th of November he was dead.

Of his vast fortune, including a rich collection of rare Oriental vases, carpets and other curios, as we have seen, he left the administration to the Duchess of Savoy, who was not, however, as Brantôme would have us believe, his sole legatee; for, in a letter to the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duchess wrote of the ambassador's two little nieces, who were heiresses under his will.[4]

[1] Letter written on July 7, 1558, *F.F.* 4129, *Fo.* 44.

[2] *F.F.* 4129, *Fo.* 41.

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Margaret's Letters in *La Revue Historique*, May-August, 1881, pp. 308 and 316.

Margaret's Departure for Savoy

As executrix Margaret proved herself an able woman of affairs. Her first concern was to provide friends for La Vigne's nieces, whom their uncle's death had "deprived of all protection."[1] She recommended them to Francis II,[2] suggesting that he should pay them the balance of the salary due to La Vigne. The Cardinal also she entreated to continue towards the two little girls the kindness he had always shown their uncle. At the same time she commended to the Cardinal two of La Vigne's servants.

Both the King and the Cardinal had been remembered by the ambassador in his will; and with her letters Margaret despatched to each his respective bequest: candelabra, a vase and Turkish bows and arrows to the King; six beautiful Turkey carpets and a piece of Bulgarian leather to Charles of Lorraine.

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 308. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 306–7.

CHAPTER XIII

MARRIAGE AND MOTHERHOOD

Margaret's Illness—Correspondence with Catherine—The Birth of Charles Emmanuel—His Education and Upbringing—The Duke's Illness and Margaret's Government of his Principality—The Duke as a Husband—Margaret's magnanimity.

> " Oblectare meis te versibus ante solebas,
> Quam forti desponsa viro regina fuisses :
> Nuptae alii placuere joci ; mox filius omnis
> Maternas sex curas convertit ad unum."
>
> MICHEL DE L'HOSPITAL.

THE first year of Margaret's married life was overclouded by sickness. In April, 1560, her husband fell ill ; and, no sooner had he recovered than Margaret's own health gave way. She had had a slight illness in the previous August. Indeed the strain of the last twelve months had been sufficient to break the health of any woman.

What was the precise nature of her malady we do not know. But considering what she had passed through and that weakness seems to have been her chief symptom, her complaint was probably what would now be called a complete nervous breakdown.

At the news of her sister-in-law's illness Catherine became very anxious. She immediately despatched her physician, Dr. Castellane, to Nice and she asked the Duke to send her a weekly bulletin. Margaret had great faith in the French doctor, consequently his treatment of ass's milk and baths did her good. Yet it was May before she was well enough to be carried out in her chair.[1] At Nice, in May, the weather must have been growing sultry. Dr. Castellane advised change of air; and Margaret longed for the bracing heights of Switzerland. Had it not been for her illness, she and the Duke would have gone to Vercelli in April. As it was, they did not leave Nice until the November of this year.

One may well imagine what were Margaret's feelings as she crossed the Alps into Italy, that intellectual home of her race. The *mal du pays*, which ever since her departure from Blois had oppressed her, would vanish as she entered into the land of the Great Revival. Intense admirers of Italy as were all three Margarets, to our Margaret alone was it given to visit that Lily of Lands, that "Fatherland of Sensations," as one of her own countrymen was later to call it. And although Margaret was never permitted to enter into those great centres of the Italian Renaissance, into Florence or Milan or Naples, which had

[1] Letters to the Cardinal of Lorraine and others published in *La Revue Historique, nu. cit.*

exercised such a fatal fascination over her ancestors, even in Piedmont she must have come under the spell of Italian culture. For Piedmont had a Renaissance of its own, a school of painters and a school of poets, a reflection, though but a faint one, of the brighter glories of the south.

In her husband's Italian dominions Margaret was magnificently received, first at Valentino near Turin, and then at Vercelli. Whilst Turin remained in the hands of the French, Emmanuel Philibert made Vercelli his capital. It had long been a favourite residence of the Dukes of Savoy. There Charles III had died in 1553.[1] It was pleasantly situated among fertile fields well watered by the River Sesia. It was once the centre of the Piedmontese school of painting. And its dignified old houses, one of which has a yet beautiful frescoed court-yard in the style of Bramante, still remind one that Vercelli is a town with a past. And, threading its winding old streets, crossing its picturesque arcaded square, one may come upon the massive red-brick castle, in which there is reason to believe Margaret dwelt during her residence at Vercelli. The castle with its four fine towers now serves as a prison and court of justice. The moat, in which blackthorn trees were blooming on the spring morning when the writer visited it, is now a vegetable and fruit

[1] Soon afterwards, in that same year, Vercelli was taken by the Maréchal de Brissac.

garden. But the castle still stands on the edge of the town, overlooking green meadows with rows of pollarded willows; and the surrounding country has probably changed little since Margaret's day. By a strange coincidence the street skirting one of the castle walls bears the name Margherita, but it is called after the Queen Mother of Italy and not after our Margaret.

At Vercelli Margaret and her husband remained until January, 1561. Ever since their departure from France, the Duke and Duchess had kept closely in touch with the French court. With the Queen Mother they corresponded regularly; and Catherine looked to Margaret and her husband for sympathy and advice. When dangers began to thicken round the French monarchy she asked for something more, and she did not ask in vain. In 1562, as we shall see, Emmanuel Philibert sent troops to her aid. Earlier, in April, 1560, after the Tumult of Amboise, he offered to lead a force of seven or eight hundred men to the help of his nephew. About the same time, when, on the death of Ollivier de Lenville, Catherine was at a loss for a Chancellor, Margaret gave up her own trusty servant and friend, Michel de l'Hospital, to fill that post.

In her domestic interests as well as in her political difficulties Catherine could always count on the sympathy of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy. It was in accordance with her sister-

in-law's request that Catherine sent her the heights (*les mesures*) of those children whom God had left her, as she put it. "You will see," wrote the Queen Mother, "that God hath granted them stature more in proportion to their needs than to their age; and the beards of the two eldest [1] make them look five years older than they really are."

In November, 1560, a few days before the death of the young King Francis, Catherine wrote sorrowfully to her sister-in-law of her son's illness. "After all my other sorrows and misfortunes," she wrote, "it hath pleased the Lord to send me great affliction and anxiety through the condition of my son. . . . I know full well how you will feel this piteous news, both because of the love you bear him . . . and because of the suffering it must cause me, loving him as I do; but ever have I found you to honour me by feeling my griefs as if they were your own." [2]

Beset by sorrows and dangers Catherine was always deeply interested in Margaret's affairs. What the Queen most desired for her sister-in-law was that she should become a mother. In July, 1560, Catherine wrote asking Emmanuel Philibert whether he had hopes of an heir, which

[1] Charles IX and the Dauphin Henry, afterwards Henry III. Francis II had died before this letter was written. *Lettres de Catherine de Médicis, ed. cit.*, III., p. 337.

[2] *Ibid.*, I, p. 154.

was the thing she (Catherine) most desired. There were many besides Catherine who greatly desired such an event : the French, who looked to the son of a French princess for the maintenance of French influence in Italy, and the Savoyards and Piedmontese, who looked to the son of their Duke to maintain their recently reconquered independence ; there may even have been a tacit understanding to the effect that when the Duchess gave birth to an heir the French would withdraw their garrisons from Piedmont.

Nevertheless, that Margaret at her age should become a mother seemed highly improbable. In days when at fifteen a girl was most marriageable, thirty-six was advanced spinsterhood, and there were those who added ten to Margaret's tale of years.[1]

Consequently, when in May, 1561, it was hinted abroad that the Duchess of Savoy was expecting an heir, many thought Margaret must be suffering from the same delusion which had obsessed Queen Mary of England.[2] Catherine however was more sanguine. In this month of May she wrote to the Duke : " I trust that what I have been told is true. I pray to our Lord that it may be, and that you now have hopes of a fine child." [3] The Queen speedily received

[1] Brantôme, for example.

[2] Castelnau, *Mémoires* (ed. Le Laboureur, 1731), I, pp. 722, 750, 805, 806.

[3] *Lettres de Catherine de Médicis, ed. cit.*, I, p. 201.

confirmation of the rumour and replied, giving her brother-in-law advice as to the treatment of his wife : she is not to move from where she is until her seventh month ; [1] then she must be carried in a chair and it must not be a long journey ; she is only to take very gentle exercise and always on level ground.

The fear that haunted Emmanuel Philibert was that his child might be a girl. To resolve his doubts on this subject he had recourse to astrology and to the most famous star-gazer of his day, to none other than Michel de Nostre-Dame or Nostradamus. To consult this great soothsayer kings and princes journeyed from afar to Salon-en-Crau. The Duke himself in the autumn of 1559 had visited Nostradamus, and so, a few months later, as we have seen,[2] had Margaret herself.

The history of this famous astrologer reveals how easily in those days a man of science might degenerate into a mere magician. Born in 1503, at St. Remi in Provence, Nostradamus studied medicine at Montpellier. He practised with great success at Aix and then at Lyon. In the latter city his skill in combating a contagious malady won him the envy of his fellow-practitioners and something like worship from his patients. His head was turned and he soon believed that he did in reality possess those

[1] *Lettres de Catherine de Médicis, ed. cit.*, I, p. 202.

[2] See *ante* p. 219.

miraculous powers which men of the sixteenth century were always ready to attribute to any great healer. Nostradamus began to foretell the future and to publish his predictions in quatrains, the first collection of which, entitled *Centuries*, appeared at Lyon in 1555. Another volume was dedicated to Henry II and Catherine de Médicis and presented to the King and Queen by the author. Nostradamus was received at court with high honour and employed to cast the horoscopes of the royal children. These he confided to Catherine, and she, while always maintaining that they had proved perfectly accurate, ever refused to disclose them. Nostradamus died in 1566. In *Les Centuries* of 1555 the death of Henry II and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew are unmistakably foretold. Would the belief that these prophecies were interpolated after the events be punished by eternal damnation? We, with one of the astrologer's French biographers,[1] are inclined to risk it.

Margaret, as we have said, was no believer in astrology, and in her circle the prophecies of Nostradamus were scoffed at. Joachim du Bellay mocked him in the following couplet :—

"Nostra damus cum verba damus nam fallere nostrum est
Et cum vestra damus, nil nisi nostra damus." [2]

[1] Charles Nisard, *Hist. des Livres Populaires* (1864), I, pp. 22, 24.

[2] "'Tis ours I give, when yours I give, for cheating is my line,
And when I give you what is yours, I only give you mine."
See Du Bellay, *Œuvres*, ed. Marty Lavaux, II, p. 541.

It was probably therefore without his wife's knowledge that, in 1561, Emmanuel Philibert despatched his commander-in-chief, Philibert Maréschal, Lord of Mont Symon-en-Bresse, to consult the astrologer as to the sex of Margaret's expected child. At any rate, when the messenger returned accompanied by Nostradamus himself, Margaret could only be persuaded to receive him in the capacity of physician.

The astrologer's report was highly satisfactory ; he was able to assure the Duke that no such calamity as the birth of a daughter [1] would befall him ; his child would be a boy, who should be called Charles and grow to be one of the greatest captains of the age. The fulfilment in Margaret's lifetime of the first two parts of this prophecy —perhaps the second was not difficult to realise —must surely have converted the Duchess to a belief in astrology.

For the four or five months preceding her confinement, Margaret and her husband resided in the monastery of Bethlehem, not far from Vercelli. But as the event drew near, they removed to the palace of Rivoli, where their quarters were more commodious and where the air was renowned for its purity.

At Rivoli, on the 12th of January, 1562,

[1] When Isabella d'Este gave birth to a daughter the father received condolences and the mother put away, as being too good for a girl, the gilded cradle she had destined for her son.

CHARLES EMMANUEL, SON OF MARGARET OF FRANCE, WITH HIS DWARF.
From a painting in the Pinacoteca at Turin

Margaret gave birth to a son. It is said that a pious nun, Sister Leona, in the convent of the Annunciation at Vercelli, prayed so ardently to the Blessed Amadeus of Savoy for Margaret's happy deliverance, that when the time came it was granted to Sister Leona to suffer in Margaret's stead.[1]

As soon as the Duke knew that a son was born to him, he quitted his wife's chamber, and in company with his kinsman, the Count of Pancalieri, repaired to the neighbouring church of St. Dominic, where he gave thanks to God and commanded a *Te Deum* to be sung.

The birth of a child to so elderly a mother was by many regarded as a miracle. *Elizabeth peperit et filius orationis est iste puer*, exclaimed the Pope, when he heard of it. There were those who went further and refused to believe in the birth of Margaret's son. The Prince of Piedmont shared the fate of our Prince James and was regarded by not a few as a suppositious child.

In order to disprove any such aspersions, the wily Queen Catherine had despatched from France one of her ladies, Madame Dubesc,[2] was regarded by not a few as a supposititious

[1] Guichenon, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 708. Leona is the heroine of the romance of Alexandre Dumas, entitled *Le Page du Duc de Savoie*.

[2] Sister of the Maréchal de Retz. She afterwards married the Count of Pancalieri.

Madame Dubesc came bearing rich gifts for the infant prince—for Catherine was too firm a believer in Nostradamus to doubt for one moment, after his prediction, that Margaret's child would be a boy. The Queen Mother's gift to her nephew consisted in all the appointments for his nursery: ewers and basins of silver and every necessary article of furniture, all most magnificent and in white damask and silver, from his bed and canopy to the very pillow on to which he was to be bound.

This handsome present was in keeping with the royal state which surrounded the baby prince from the moment of his birth. Before he was a few days old a little court had been created for him. Its president was the Lady Porporato, on whom devolved the important function of selecting two nurses for the Prince, one from Piedmont and the other from Savoy. So apparently Margaret did not follow the advice of her friend l'Hospital and nurse her own child.[1] Besides his nurses and his governess the Prince's household included a doctor, an usher, two valets of the bedchamber, four ladies, one of whom was especially appointed to sing the Prince to sleep, and a chaplain, whose duty it was to say mass in the Prince's nursery.

In order to give time for extremely elaborate

[1] Epistle to Jean de Morel, *Œuvres*, IV, p. 218.

preparations, the child's baptism was postponed until he was six years old, until the 9th of March, 1567. In the Italy of those days baptism was almost as pompous and expensive a ceremony as marriage. And nothing was spared which could render the baptism of the Prince of Piedmont one of the most imposing pageants of the time. In a magnificent triumphal procession, winding its way beneath arches and garlands, the little boy, holding his governess's hand, was conducted from the ancient palace [1] of Turin to the neighbouring cathedral. The Prince's godfathers were Pope Gregory XIII, represented by Cardinal Crivelli, Charles IX of France, represented by the Comte de Villars,[2] the Grand Master of Malta, who appeared in person, and the state of Venice, represented by its ambassador, Sigismond Cavalli. The Prince's godmothers were Catherine de Médicis and Elizabeth, Queen of Spain.

The sacrament of baptism was administered by the Archbishop of Turin, assisted by no less than six bishops. The Prince received the names of Charles, after Charles IX, and of Emmanuel, after his father. The completion of the ceremony was announced to the neighbourhood by the firing of guns and by the ringing of church bells.

[1] Probably the fine red-brick building still standing in the centre of Turin.

[2] Brother of La Connétable de Montmorency and a kinsman of the Duke of Savoy.

If Margaret had one weakness it was her idolisation of her child. Tormented by the thought that her husband had lost eight brothers and sisters in infancy or youth and that she had lost five, she nearly killed her son with meticulous care for his health. Despite this coddling, however, and much to the surprise of Brantôme, the Prince not only survived but attained a vigorous and healthy manhood.

In the regulation of her boy's diet, Margaret anticipated some of the ideas of the present day. His food was weighed and after every meal he was kept sitting at table for a while in order to facilitate digestion. Fruit and sweetmeats were tabooed. When the regulation quantity of nourishment had been eaten further food was refused, no matter how hungry the child might be, and frequently he was driven to devour the very crumbs from the table.

His exercise was regulated as strictly as his diet. His early passion for riding he was permitted to indulge only to a very moderate extent, in the gardens of the palace, for a little while morning and evening and only when it was very fine; at the slightest breath of wind or drop of rain he was hurried indoors.

To the boy's father, who himself had been bred in the open, this cosseting must have seemed absurd. But very wisely Emmanuel Philibert did not interfere; in childhood the Prince was

left entirely to his mother's care—indeed such was the usual practice in the sixteenth century. At the age of ten he passed under his father's control. And then, despite the softness of his nurture, he quickly took to martial exercises and displayed in them great agility.

In the training of their son's mind Margaret and her husband were in perfect accord. They had him taught French and Italian (but to use French the most frequently), dancing, drawing and the knowledge of ancient medals. For his instruction illustrious professors were brought from a distance : Antoine de Govéa,[1] Montaigne's friend, came from Bordeaux, Jacques Grévin, the doctor poet, from the Low Countries, while Alfonso del Bene, son of Margaret's old friend Baccio del Bene, combined with the office of reader to the Duchess that of tutor to her son.

Margaret never grudged any money spent on her son's education. And all her trouble and expense were well repaid, for the Prince grew in grace and became a very attractive child, as amiable as his mother and as intelligent as both his parents.

Margaret's maternal affection was not permitted to interfere with her wifely devotion, as she soon showed, when, in August, 1563, the Duke,

[1] Son of Montaigne's headmaster at the College of Bordeaux, André de Govéa.

for the third time since his marriage fell seriously ill at Rivoli. This time his life was despaired of; and panic spread throughout the state. Horrified at the prospect of a minority which would involve their country's ruin, the Duke's ministers completely lost their heads. Margaret alone, in the midst of her terrible anxiety, retained her habitual calm. She presided over the Council. She arranged for the future government of the state in the event of her husband's death. To quiet the fears of his ministers, who trembled lest the heir might be carried off by France or Spain, she parted with her son, sending him to Turin, so that the ministers might keep the infant prince under their own observation.

Meanwhile Margaret was tending her husband day and night, lying on a shake-down by his bedside, encouraging him by her apparent cheerfulness and in his presence always concealing her grief. A piteous letter written to the Duke of Nemours when the crisis was past, by its shaky unformed writing, very different from Margaret's usual regular hand, reveals the anxiety with which she had been overwhelmed. She thanks Nemours for his kindness in sending to inquire about her husband's health, and tells him that at the moment when she most despaired of his life, God granted him improvement.[1] The Duke recovered; but his constant liability to these

[1] Bib. Nat., *F.F. 3238, Fo. 68.*

attacks of illness must have caused perpetual anxiety to his wife and to all around him.

According to sixteenth-century standards, Margaret and Emmanuel Philibert were an extremely united couple. Although throughout the fifteen years of their married life the Duke showed great deference to his wife's opinion, he never became the henpecked husband of whom he had written to Bochet.[1] The man, who in his youth had been nicknamed *Brise-fer*, was not likely to be dominated even by a woman ; and Emmanuel Philibert, while, as we shall see in the next chapter, consulting his wife on most affairs of state, never lost his indomitable individuality.

In the early days of their marriage the Duke was more than the comrade husband, he was the devout lover. Then, for love of Margaret, he used to wear a cross of gold and pearls, surmounted by the ducal coronet and inscribed with the motto *Quis diceret laudes?* (who may praise her worthily ?). Wrote the Venetian ambassador : " The Duke is either the most amorous of husbands or an inimitable actor."

But in his bachelor days Emmanuel Philibert had been a famous gallant ; [2] and Margaret must have appealed to him as a cultured woman

[1] See *ante*, p. 181.

[2] *Il n'a esté blasmé d'autre chose que du vice, auquel les plus grands hommes ont esté sujets, qui est l'amour des femmes.* Guichenon, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 699.

of the world, as intelligent and lively, winning and graceful, but not as beautiful. One of her greatest attractions was her musical voice. Her features were somewhat heavy, her countenance pleasing but homely.[1] She was too thin to be beautiful, said the Venetian ambassador. Women aged rapidly in those days of storm and stress; and, at thirty-six, the charms of Margaret's youth, the gleam on her golden hair, the brightness of her soft brown eyes, the delicate flush on her fair skin, had already faded. Moreover she was four years older than her husband; and her illness in 1560 must have still further aged her. It was probably soon after this illness that she ceased to monopolise her husband's affection.

After her experience at the courts of her father and brother, constancy can hardly have been one of the virtues Margaret expected from a husband. Nevertheless, and not unnaturally, she grieved over the Duke's wanderings. And, notwithstanding her proud disposition, her grief let itself be seen so that the ever observant Venetian ambassador perceived her to be jealous.

Nevertheless her jealousy did not stifle the kindness of her heart. In those days most wives

[1] *Elle avoit moult grace et miséricorde, des cheveux blonds, couleur d'épis dorés, des yeux châtains, le nez un par fort, les lèvres grosses, la voix doulce, la peau d'un beau blanc de lait teinté de rose.* Saint-Genis, *Hist. de Savoie*, II, p. 143.

were wonderfully magnanimous,[1] and Margaret was but following a common practice when, on hearing that one of her husband's natural children was being brought up in a neighbouring village, she received him into her palace and cared for him as if he had been her own son.

[1] Boulting, *Women in Italy*, p. 176.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HIGHER POLITICS

Margaret's difficulties as Duchess of Savoy—The Question of the French Fortresses in Piedmont—The French retire from four fortresses—Entrance of the Duke and Duchess into their capital.

"*L'Europe avait les yeux sur elle.*"—L'HOSPITAL.

THREE hundred years ago the Spaniards had a proverb, "there is but one king, one duke and one count." The kingdom of course was Spain, the county was Orange, and the dukedom was Savoy. The political importance of Savoy in the sixteenth century was largely the work of Emmanuel Philibert and of Margaret.

Ronsard did Margaret an injustice when, in a curiously mixed metaphor, he represented her with placid brow and unflushed cheek, in calm unconcern, observing Europe brought as low as the grave and threatened with shipwreck by Henry and Philip.[1]

Margaret adored books, but, as her government of Berry showed, she was no mere book-

[1] Sonnet, *A Madame Marguerite Duchesse de Savoie*, *Œuvres*, V, pp. 316–17.

worm ; state affairs interested her deeply ; and, according to the Venetian ambassador, she could talk well on such matters. Moreover, as the following pages will show, Emmanuel Philibert had great confidence in his wife's political ability. During his absences abroad he appointed her regent,[1] and in certain important crises he permitted his policy to be moulded by her wisdom.

Indeed the political situation of Savoy and Piedmont in the years immediately following Cateau-Cambrésis required all the cleverness of Margaret and of her husband.

Margaret's position was especially difficult. She had married a prince who from his youth upward had been her country's foe. She had come to live among a people, whom for thirty years her father and brother had governed as a conquered race and whose liberties her nephew was still menacing through French garrisons entrenched in five Piedmontese towns. There seemed every reason therefore why Savoyards and Piedmontese should mistrust and dislike her. Margaret in Savoy might well have become as unpopular as her aunt, the Duchess Renée, had been at the court of Ferrara or as Marie Antoinette was to be at the court of Versailles. But Margaret possessed a breadth of view of

[1] Archivio di Stato, Turin. *Inventaro delle Scritture Riguardanti Le Tutele Regenze e Luogo tenenze Generali*, 5th June, 1561 ; 11th May, 1566 ; 8th September, 1568.

which her Aunt Renée was incapable, while the common sense and political experience of the Duchess of Savoy saved her from the indiscretions of Louis XVI's Austrian bride.

Margaret, in the words of one historian, subdued all hearts; she won her subjects' love so absolutely that at her death they spoke of her as "the mother of her people." To know the history of Savoy in the sixteenth century is to appreciate the greatness of this achievement.

The Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, as we have seen, restored the son of Charles III, Emmanuel Philibert, to his father's dominions. But in the heart of his territory it left an apple of discord in the shape of seven foreign garrisons, five French and two Spanish, entrenched in seven Piedmontese fortresses, one of them being the capital itself, Turin, which was occupied by the French.

It is not surprising that the newly restored Duke should have determined to send these foreigners packing at the earliest possible moment. And in this resolve he was supported by his wife. French as she was, the Duchess threw herself entirely on to her husband's side in this matter. And in her determination to oust her countrymen from the five towns and to unify Piedmont, she even quarrelled with her old friend, the Maréchal de Brissac, who as governor of Piedmont had to carry out the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis in that province.

It was hard for Brissac to dismantle and then to surrender the fortresses, to the conquest and defence of which he had devoted the best years of his life. It was hard for Emmanuel Philibert to wait to return to his own until his fortresses had been rendered indefensible. And so Brissac and the Duke, who had once been friends, became enemies. And Margaret not unnaturally took her husband's side in the quarrel. "They hated him like death," [1] wrote Brissac's secretary of the Duke and Duchess, while he for his part considered the Duke as the worst enemy of France. So, throughout the summer and winter of 1559 and 1560, the Duke and the Marshal waged an incessant war of recriminations; and Margaret was their umpire. The Duke entreated his bride to hurry Brissac, Brissac entreated his old friend to convince her husband that he was proceeding with all possible speed.

Apart from their impatience for the restitution of the fortresses, the policy of the Duke and Duchess was very exasperating to Brissac. Well aware that Piedmont could never be really prosperous as long as foreign garrisons remained entrenched there, Margaret and Emmanuel Philibert set about worrying the French out of the principality. They persuaded Francis II to

[1] *Ce prince et Madame, qui luy en vouloient mal de mort.* Du Villars (Brissac's secretary), *Mémoires* (ed. Michaud et Poujoulat), 1ière série, Vol. X, p. 352.

deprive his five towns of the outlying territory which should naturally have belonged to them. The French towns were permitted to retain no land outside the radius of one mile from the fortifications ; and so rigorous were the Duke's agents in observing this limit that they did not hesitate to cut up a farm or to divide a garden. Further, the Duke exacted heavy tolls on all victuals taken into the five towns and forbade any commercial intercourse between the towns themselves. One cannot help sympathising with Brissac when he urged that such a policy would end in the complete depopulation of the French territory.

The Marshal seized the opportunity of the arrival of the Duke and Duchess at Nice in January, 1560, to despatch to them an ambassador, who was charged to ask for the abolition of these duties. He obtained fair promises, which however came to nothing, and the exactions continued to be as heavy as before. Finally, after having repeatedly sent in his resignation, Brissac obtained his recall in April, 1560.

While appreciating the desire of the Duke and Duchess to unify their territory, one cannot help being sorry for Brissac. He had served his country loyally and well. But his country had never given him whole-hearted support, and had kept him so short of funds that he was compelled to use his daughter's dowry for the payment

of his discharged soldiers. Perhaps it was best that Brissac had returned to France before Margaret entered Piedmont. She never saw her old friend again. After rendering good service to the Catholic cause in the Wars of Religion, Brissac died of gout in 1563.

As governor of Piedmont, Brissac was succeeded by Imbert de la Platière, Seigneur de Bordillon, who had to contend with the same difficulties as his predecessor. Bordillon's instructions were to keep peace at all costs and to submit difficult cases to Margaret. But at that time Margaret was ill and unable to deal with such contentions. When the usual complaints reached her from the merchants of the five towns, she forwarded them to the Cardinal of Lorraine, with something of an invalid's peevishness, requesting him to arrange this dispute [1] so that, when she recovers from her illness and goes into Piedmont, she may dwell there in peace.

Before the end of 1560, the Duke and Duchess attempted to open negotiations with France for the immediate evacuation of the five towns. But the Queen Mother refused to consider the matter until her son, the King, should come of age. According to the Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis the towns were to remain with the French

[1] *Toutes ces crieryes.* Margaret's letters published in *La Revue Historique, vol. cit.*, p. 317.

until the settlement of the rival claims of France and Savoy to the lands of Bugey, Bresse and Saluzzo. To consider these claims a council was held at Lyon in September, 1561, and attended by the ambassadors of Charles IX, King of France and of Emmanuel Philibert. But nothing was decided. In the following year however two events happened which changed the opinion of the French Council: first, with regard to the fortresses held by France in Piedmont, in January, Margaret's son was born, and the French had ground for hope that the son of a Valois princess would continue French influence in Italy; second, in that year civil war broke out in France, and the Queen Mother became desirous to borrow troops from Emmanuel Philibert; and, as the price of his aid she became willing to cede to him certain of the five towns. It was Catherine herself who now reopened the negotiations. In January, 1562, she wrote to Margaret entreating her to accept the conditions offered by the bearer of her letter, who came with the authority not only of Catherine, but of the Cardinal of Lorraine, Michel de l'Hospital and the Maréchal de Brissac.[1] Probably these conditions were accepted, for in April and May Catherine's letters are full of gratitude to the Duke and Duchess, doubtless for the help they had promised. And in July she wrote to M. de Bordillon that with the advice

[1] *Lettres de Catherine de Médicis, ed. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 263.

of the King's Council, she had consented to surrender to the Duke the four towns of Turin, Villanuova d'Asti, Chieri, and Chivasso, taking instead the less important towns of Perosa and Savigliano.[1] At the same time the Queen Mother instructed Bordillon to persuade the Duke to despatch with all possible speed the promised force of three thousand foot and two hundred horse, adding that if Emmanuel Philibert would give them one month's pay in advance he would be doing Catherine a great favour and might count on being shortly repaid.[2]

Any cession of French territory in Piedmont was as displeasing to Bordillon as it had been to his predecessor. The governor forwarded lengthy and frequent remonstrances to France, and put all manner of obstacles in the way of the restitution. Finally, however, the Cardinal of Lorraine and Morvilliers, Bishop of Orléans, who were on their way to the Council of Trent, were appointed to supersede the reluctant Bordillon in this matter. When Morvilliers and the Cardinal arrived in Piedmont they found the proposed settlement extremely unpopular with the French in the principality and Bordillon demanding his recall. The Cardinal, however, would brook no delay. He had been present

[1] Pinerolo, the fifth of the French towns, did not change hands at this time.

[2] *Lettres de Catherine de Médicis, ed. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 359.

at the Royal Council which had unanimously decided on the restitution and the four towns must be handed over to the Duke immediately. Before the end of the month Morvilliers and the Cardinal joined the court of Piedmont at Fossano, where the treaty delivering to the Duke his capital Turin, with the towns of Chieri, Villanuova d'Asti and Chivasso, was signed on the 2nd of November. On the 5th of November, Margaret wrote gratefully to Catherine[1] saying that everything was almost settled, and that it was owing largely to the visit of the Cardinal of Lorraine. But in this matter, as in other good things that befell her, Margaret did not fail to trace the hand of her *bon père*, the Constable, to whom, on the 5th of November, she dictated a letter of thanks, adding the following postscript in her own handwriting :

" I must tell you, father, how greatly pleased I have been by the visit of Monseigneur le Cardinal de Lorraine, both on account of the joy of seeing him and because of his excellent arrangement of our affairs." [2]

During the first three years of his reign Emmanuel Philibert had fixed his capital at Vercelli,

[1] *Lettres de Catherine de Médicis, ed. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 431.

[2] Il fault que je vous die, mon pere, que la venue de monseigneur le Cardinal de Lorreinne m'a donné beaucoup de plaisyr pour l'heur que ce m'a esté de la voyr et pour le bon chemin auquel il a mys nos affaires. . . . *Fonds français* 3410, *Fo.* 34.

which, by the Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, had been left to Spain; but, in response to Margaret's request, Philip II [1] had consented to take Santhia in its place. Now at length the Duke was able to enter the capital from which he had so long been excluded. Turin was surrendered to him on the 12th of December, 1562; and on the 14th he made his state entry into the city. Margaret followed her husband a few days later.

Turin received its Duchess with great magnificence. Beneath a golden canopy, she rode by her husband's side, down gaily decorated streets, beneath triumphal arches, followed by the papal nuncio and the other ambassadors.

The surrender of the four towns was universally regarded as due to Margaret's diplomacy. It was her wisdom that had taken the fortresses, writes Le Laboureur; [2] the King's commissioners could not hold them against her way of raising an innocent revolt in their hearts and forcing the most impenetrable places.

But Piedmont was not yet rid of the foreigner; Pinerolo still remained in French hands, and Savigliano and Perosa, two comparatively unimportant fortresses, had been surrendered to them in exchange for Turin and the other towns; the

[1] Autograph letter from Margaret to Philip in Les Archives Nationales at Paris, K. 1492, Lettre 40, dated De Paris, 17 Mai.

[2] *Additions aux Mémoires de Castelnau*, I, 721.

Spaniards continued to hold Santhia and Asti. It was not until a few days before her death that Margaret induced her countrymen to completely evacuate her adopted land. The departure of the Spaniards she did not live to see. Santhia and Asti were not evacuated until the first anniversary of her death. Not until September, 1575, could Emmanuel Philibert announce that at length he possessed the keys to his principality.

CHAPTER XV

MARGARET AND THE PROTESTANTS

Margaret's Religion—Was she a Protestant ?—Her Protection of the Waldenses—The Treaty of Lausanne—Her Intervention in the French Wars of Religion—She visits the court at Lyon—The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

" . . . and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth."

MILTON.

WAS Margaret a Protestant ? In answering this question historians disagree.[1] But it is quite clear that among many of her contemporaries she passed for a Protestant.[2] Anne de Montmorency, when dining with the Duke of Alva, in 1564, regretted " the heresy of the three duchesses, the Queen of Navarre (Jeanne d'Albret), Madame de Savoie and Madame de Ferrare (Renée of France).[3] The Pope suspected Margaret of heresy and asked in vain for the dismissal of Huguenots from her household. To Brantôme

[1] Haag, *La France Protestante*, Vol. VII, under Marguerite d'Orléans ; Castelnau, *Mémoires* (ed. 1731), Vol. I, p. 720 ; Dupré Lasale, *Michel de l'Hospital avant son élévation au poste de chancelier*, I, pp. 152 *et seq.*; Rodocanachi, *Renée de France*, p. 399.

[2] De Crue, *Le Parti des Politiques*, p. 242.

[3] De Crue, *Anne de Montmorency*, Vol. II, p. 431.

her friendship with Coligny seemed suspicious. Philip II of Spain bade Emmanuel Philibert look to his wife's orthodoxy. The Venetian ambassador at Turin, in his despatches to the Doge and Senate, discussed the question of Margaret's heresy, stating in support of the charge that her house was full of Huguenots, that she was constantly reading the Bible, and that she ate meat every day of the year; but as against it, that the Pope had dispensed her from fasting because fish disagreed with her, that she went regularly to mass and to communion, and that nothing in her conversation savoured of heresy. Wherefore he concluded her faith to be that of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church.

The Duchess of Savoy's religious opinions were probably as elusive as those of her aunt; but our Margaret had probably more philosophy and less mysticism than the Queen of Navarre. They both died in the bosom of the Church. They were both aware that they were suspected of heresy. In a letter to Madeleine de Montmorency, wife of the Constable, our Margaret wrote: "Believe me, *ma commère*, I am no Huguenot, and therefore, I beseech you keep me in your good grace." [1] Though the letter

[1] *Ma commère. . . . Je vous asseure que je ne suis point huguenote, et estant insi, je vous suppliera de me tenir an vos bonne grâce. . . .* Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3205, *Fo.* 70.

was probably written about 1550, we have no reason to believe that Margaret ever changed her mind on this point.

From her Aunt Margaret the Duchess of Savoy had in early years acquired a love of religious liberty; and throughout her life, with varying success, she made every effort to stem the rising tide of religious persecution.

It was at her request that immediately after their marriage Emmanuel Philibert sued for the pardon of Councillor Anne du Bourg,[1] who, at the time of Henry II's death, was lying in the prison of the Bastille awaiting his trial for heresy. But the Duke of Savoy's efforts availed not, and Du Bourg was executed on the 23rd of December, 1559.

In Savoy and Piedmont better success was ultimately to attend Margaret's intercession on behalf of the persecuted. And in her new dominions she was to be blessed as the apostle of religious toleration.

For centuries there had existed in the mountain valleys of Piedmont, in Perosa, Angrogna, Luzerna and San Martino, an ancient Christian sect, the Waldenses or Vaudois, in whose cause a century later Cromwell was to threaten war and Milton to write the grandest of his sonnets.

Founded by Claudius of Turin in the ninth century, with the object of restoring primitive

[1] *Cal. St. Papers, Foreign*, 1559–60, p. 364.

Christianity, the sect had suffered persecution throughout the Middle Age. But despite their sufferings they persisted in their faith. Entrenched in narrow mountain gorges, protected by rock fortresses, it was, to use the words of an English Puritan [1] of later date, "as if the all-wise creatour had from the beginning designed that place as a cabinet, wherein to place some inestimable jewel, or (to speak more plainly) there to reserve many thousands of souls, which should not bow the knee before Baal."

The persistence of the Waldensian faith down the ages is all the more remarkable in that its votaries were completely isolated from other bodies of reformers. Not until the sixteenth century did they begin to enter into relations with other dissenters from the Church of Rome. Then the great wave of the Reformation sweeping through Europe penetrated even into the remote valleys of Piedmont. And the Waldenses found that with the Reformers they had much in common. While rejecting the Reformers' belief in predestination, the Piedmontese peasants agreed with their brethren of Northern Europe in regarding the Bible rather than the Church as the supreme arbiter of belief. Indeed not even the English

[1] Sir Samuel Morland, appointed by Cromwell's Government to distribute the £40,000 collected in England for the relief of the persecuted Piedmontese. See Morland's *History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valleys of Piedmont* (1658).

Puritans of the next century could vie with the Waldenses in their idolisation of Holy Writ. Never were the relics of Catholic saint more profoundly venerated than the manuscripts of certain passages of Scripture which, translated into the Romance tongue, were cherished as priceless treasures and handed down from generation to generation.

In their mistrust of priesthood too the Waldenses agreed with the majority of the Reformers. The Waldensian ministers, rejecting all sacerdotal claims, lived in the strictest apostolic simplicity. After two years' preparation for a celibate and ascetic life, having committed to memory those translated portions of the Bible to which we have referred, the pastors entered on a nomadic career, wandering in couples through the Alpine valleys and ministering to the spiritual needs of their flock.

In 1530, two of these pastors were sent on a deputation to the Reformers of Switzerland. And, as a result of their mission, Guillaume Farel, Calvin's predecessor at Geneva, visited the Waldensian valleys. On the plain of Angrogna he addressed a large assembly of the faithful. At Angrogna a confession of faith was drawn up. And there these Alpine shepherds undertook from their slender substance to contribute no less than five hundred gold crowns towards the printing of a French translation of the Scriptures.

The affiliation of the Waldensian sect with the Reformation involved its members in renewed persecution. As the result of an edict passed by the Parliament of Aix, in 1545, a terrible war of extermination began ; and in two months twenty-two villages were burned and three thousand men, women and children perished.

Nevertheless the faith of the survivors remained unshaken. And when they heard of the marriage of their Duke Emmanuel Philibert with Margaret, the friend of the Huguenots, they were filled with hope. On the arrival of the Duchess at Nice, they despatched a deputation to her. And Margaret's heart, as she wrote later, was touched "by pity for the sad fate of these miserable people,"[1] whose simple faith could not fail to appeal to her. All they asked was the recognition of three rights due to every Christian : the right of every man to worship according to his conscience, to read the Bible in his own tongue, and to approach God without the mediation of any priest.

For the granting of this freedom so ardently desired and so highly deserved the Duchess pleaded hard with her husband.[2] Emmanuel Philibert was no tyrannical bigot. He had always

[1] *La pitié que j'ay de leur misérable fortune.* Letter to the Seigneur de Racconigi. See Saint-Genis, *Histoire de Savoie*, Vol. III, *preuves*, p. 485.

[2] *Ce paovre peuple vaudoys pour le bien et soulaigement desquels me suys voluntiers employée envers son Altesse. Ibid.*

disliked religious persecution. In 1558, while still an exile from his dominions, he had written to the Bishop of Aosta :

" Persecution never did anything save create martyrs ; it is absurd to publicly execute fanatics whose death sows heresy ; you must get rid of them secretly or better still you must be merciful." [1]

But now that the Duke had returned to his principality, now that he found Protestantism rapidly spreading in Piedmont, his views underwent a change. Now to Emmanuel Philibert, as to most sixteenth-century rulers, to permit two religions to exist side by side in one state appeared contrary to all good government. Moreover the Duke with much less philosophy in his religious views than Margaret was a very devout Catholic, regarded by the Pope as one of his most stalwart defenders of the faith. As we have seen,[2] he sent troops to fight on the Catholic side in the French wars of religion. And, on hearing that his kinsman, the Comte de Tende, was suspected of heresy, he wrote him the following letter :

" Monsieur, my cousin, I am greatly amazed at the rumour which is current on all hands of your having adhered to the condemned sect (*la secte reprouvée*). It is a matter which I cannot

[1] Saint-Genis, *op. cit.*, III, p. 479.

[2] *Ante* pp. 231 and 253.

believe; for in the past I knew you to be a zealous son of the Catholic Church. So great is my displeasure to hear the world hold such an opinion of one of my blood that I shall have no peace until I hear from you touching this matter.

"If your intention be such as I hope, then your announcement will give me the greatest pleasure. But if any persons in their wickedness should have turned you from the right way, then as your good kinsman I entreat and beseech you to return and by so doing you will win a larger share of my affection. Praying God to have you in his holy keeping, from Savillano, this 4th day of June, 1562.

"The Duke of Savoy,

"EMMANUEL PHILIBERT." [1]

Nevertheless, despite his ardour for the Catholic faith, the Duke was reluctant to embark on a career of religious persecution, and perhaps still more reluctant to refuse his wife's request. So, to avoid the responsibility of a decision, like a good son of Mother Church, he decided to refer the question to the Pope. Margaret must have known she was vanquished. The answer of his Holiness was a foregone conclusion. As might have been expected, it resulted in troops being despatched into the Waldensian territory, to put down the heretics by force of arms. Before the Duke had resorted to so desperate a course,

[1] Saint-Genis, *Hist. de Savoie*, III, pp. 480–81.

he had, doubtless at Margaret's suggestion, summoned fourteen Waldensian ministers to confer with his representatives. But no agreement had been arrived at; and so, with the sound of trumpet, it was proclaimed throughout the valleys that henceforth any person attending the Waldensian services would be liable to one hundred crowns fine for the first offence and to the galleys for life for the second. It was the ignoring of this edict that had driven Emmanuel Philibert to send his soldiers against the heretics.

All Margaret could now do was to secure the general of this army being a moderate person like herself; Philip of Savoy, Lord of Racconigi, a just and humane soldier, was appointed to the command. The Waldenses were passive resisters; they held the doctrine of the sanctity of human life; and it was not because they were afraid, but in order to avoid bloodshed that they fled before the invaders; so, as Emmanuel Philibert's army advanced into their territory, the soldiers found all the villages deserted, the inhabitants having packed up their scanty possessions and with their wives and children retreated to their mountain strongholds. Racconigi, who from the beginning had disliked his task, hastened to inform the Duke that it would be hopeless to pursue the mountaineers into their rocky fortresses.[1]

[1] E. Ricotti, *Receuil des Actes de l'Académie des Sciences à Turin*, Vol. XVII, 2ième série, doc. 38.

But Emmanuel Philibert, once having resorted to arms, was not to be thus daunted. He superseded Racconigi by le Comte della Trinità, known as *le Comte de la Tyrannie*, whose bloodthirsty zeal in this Waldensian crusade earned him the reputation of a Simon de Montfort. With four thousand foot and two hundred horse in the spring of 1561, the Count marched into the heretical valleys, burning and pillaging wherever he went. At length, driven to desperation, exasperated beyond endurance, at bay in their fortress at the head of the gorge, Prà del Tor, the Waldenses turned on the invaders. With such primitive weapons as bows and arrows and stones hurled from slings, in the first action they slew sixty of the Count's men, themselves only losing three. A series of such engagements followed. And even to the Count it became obvious that it would be very difficult to overcome those desperate mountaineers.

Then Margaret pressed her advantage. "Would the Duke continue to risk the lives of brave soldiers in order to slaughter honest peasants?" she argued. And Emmanuel Philibert was convinced. A deputation of Waldenses was summoned to Vercelli, where the Duke and Duchess were then residing. And here, according to one of the Waldensian ministers, the Duke made the following welcome declaration: "In vain do the Pope and my own councillors urge me to

exterminate this people; in my own heart I have taken counsel with my God, and he still more powerfully urgeth me not to destroy them." The deputation was also admitted to the presence of Margaret, "their good duchess," as they had learnt to call her. In words which admirably express her philosophy of life, she admonished them, saying: "You have no idea what evil reports of you have reached us.[1] But fear not; live righteously, obey God and your prince; keep peace with your neighbours and all the promises made to you shall be duly kept."

The Waldenses knew that the Duchess had stayed her husband's hand. And Emmanuel Philibert, in a letter to Racconigi, admitted that he had pardoned his rebellious subjects for the sake of Madame.[2]

On the 5th of June, 1561, the Duke signed a treaty granting the Waldenses permission to hold their services in three of the mountain valleys and in four villages of the plain, but mass was to be celebrated throughout their territory.[3] By a curious coincidence this charter of Italian

[1] The Waldenses were unjustly accused of all manner of vices, among the least of which were turbulence and perfidy.

[2] Archivio di Stato (Turin), Collection 15, *Valli di Luzerna*, also Savoia-Racconigi, No. 1. See Italian Letter with English translation, Appendix D, pp. 239–40.

[3] For the detailed terms of this treaty see Pierre de la Place, *Commentaires de l'Estat de la Religion* (ed. Panthéon), Bk. V, pp. 135–7.

religious toleration was signed at Cavour, the birth-place of one who two centuries later was to devote his life to the establishment of Italian political freedom and of Italian unity.

Save for one or two outbursts of discontent, the Waldenses practised the sage counsel of their good duchess, and, living at peace with their neighbours, enjoyed a measure of religious freedom for nearly a century, from the Treaty of Cavour down to the terrible massacre of 1655.

The Treaty of Cavour was highly displeasing to the Duke's Catholic allies, especially to the Pope Pius IV and to Philip of Spain. And in order to revive his Catholic zeal they urged him to reconquer those lands which the Protestants of Geneva had won from his father. Counting on promised Spanish and papal reinforcements, Emmanuel Philibert opened a Swiss campaign. But his allies failed him and he was driven to make peace with his enemies and to content himself with regaining only part of his lost territory. Margaret had always disapproved of this war. And the Treaty of Lausanne [1] which put an end to it bears signs of her influence. Indeed the treaty was so thoroughly imbued with the principles of religious liberty that it might have been drawn up by Margaret herself. For in it the Duke guaranteed absolute freedom of worship to all Protestants in the reconquered country.

[1] Signed on the 30th of October, 1564.

The preamble shows that at length Margaret had completely converted her husband to her own view of religious toleration: "As for our former subjects," it ran, "they have professed their religion for so long, that they could only be turned from it by means of great violence, which is a thing altogether contrary to our nature. We have seen what misfortune and desolation have come upon neighbouring lands by reason of diversity in belief. Wherefore never shall our subjects be persecuted or vexed in any manner, either in body or in goods, either by us or by our officers, and if on account of their religion our subjects were to suffer any hurt, we would, as becometh a just prince, punish those who had inflicted it."

Such a declaration from a prince who but three years before, with fire and sword had been devastating the lands of his Protestant subjects, was a triumph for Margaret's firm but tactful advocacy of religious liberty.

Philip's failure to keep his promise in the Swiss campaign can have been no surprise to Margaret. She, like a true Valois, had always distrusted the Spaniard. And while maintaining friendly personal relations [1] with her old suitor, she never ceased to warn her husband against placing too much confidence in his Cousin Philip.

[1] See her letters to Philip in the Archives Nationales at Paris, K. 1493.

When, in 1562, the French had evacuated their four fortresses, Margaret permitted herself a moment's exultation: "Hah, hah! my lord," she cried to her husband, "you used to say that your only difficulty would be with the French, and that the Spaniards were eager to surrender their fortresses. But now that the French have evacuated those places which they fairly conquered in war, the Spaniards are far from restoring those they took from you nominally for purposes of defence." [1]

Meanwhile with the deepest concern the Duchess of Savoy was following the religious strife in her native land. There her sympathies must have been divided, for the leaders of both parties—the Constable on the one hand and Coligny [2] on the other—were her friends and so were many of their followers.

Letters from Catherine, from the Constable and from the Constable's wife, Madeleine de Montmorency, kept Margaret informed of the progress of events.

Despite frequent conferences and attempts at agreement between the two parties, civil war with all its horrors broke out in the summer of 1562. And the waves of massacre and pillage

[1] Alberi, *Relazione degli Amb. Venet.*, 2nd series, Vol. II, p. 54. Relazione di Sig. Cavalli, 1564.

[2] Condé was nominally the Huguenot leader, but Coligny was the moving spirit of the party.

rolled to the very frontiers of Piedmont, for in Dauphiné, the Huguenots, under their desperate chief Des Adrets, took a terrible revenge for the barbarity of the Catholics elsewhere.

For more than twenty years, ever since Calvin had studied there, Margaret's own town of Bourges had been a stronghold of the Reformation. Throughout the summer of 1562, the city was besieged by a Catholic army, to which it capitulated on the 31st of August. Although the terms of the capitulation were fairly good, liberty of conscience being guaranteed to the inhabitants, Margaret's agents in the city appear to have suffered. And in December this year she wrote very strongly to Catherine complaining of their ill-treatment and asking the Queen to take the city under her protection.[1]

At the Battle of Dreux in this month of December Margaret's "good father," the Constable, was for the second time wounded and for the second time taken prisoner. The Duchess of Savoy shared her brother's exaggerated opinion of the Constable's ability and importance. With Montmorency in prison, Margaret, like Henry II, believed that France must be ruined. And so, as soon as the news of the battle reached her she began to agitate for peace. In March, 1563, she wrote to the Constable's son Francis :

"Cousin, by Moretta, the bearer of this missive, I send a letter to the Queen, in which I very

[1] See *La Revue Historique, nu. cit.*, p. 322.

humbly beseech her to employ every possible means for the making of peace, although I am well assured that there is no need thus to urge her, for she is thoroughly convinced of the loss to her service and to the King's occasioned by the absence and detention of Monsieur le Connétable."[1]

Then Margaret goes on to refer to the other recent heavy losses sustained by the Catholic party in the death of King Antoine of Navarre at the siege of Rouen in November, 1562, and in the assassination of the Duke of Guise by Poltrot de Méré, on the following 18th of February.

Touching the latter event, on the 25th of February, Catherine had written her sister-in-law a significant letter breathing the bitterest hatred and fear of the Admiral.[2] The Queen did not spare Margaret's friend but related in full all she had heard of his wicked deeds and of his evil intentions. She told how she had visited the assassin of Guise, and how he had told her "freely and without being threatened" that Coligny had promised him one hundred crowns to murder Guise. "The wretch," she continued, "had warned her to take heed for her own safety and that of

[1] *Mon cousin, escripvant à la Royne par Monsieur de Morette present porteur, je luy fais tres humble requeste de vouloir adviser tous les moyens possibles pour faire quelque bonne paise, encores que je sois bien asseuré qu'il ne soit besoing de luy en rien ramentevoir et qu'elle considerè assez la faulte que l'absence et detention de monsieur le Connestable faiet au service du Roy et sien.* . . . Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3410, *Fo.* 47.

[2] *Lettres de Catherine de Médicis, ed. cit.*, I, p. 516.

her children, because the Admiral, who hated her bitterly, had in his pay sixty men who were instructed to slay the Queen and several of her friends."

"Behold, Madam," Catherine concluded, "how we are to be treated by a man who declares that all he does is for the sake of religion."

As we read these lines we seem to hear the whiz of the bullet, which, nine years later, winged with Catherine's revenge, was to strike down her enemy. There are many who believe that Poltrot was lying when he accused the Admiral of directly instigating the assassination of Guise, and no one, not even the most bigoted Catholic, would suggest that Coligny was planning the murder of the royal family and their friends. But whatever truth there may or may not have been in Poltrot's statements, it must be admitted that they went far to bring about the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Catherine was now deprived of all her great generals: the Constable was a prisoner in the hands of the Huguenots at Orléans, the King of Navarre and the Duke of Guise were dead, and the Maréchal de Brissac was crippled with gout. The Queen therefore was driven to take Margaret's advice and to make peace. At Amboise, on the 7th of March, 1563, a treaty was signed, by which the Constable was liberated and the exercise of the Reformed Religion permitted in certain districts.

Between the first and second wars of religion there was an interval of two years. And this time was occupied by Charles IX and his court in a lengthy progress through France, in order "to set everything at rest," as Catherine put it in a letter to Margaret.[1]

This royal journey brought the court to the frontiers of Savoy and afforded Margaret and her husband an opportunity for reunion with the friends and relatives from whom they had been five years parted.

According to her letters, Catherine had been looking forward to this visit for years. In 1562, she had written to the Duchess of Savoy: "I beseech you, Madam, be not so wrapped up in your son as to cease to desire to see your sister, whose one delight is to contemplate the happiness and honour of meeting you soon." [2]

And indeed with a delight equal to Catherine's did Margaret herself look forward to the meeting.

It was therefore in high spirits that, early in July, 1564, accompanied by her husband, she set out from Chambéry to join the French court at Lyon.

Her nephew Charles IX came out to meet her as far as the château of Miribel on Lake Bourget. And there they dined together on the 4th of July, proceeding afterwards to Lyon.

In this city Margaret met many old friends

[1] *Lettres*, II, 128. [2] *Ibid.*, I, 303.

and relatives whom she had not seen since her marriage : her aunt, Renée of Ferrara, her niece the third Margaret, now a blooming maiden of twelve, very precocious even for those precocious days, her *bon père* the Constable,[1] her cousin Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre and the Queen's son, the eleven year old Prince Henry, afterwards King Henry IV. At Lyon also she rejoiced to find her former chancellor, Michel de l'Hospital, her good friend the Cardinal of Lorraine and her physician Dr. Castellane, from whose treatment she had derived such benefit in 1560.

Dr. Castellane and the great Ambroise Parè were occupied at Lyon in observing the plague which had for some weeks been raging in the city ; and at the Queen's command Ambroise Parè was writing an account of the pestilence.

It is amazing to find the court staying on in so infected a spot, but, according to the English ambassador, Catherine lingered in daily expectation of the arrival of her cousin, the Duke of Ferrara.

The surrounding sickness, however, did not damp the gaiety of the court. And for three weeks feasting and merriment were the order of

[1] In one of Margaret's letters (Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3260, *Fo.* 5), which, although undated, was probably written after her marriage, reference is made to the Constable's proposed visit to Margaret. I have been unable to discover whether that visit took place.

the day.[1] Catherine thought that the best way to pacify France was to amuse it. Consequently she employed all her Italian taste and ingenuity in devising banquets and tournaments, masques and concerts by land and by water.[2] She had now organised her famous *escadre volante*, those eighty maids of honour, who, robed as goddesses but alluring as mortals, were intended to ensnare the Protestant nobles and win them to arts of peace. They had already caught in their toils the feeble, fascinating Condé.

Beneath her apparent frivolity Catherine was intent on the ruin of the Huguenot party. The warnings of Poltrot de Méré were never absent from her mind. One of the objects of this progress was to show the King the ravages committed by Huguenots in the recent war while carefully concealing from him the damage done by Catholics. At Lyon the court was in a Huguenot city. The Protestant ambassador of England, Sir Thomas Smith, was pleased to find that in the cathedral church of Lyon, where he conferred the order of the garter on Charles IX, there "was never an image" or books of service, that only one mass was said in the day, and that at the saying the worshippers did not kneel but stood upright.

[1] Paradin, *Histoire de Lyon*, p. 379; Abel Jouan *Le Voyage de Charles IX en France* (Pièces Fugitives par le Marquis d'Aubais, I, pp. 3–9); Péricaud, *op. cit.*, pp. 42 *et seq.*; *Cal. St. Papers, Foreign*, 1564–5, pp. 157 *et seq.*, etc. [2] M. de Valois, *Mémoires*, p. 8, Fêtes on arrival of Duke and Duchess of Savoy.

Before entering this hotbed of Protestantism, Catherine had taken every precaution. She had sent the Constable on before to secure the citadel and with orders to keep the keys of it as long as the court should remain at Lyon. With the object of overawing the Protestants, Catherine chose this time of the court's sojourn at Lyon for the adoption of repressive measures. The Huguenot princesses, Renée of Ferrara, and Jeanne d'Albret, were forbidden to hold Reformed services in their apartments. Protestant nobles, whom the Treaty of Amboise permitted to hold Reformed services in their castles, were forbidden to admit outsiders to their worship.

Such measures must have grieved Margaret. Now as always she was doing her best to promote peace between the two parties by urging the Huguenots to abstain from violence and by attempting to convince Catherine of the dangers of coercion.

Meanwhile the Duke and Duchess of Savoy were not unmindful of their personal interests and of those of their state. They pressed for the payment of a part of Margaret's marriage portion long overdue and for the surrender of those fortresses in Piedmont still garrisoned by French troops. Considering the emptiness of the royal exchequer at that time they were probably as unsuccessful in carrying the first point as we know them to have been in the last.[1]

[1] It was not until a few days before Margaret's death that the French finally evacuated Piedmont.

All this time the plague was growing worse and worse. One or two men died in the street right in front of the English ambassador's house. Corpses lay in the roadway, abandoned in the most inhuman manner by the inhabitants, who, leaving the sick to die of hunger and lack of tending, flocked in thousands to listen to the daily sermons. At length the court was driven to leave the city, and about the 17th of July to take refuge at Trevieu, some ten miles out. But even there they ran great danger, for all their victuals had to be fetched from the infected city.

Towards the end of the month they finally left the neighbourhood of Lyon and proceeded to Roussillon. About that time the Duke of Savoy took his leave of the court for a while, the Duchess remaining behind and accompanying her friends to Avignon. There in October she was rejoined by her husband. And there, wrote the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Smith, he had much courteous talk with the Duke and Duchess. It was then being proposed that the Duke should pay a second visit to England to confer upon one of Elizabeth's nobles the order of St. Michael, by which King Charles wished to reciprocate the Queen's favour in investing him with the order of the garter. This plan however was afterwards abandoned.

It was probably at Avignon that Margaret bade farewell to the French court and to so many

Phot. Giraudon

ANNE DE MONTMORENCY
From a Clouet drawing at Chantilly

dear ones whom she was never to see again; for we find no mention of the Duke and Duchess in the accounts of the subsequent progress. Margaret was certainly not present at that fateful interview between Catherine and Alva, which took place at Bayonne in the following year, and where doubtless Spain encouraged Catherine in her sinister designs against the Huguenots.

Before leaving the court, Margaret received from her nephew the King a handsome gift in the shape of Aliscamps monuments from Arles; and we fear that her artistic sense did not prevent her from removing from the Arlesian cemetery those masterpieces of early Christian sculpture.

It was not long after the interview at Bayonne that civil war broke out again; and for two years (1566–1568) France was the scene of smoking ruins and clanging fights.

At the Battle of St. Denis, on the 10th of November, 1567, Margaret's *bon père* was fatally wounded; and two days later his eventful life of seventy-five years came to an end. He was as Ronsard calls him "the old Nestor" of sixteenth-century France.

> "*Duquel tousjours la langue au logis conseillait*
> *Et la vaillante main dans les champs batailloit.*" [1]

His counsel had not always been wise, his valiant hand had too often been raised in the

[1] Hymne IV, *de Henri Deuxiesme de ce Nom*. *Œuvres*, V, 73.

cause of oppression, but, according to his light, he had loyally served the house of Valois, and in Anne de Montmorency Margaret lost one of her best friends.

The following year, on the 23rd of March, Catholics and Huguenots again came to terms at Longjumeau. In this treaty, which was favourable to the Huguenots, the moderate counsels of Margaret and of the Chancellor l'Hospital prevailed for the last time. L'Hospital was dismissed from office in the following October. On hearing of the negotiations at Longjumeau, Margaret had written that her joy was greater than she could tell, for peace alone could bring prosperity to the realm, war could result in nothing but the ruin and destruction of the state.[1]

Alas! the Peace of Longjumeau was but short-lived. In seven months war broke out afresh. Passions raged fiercer and fiercer, Catherine fell more and more under the influence of Spain; and in 1572 came the catastrophe of the 24th of August.

Margaret had been powerless to avert the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. But she did her best to diminish the number of its victims, and she was able to save the life of her old friend, Michel de l'Hospital. Since his dismissal in 1568, l'Hospital had withdrawn from court to his country house at Vignay. But even there

[1] *Revue Historique, nu. cit.*, Letter VI to Morvilliers.

the hatred of the Spanish and extreme Catholic party pursued him. For his wife was a Protestant, and although he himself had never withdrawn from the Catholic Church he was known to be in sympathy with the Huguenots. Margaret realised her friend's danger and wrote to Catherine entreating her to provide for his safety. The Queen thereupon despatched a company of horse, who arrived only just in time to protect l'Hospital and his wife from the fury of the Catholic mob, who, after St. Bartholomew's Day, were preparing to follow in the provinces the example set by their co-religionists in Paris. In the deepest gratitude for so narrow an escape l'Hospital wrote to Margaret: "What kings and what powers hast thou not invoked, O noble princess, in these sorrowful days. Far distant wert thou, and yet thy protecting hand reached me here. But for thee I should now be groaning in a dungeon or buried in a tomb." [1]

In the same letter l'Hospital relates the anxiety he had suffered touching the fate of his daughter, Madame de Belesbat, who was in Paris on the night of St. Bartholomew. She was rescued by Margaret's cousin, Anne d'Este, Duchess of Nemours. Ever since the day when as the bride of her first husband, the Duke of Guise, l'Hospital had escorted Anne from Ferrara to Paris, the Duchess had cherished great esteem and affection

[1] Lib. VI., Ep. IX (ed. Dufey III, pp. 495–504).

for the Chancellor and for his family. While the massacre was raging Anne d'Este hid Madame de Belesbat in her house, and, when the fury of the Catholics had somewhat abated, she passed her off as her servant and drove with her out of Paris.

L'Hospital did not long survive the agonies of those August days. Only eight months later, on the 23rd of March, 1573, he died, expressing his gratitude to Margaret in his will, of which he left her, with Catherine, executrix.

It may be that Margaret herself never recovered from the shock of that terrible week, when her friend Coligny and so many others of the noblest and best in the land suffered death. In the two years of life which remained to her, Margaret did her best to succour those Huguenots who, having escaped from France with their lives, had left behind them all means of livelihood. To the support of the French Protestant refugees in Geneva the Duchess of Savoy subscribed annually four thousand florins.

CHAPTER XVI

LAST YEARS

Margaret's liberality—Her protection of Art and Learning in Savoy—French visitors at Turin—Paul de Foix and Henry III of France—Henry's cession of the last fortresses held by the French in Piedmont—The Rebel, Damville, at Turin—Sickness in the royal palace—Margaret's last letters and death—The policy of Savoy after her death.

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear."

EMILY BRONTË.

IN deeds of charity, in the encouragement of art and letters and in a voluminous correspondence with friends and relatives at European courts, Margaret spent the last years of her life.

As spinster and as matron she was renowned for her liberality, as to which her accounts[1] in the Bibliothèque Nationale speak for themselves. Here, for the year 1549, we find the entry of four *livres* ten *sous* given to an orphan at Fontainebleau, other sums by no means trifling bestowed

[1] See *ante*, p. 47.

on a sick day-labourer, on a poor soldier, on a poor student of Paris, on a blind woman at Fontainebleau, not to mention numerous items for alms distributed on her journeys.

As Duchess of Savoy Margaret had even more demands on her purse than as Princess of France. Piedmont had for years been the battle-ground of Europe. Its people, a constant prey to rival armies, had been reduced to the direst poverty. Margaret as Duchess set aside one-third of her revenue for charitable purposes. But that one-third was insufficient to supply all the claims made upon her. Her income did not cover her expenditure, and she died in debt.[1]

Those the Duchess most delighted to aid were young girls, whom she feared poverty might lead into slippery places, and needy gentlemen, especially those who had lost their substance in the wars. For once we may trust Brantôme, for as a witness to Margaret's generosity he is able to write from personal experience.[2] Returning from Malta, he tells how he passed through Turin and found the Duchess very gracious, giving large sums of money to Frenchmen who begged of her

[1] Her debts no doubt were also partly owing to the fact that the revenues to which her marriage contract entitled her had never been regularly paid. Thus in 1572 we find these sums eight years in arrear (Archivio di Stato, Turin, Matrimoni della Real Casa di Savoia, 102, No. 9).

[2] *Œuvres, ed. cit.*, VIII, 134. When he tells scandalous tales of Margaret he admits that he writes from hearsay.

and to some offering them without being asked. "I for my own part," he continues, "know it from experience; for Madame la Comtesse de Pancalier,[1] sister of M. de Retz, a favourite of the Duchess and one of her ladies, inviting me to supper in her room, gave me a purse of five hundred crowns from the aforesaid great lady, who had loved my aunt, Madame de Dampierre and my mother."

This gift Brantôme protests that he refused. He may or may not have done so. But if he did, he was doubtless exceptional. Most of his countrymen were less independent. And he himself tells us that "no Frenchman, travelling beyond the mountains, had ever to complain that when, in his necessity, he appealed to the Duchess she did not help him in every way and give him money for his journey." Ambroise Parè, when he cured a man, used to refuse any credit to himself, saying: "I dressed the wound, God healed the patient." So Margaret, when she aided a fellow-countryman in distress bade him give thanks to God alone, in whose hands she was but an instrument.

But in succouring her compatriots the Duchess did not forget her own subjects. The far-reaching reforms undertaken by Emmanuel Philibert in

[1] Madame Dubescq, whom Catherine had sent to be present at the birth of Margaret's child (see *ante* p. 237) and who afterwards married the Count of Pancalieri.

agriculture and in industry, in the army, the navy and the judicature, made extensive demands on his exchequer. Vast sums also he had been compelled to spend on fortifying his dominions. When he and Margaret first entered Turin in 1562 they found the fortifications in ruins; for the French had pulled down the old walls and were constructing new ones, which were only just begun when the city was surrendered. The same thing had happened in other parts of Piedmont. To raise funds for these necessary works and reforms the Duke was compelled to levy high imposts, one of the most unpopular of which was the salt tax imposed by edict in 1563.

To behold her subjects crushed beneath the burden of heavy taxes, suffering from the plague of the leeches (*la playe des sangsues*), as Margaret called her husband's tax-gatherers, was to her pitiful heart a constant source of sorrow. And she rejoiced when in the year before her death she succeeded in persuading her husband to grant one year's exemption from the salt tax to the town of Bourg-en-Bresse.

In her care for her subjects' minds Margaret was as indefatigable as in her concern for their bodies.

And it must have greatly pleased her to find already existing in Savoy a system of education, both primary and secondary, which, through the recent wars, had not suffered as much as

one would expect. There was no country in Europe where in the sixteenth century elementary education was carried on to the same extent as in Savoy. Early in the century it would have been difficult to find a parish which did not possess its schoolmaster, and in certain districts there were even hamlet schools, groups of *petites écoles de hameau*. Mere chapels-of-ease became centres of instruction for the neighbourhood. And in one commune the inhabitants clubbed together to endow the chapel with a revenue sufficient to support a priest who should educate their children. During the first half of the century numerous colleges had been founded and enriched by wealthy benefactors and benefactresses. As early as 1410, the town of Roche possessed two schools, one of which, a hundred years later, was converted into a college numbering, in 1574, no less than three hundred pupils.[1]

At the head of the educational system of Piedmont was the University of Turin, which, in 1558, had been closed by the French. The Duke, when in the following year he was restored to his dominions, fixed the university temporarily at Mondovi, where it remained until, in 1562, after the French surrender of the capital, it became possible to restore the seat of learning to its ancient site. Mondovi however was unwilling to cede its privileges; prolonged

[1] Saint-Genis, *Hist. de Savoie*, Vol. III, p. 477.

negotiations followed, and not until four years later was the university moved to Turin; Mondovi having been compensated by the foundation of a college.

Under Margaret's protection Turin, like Bourges, became renowned for the teaching of jurisprudence. The great Cujas, as we have seen, came to Turin at the invitation of the Duchess; and famous Italian jurists also taught there.

The arts of poetry, painting and music also received encouragement from Margaret. Affiliated to the Pléiade was a school of Savoyard poets, famous in their own day, although the name of but one of their number, Claude de Buttet, has been remembered by posterity. Buttet was born at Chambèry about 1529. Introduced to Margaret by the Cardinal de Chatillon, and having recited his verses before her in the Louvre, he became one of her ardent admirers, composing an epithalamium [1] and several sonnets in her honour. Among the best is one beginning:

> *"Dans le jardin où les neuf sœurs m'ont mis*
> *Sur un dur marbre entre les fleurs d'elite*
> *Ces vers j'engrave à une Marguerite*
> *A qui les Dieux ont mon estre soumis."* [2]

It has been suggested that his longest poem, *l'Amalthée*, was inspired by the Duchess of Savoy.

[1] See dedication to his *Epithalame*.

[2] Claude de Buttet. *Œuvres* (ed. Jouaust).

Buttet, like so many of Margaret's friends, died a Huguenot.

Every student of Italian art is acquainted with the Piedmontese school of painting which was encouraged by Margaret and her husband, and adorned by the artist, Lanino, whose works are still to be seen in great numbers at Turin, Vercelli, Milan and Novara. But Margaret's own painter was a foreigner, Christophe Amberger, the friend of Holbein; and Holbein's portraits of Luther, Calvin, Catherine Bora and Erasmus were among the treasures of Margaret's gallery.

Music had flourished in Piedmont throughout the French occupation; and Brissac's orchestra of Piedmontese violins had been so admired by Henry II that the Marshal had felt constrained to place it at the King's disposal.[1] Margaret too appreciated the musical gifts of her subjects; for, as we have seen,[2] she was an accomplished musician. The Frenchman, Goudimel,[3] was her favourite composer; and his accompaniments to the Psalms of David, arranged in four parts for performance in the family circle, she loved to play upon the lute.

[1] Baltazarino, the conductor of this orchestra, was appointed valet de chambre to the King. And until the reign of Henry III he composed all the ballets danced at the French court.

[2] *Ante* p. 35.

[3] Having become a Protestant, Goudimel perished in the massacre which followed St. Bartholomew at Lyon, where his body was cast into the river.

Like most French princesses who married abroad, Margaret lived in French style. Her household, with the exception of a few Piedmontese maidens, was entirely French. Her doctor, Guy du Moulin, a distinguished man of science, was a native of Blois and a friend of Montaigne. Margaret knew no greater pleasure than to welcome to her court emissaries from France. French ambassadors travelling to Italian courts were always welcome at Turin.

Thus, in 1573, Margaret was visited by the eminent diplomatist, Paul de Foix, who was on his way to convey the thanks of Charles IX to the Pope and to other Italian princes for the support they had given the King's brother, Henry, Duke of Anjou, in his candidature for the crown of Poland. In the ambassador's suite came the future historian, De Thou, who in his *Memoirs* [1] relates that they found the Duke ill of a quartan fever, and the Duchess, "as intelligent as she was virtuous," managing all his affairs.

The situation of Turin on one of the great European high roads brought Margaret in the following year another visitor in the person of her nephew, Henry d'Anjou. Barely had Paul de Foix performed his mission, when its occasion, Henry's reign in Poland, abruptly came to an end. Ever since St. Bartholomew Charles IX,

[1] Ed. Michaud et Poujoulat, 1ère sèrie, XI, 278.

haunted by the horror of that terrible night, had been sinking into the grave. On the 30th of May, 1574, he died. Charles left no son, and on his death, his brother, Henry d'Anjou, became King of France. Henry no sooner heard of his accession to the French throne than he decided to leave Poland immediately. On the 18th of June, slipping out of his capital by stealth, he made in all haste for the frontier, fleeing more like a thief than a king. In those troubled times his fear was that if he were absent the French crown might be reft from him; and he was no doubt only too eager to leave a country where his only pleasure had been to receive letters from France.

Fearing the hostility of the Protestant princes, the conqueror of the Huguenots in the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour deemed it wise to avoid Germany and to enter Italy by way of Vienna. Exactly one month after his flight from Cracow, Henry entered Venice. With all possible pomp and magnificence, on the 18th of July, the King of France in the admiral's galley, followed by the Bucentaur and hundreds of gaily decorated gondolas, entered the harbour of the Republic. At night the city was illuminated with lights in the forms of columns, pyramids and fleurs-de-lis. By day regattas, banquets and concerts entertained the King. In the church of St. Mark, the most Christian sovereign

was present at a solemn *Te Deum.* At ball and concert, the beauties of Venice displayed their seductive charms.

The King's impatience to return to France had now completely vanished. The son of an Italian mother and much more Italian than French, in Italy he was at home. To his voluptuous nature the atmosphere of Venice was paradise. Despite the Queen Mother's entreaties that he would hasten back to France, in Venice he lingered ten days, spending enormous sums on jewels and on perfumes. During this visit any virility Henry might ever have possessed forsook him. His Italian journey rendered him utterly womanish. Henceforth he eschewed all manly exercises. Fearing air and sunshine, he cared only to lie beneath a canopy in a painted gondola, more passionately than any woman addicted to perfumes, earrings, lap-dogs and all manner of ornaments.

At length, quitting Venice on the 28th of July, Henry, accompanied by his uncle, the Duke of Savoy, who had come to Venice to meet him, proceeded slowly by way of Padua, Ferrara, Mantua and Vercelli to Turin, where he arrived on the 12th of August.

One might have expected anyone so bountifully endowed with common sense as Margaret to have turned away in disgust from the painted, perfumed fop, who, borne in a glass

litter, now entered her capital. But Henry was a family favourite, the darling of his mother, of his sister Margaret [1] and of his aunt, who now welcomed him right royally.

The Duchess had herself superintended all arrangements for her nephew's entertainment.[2] Feasts succeeded each other so fast that there was scarce time for sleeping, and one repast alone cost 100,000 crowns. To pay for all this magnificence the government was compelled to contract a loan and to levy a new impost on the already overtaxed people.

But Margaret doubtless considered such lavish expenditure justified by the end she had in view. She knew how to touch her nephew's heart; and by these festivities she intended to win from the King of France those long-coveted fortresses which the French still held in Piedmont. She tempted him with the fresh ices of Turin and the succulent melons of Asti. And for this mess of pottage Henry was quite ready to sell the last footing of the French in Italy [3] and to part with the towns of Perosa, Savigliano and Pinerolo, which were all that remained of many years of warfare. Without consulting either

[1] Only in her girlhood. They quarrelled later as Margaret relates in her Memoirs.

[2] See Nolhac et Solerti, *Il viaggio in Italia di Enrico III* (1890).

[3] There still remained the marquisate of Saluzzo, concerning which there were to be many disputes later, but that was not held by the French directly.

his council or the Queen Mother, he agreed to their unconditional surrender, a measure for which he was to be severely blamed on his return to France.

Thus at Turin it was not all feasting for Henry. His aunt seasoned her melons of Asti with judicious advice and Catherine insisted upon thrusting affairs of state upon her voluptuous son; to meet him in Piedmont she sent counsellors who were to instruct him as to the duties of kingship and as to the rules for the ordering of a court. At Turin also Henry had to make an important decision. For there he was confronted by the arch-rebel of his kingdom, Damville, Governor of Languedoc, the second and by far the most brilliant of Anne de Montmorency's sons.

Damville was the leader of those moderate Catholics or *Politiques*, who, ever since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, had thrown in their lot with the Protestants of southern France. And backed by these two important parties, the Maréchal de Damville had for the last two years been playing the part of an independent sovereign in his province of Languedoc. He was now, in this year 1574, projecting a European Protestant League, which was to include the Queen of England, the German Princes and the Duke of Alençon.

Catherine had attempted to arrest and then to poison Damville, but in vain; all she had been

EMMANUEL PHILIBERT
From a painting by Giacomo Vighi (L'Argento) in the Pinacoteca at Turin

able to do was to throw his elder brother, François, Duke of Montmorency, into the Bastille. Now, at the invitation of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, and, having extracted a safe-conduct from Catherine, Damville came to Turin to confer with his sovereign.

Incited no doubt by the Queen Mother, Henry had found time among the festivities of Venice to write to Damville. And at Ferrara he received an emissary from the Maréchal, who came bringing letters of submission. Thereupon the King dictated a letter in which he invited Damville to come and meet him in Piedmont. "Come with all possible speed and meet me in the country of my uncle, the Duke of Savoy," he wrote. "And accept the measures of security which he offers you. You will find me not only ready to listen to your justifications and your complaints, but everything that you can desire." All his life, the King brazenly protests, he had made a point of keeping his word. And now he is entering his kingdom firmly resolved not to shed the blood of his subjects but rather to embrace them in that affection which a good prince must ever bear towards his people. Then with his own hand the King repeated the invitation in a postscript: "Come to me at my uncle's," he wrote. "There you will be in perfect safety. And I shall be pleased and shall welcome you gladly."

In the light of subsequent events which were to cause Margaret great anxiety, these protestations of the King have an ugly look.

The Duke of Savoy, acting in better faith than his nephew, likewise entreated Damville to come, offering to send for him his admiral's galley and promising him a safe conduct by land and sea.

Damville accepted the invitation and reached Turin about the 20th of August.

Margaret, as well as her husband, had eagerly desired this meeting. Confiding in her nephew's good sense, she hoped to effect an agreement between him and his rebellious chief. And indeed it was largely on Margaret's clever diplomacy that Henry and the Duke of Savoy depended when they invited Damville to Turin. Margaret's lifelong affection for the house of Montmorency had, since her marriage, been strengthened by family ties, for Damville's mother, Madeleine de Montmorency, with whom Margaret was in regular correspondence,[1] was the cousin of Emmanuel Philibert. Moreover Margaret's sympathy with the Protestants and her affection for her nephew seemed to render her an ideal peacemaker.

But even the tact of the Duchess of Savoy was powerless to contend against the obtuse-

[1] See Margaret's letters to Madame la Connétable in La Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3015, 3152, 3238, 3320, etc.

ness or the treachery of her royal nephew. Henry had either from the first intended to entrap Damville by luring him to Turin or he was too stupid to see what a fine opportunity this meeting offered him of making peace with the rebels of Languedoc. Far from making Damville his friend, the King alienated him for ever. And when the Maréchal bade Henry farewell, he hoped he might never see his sovereign again save in a picture.

As a condition of Damville's coming, the King had undertaken to listen patiently to the demands of the rebels. But instead of keeping his promise, Henry declared to Damville at the outset that their chief demand, which was for liberty to hold Protestant services in public, was altogether out of the question. All the King would grant them was liberty of conscience in the home and permission to celebrate baptisms and marriages there, but never in the presence of more than ten persons. So from the very beginning of the interview all grounds of agreement vanished. And, having made the first fatal blunder of his reign, the King, accompanied by the Duke of Savoy, left Piedmont to return to France. Damville remained behind at Turin.

And now Margaret was plunged into perplexity. On Henry's departure there seems to have been a tacit understanding that Damville was not to be permitted to leave Turin

until he received further orders from the King. And, on the 30th of August, Henry wrote to his aunt requesting her not to let the Maréchal leave her capital before the 12th of September, before which date he hoped to see the Queen Mother and to consult with her as to his attitude towards Damville. At the same time the Duke wrote urging the Maréchal to obey his sovereign's demands and assuring him that they were for his good. Having arrived at Lyon and seen his mother, the King wrote again to Damville. The letter began tentatively by asking Damville whether Henry would be breaking his word if he were to supersede him in his command ; but it concluded on a more peremptory note by commanding the Maréchal to remain in the dominions of the Duke of Savoy and to deliver up certain strongholds in Languedoc into the hands of the King's captains.

This letter must have convinced Damville that when he was enticed to Turin he had been lured into a trap, and it must have strengthened Margaret's suspicion that from the first Henry had had designs against the liberty of her guest. A letter to her husband,[1] which she wrote on the 12th of September, is full of anxious concern.

" My Lord," she writes, " by a courrier and by the King's valet-de-chambre, Monsieur le

[1] Archivio di Stato, Turin.

Maréchal Damville has received letters from his Majesty, of which he sends you copies. . . . They cause him anxiety, especially seeing that he has heard nothing from you. You will see that the King only permits him to retire into his province on certain conditions which he sets forth. . . . The said Seigneur Maréchal is greatly concerned at having heard nothing from you except what you wrote to me in the letter I received this morning in which you say you have received the Maréchal's despatch. This message I gave him, and it still further increased his anxiety, for he is of opinion that the letter brought him by the King's valet-de-chambre was written without your knowledge. And this prevents him from departing without having heard from you. For this reason I entreat of you to tell him what to do and to remember the promise which you and I made when we invited him to come here, namely that we would send him back to the same place and to the same command that he held previously. Whereas the letter from his Majesty would indicate that he has other designs. In case this despatch should find you on the road [i.e. probably, on his return journey, he already having parted from the King], I entreat you, my Lord, to send some messenger to their Majesties."

We may conclude from Margaret's letter that the Duke was either ignorant of Henry's treachery towards Damville or that he preferred to keep silence on the matter. But it is clear that had the Maréchal remained in captivity at Turin

both the Duke and the Duchess would have broken faith with him. Accordingly, with Margaret's connivance, Damville escaped from Turin and reached his province in safety.[1]

But we must return to the conclusion of Henry's visit to Turin. So much feasting in the heat of August would seem to have wrought disaster among the King's hosts. His cousin the Prince of Piedmont fell sick of a fever, and the Duke succumbed to an attack of his chronic malady. When Henry departed, Emmanuel Philibert was too ill to mount a horse. But he insisted on accompanying his guest as far as Lyon and on being carried in a litter at the head of the body of Piedmontese troops which were to escort the King across the Alps, in order to protect him from the hostility of the Protestant mountaineers. With the Waldensian peasants the monarch who had defeated their co-religionists at Jarnac and at Moncontour was by no means a *persona grata*. Indeed Protestants all the world over would have considered it a virtuous deed to deprive France of her new monarch.

Thus, barely had the Piedmontese escort quitted

[1] For the above narrative the writer is chiefly indebted to François de Crue's *Le Parti des Politiques* (pp. 239 *et seq.*). But Margaret's letter of the 12th of September, which throws such a vivid light on the situation, seems to have been unknown to the author of this work.

the King at the little Bridge of Beauvoisin—so named by some early Count of Savoy out of compliment to the King of France, his "fine neighbour" or *beau voisin*—when the Protestants of Dauphiné attacked the royal company, pillaging the King's waggons and capturing his horses, but failing to do as they had hoped and to secure the royal person.

Meanwhile Catherine with eager impatience was awaiting the arrival of her son. Writing to Margaret as early as the 8th of August,[1] she said that she was travelling by night in all haste to Lyon to meet the King.

Again, on the 30th, she had written how from Margaret's letter she learned that four days earlier the King had left her. But it was the 5th of September before Henry and Catherine met at Bourgoin, whither the Queen Mother had come out from Lyon to meet her son.

The Duchess of Savoy was expected to speedily follow her husband and her nephew and to join the French court at Lyon, which town Henry and the Duke had entered on the 6th of September. Catherine had written that she was counting the days until her sister-in-law's arrival. "I will secure apartments for you and your ladies and servants," wrote the Queen, "the same that you had before if they were to your liking; if not, tell me and I will procure you lodging where-

[1] *Lettres*, C. de Médicis, V, p. 80.

soever you please. Only think, Madame, I already rejoice, and next to seeing the King, to see you will be a refuge from all those griefs and misfortunes, from which, since I had the happiness of meeting you last, I have so greatly suffered." [1]

But Margaret's eagerly looked for visit to Lyon was never to take place. She was detained at Turin by the illness of her son. Emmanuel Philibert had been hearing constantly from his wife as to the progress of his son's illness. But in one of those letters written on the 12th of September,[2] from the Prince's bedside, Margaret mentioned that she herself "had not been as well as she could wish." "But now, thank God," she adds reassuringly, "I am better." Her indisposition had been but a little fever, so she said, and she regretted it chiefly because it had kept her from her son. But the Duchess must then have been much worse than she wished her husband to think. For, two days later, unable to put pen to paper, she was forced to dictate the letter, which was the last she ever composed. With her habitual courage and consideration for others Margaret still made light of her illness.

"My Lord," ran the missive, "I received your letter by the gentleman who is the bearer of this.

[1] *Lettres*, C. de Médicis, V, p. 80.

[2] The same in which she wrote of Damville. *Ante* p. 298.

And I pray you to excuse my replying with my own hand because of a slight fever from which I am suffering. The doctors here are communicating with yours as to our son's illness and I depend on them to tell all necessary details. My sickness would be nothing did it not keep me from my son. Hoping nevertheless that all will go well with the help of Our Lord, whom I pray, after commending myself humbly to your good grace, to give you, my Lord, good health and a very long and happy life.

"From Turin, this 12th day of September, '74.

"Your very humble and obedient wife,

"MARGARET OF FRANCE."[1]

Two days later, on September 14th, the last Sacrament having been administered to her by the Archbishop of Turin, Margaret died. In the words of an old chronicler, she turned her face to the wall and her life went out like a candle.

[1] "Monseigneur, J'ay receu vostre lettre par le gentilhomme present porteur et vous prie mexcuser si ne fais response de ma main pour un peu de fiebvre qui mest survenue. Ces medecins escripvent au Vostre l'estat de l'indisposition de nostre fils dont men remets a eulx. De mon mal ce nest pas grand cas sinon quil me desplait ne me pouvoir tenir auprès de lui. Esperant neanmoins que tout passera bien aidant N.S. lequel je prie, appres mes humbles recommandations à Vostre bonne grace Vous donner, Monseigneur, en très bonne santé très longue et heureuse vie. De Turin ce xii de Settembre, 74.

"Vostre tres humble

"et tres hobeissante femme

"MARGUERITE DE FRÄCE."

Turin Archives, *Lettere di Principi.*

Unobtrusively and courageously as she had lived, so she died. The great object of her later years had been accomplished: she had freed her adopted land from the foreigner. And now, worn out by the fatigues and anxieties of past weeks, she was tired. She had yearned for peace and now peace lapped her round. Such an end she would have desired—to escape a long illness causing anxiety to her friends. Her sickness had been so sudden that there had been no time to summon relatives from a distance to her bedside. She had been spared

> " the whispering crowded room,
> The friends who come, and gape, and go."

The last sad parting with her husband she might have dreaded. But he did not return until three days after her death. And then, as she would have wished, he went straight to the twelve year old motherless boy, whose fever was then abating.[1]

Margaret, according to modern ideas, died young, at the age of one and fifty. But it was not young for the period in which she lived; for in those days few lived so long. The average Renaissance woman, whose married life began at fifteen, was worn out at fifty. Then as now

[1] See letter from Emmanuel Philibert to Nemours, dated the 23rd of September, 1574, where the Duke thanks God for having restored his son, who had been in great extremity (Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3236, *Fo.* 59).

men lived shorter lives than women. And in that troubled and insanitary period, so many were the adverse chances of war, disease, poison, assassination and other accidents, that few lived to die in their beds of old age. Indeed, as Montaigne remarks, the so-called "natural death" was the most unnatural. Montaigne at forty considered that he had already entered the avenues of old age. Margaret's contemporaries therefore probably considered that she had told her full tale of years. To Margaret was it given to live considerably longer than her mother, Queen Claude, and than her maternal grandmother, Anne of Brittany. The latter into her brief span of thirty-seven years packed no less than three marriages with three great princes; her first husband was the Emperor Maximilian, to whom she was married by proxy, her second King Charles VIII of France, and her third his successor Louis XII, who, in order to marry Anne, and unite to the crown her great duchy of Brittany, divorced his poor little deformed wife, Jeanne. The lives of Renaissance princesses may have been brief, but they were crowded. A few great ladies of that age lived to be old women. Among such exceptions to the common rule were Queen Elizabeth, Queen Margot, Renée of France and Diana of Poitiers, who all died over sixty. But those who died in the fifties were much more numerous.

On the whole, and considering the period in which she lived, Margaret's life had been a happy one. Her early years had been tenderly guarded by her aunt of Angoulême. At her brother's court, the friend and patroness of poets and scholars, she held just that position which she most desired. Her husband, while no more inconstant than most husbands of that time, was ever her affectionate comrade and friend. And to Margaret was it granted to realise the ardent wish of the Duke and of his subjects and to bear an heir to the dominions of Savoy. Moreover to her was it given to receive one of the most precious of gifts which any fairy godmother can bestow on a child at its birth : the gift of a happy disposition, which enabled her to sail serenely, with unruffled brow through all the tempests and tumults of that troubled time.

Margaret was buried in the Cathedral Church of St. John at Turin. The ceremony was attended with the usual pomps, described at length in documents preserved in the Turin State Archives. Three orations were pronounced in her honour—at Turin, by Angelo Giustiniani, Bishop of Geneva, at Lyon by Charles Pascal, and at Paris, in the cathedral of Notre Dame by Antoine Sorbin.

A magnificent monument was erected to Margaret in the most ancient burial-place of the House of Savoy, the Abbey of Hautecombe,

built on a noble rock overhanging Lake Bourget and almost facing Aix-les-Bains. The Abbey dates from the twelfth century when Count Amadeus III of Savoy granted the land to St. Bernard. To-day the gleaming white towers of the monastery rising above the lake cannot fail to arrest the admiring glance of the traveller as the train whizzes him along the opposite bank. But on closer acquaintance the visitor who travels out from Aix to visit this famous spot, discovers these towers to be comparatively new and so painfully ornate as to suggest the Victorian Gothic of Sir Gilbert Scott. Indeed since Margaret's day the Abbey has undergone so many changes that little now remains of the old building and nothing of the monument to Margaret.

At the French Revolution the monastic buildings were seized by the government. And all the most valuable marbles were either removed at once or put up for sale. Left in an unprotected condition and exposed to all the fury of the tempests surging across the lake and through the mountain gorges, the roof of the Abbey fell in, and the church with its remaining tombs became a ruin. The poet, Alphonse de Lamartine, writing in 1849, refers to it as a pyramid of black ruins.[1] Later it was restored by the princes

[1] "En face l'Abbaye d'Hautecombe pyramidait en noir devant nous."

of Savoy, who however have long since ceased to use it as a burying-place.[1]

The history of Hautecombe explains why the traveller may there ask in vain for the stately mausoleum once erected to Margaret of France. He will probably be referred to the glorious tomb of another Margaret[2] at Brou. For even the name of our Margaret appears to be unknown in the place which once sheltered so glorious a monument to her memory. Of that monument we have a detailed description in Guichenon's *History of Savoy*.[3] And there we may read that beneath a bronze medallion of the Duchess were four crowns of olive, oak, laurel and palm with the words: *his summam meruit cœlo.* Guichenon has also preserved the Latin inscription and the French sonnet by Baccio del Bene, which were engraved on a tablet of bronze. The former ran:

"*D. O. M.* [*et*] *Margaretæ a Francia Eman. Phil. Allobrogum ducis conjugi, integerrimæ Bartholomeus Delbene patricius florentinus Dominæ suæ benegnissimæ cujus prudentia et liberalitate*

[1] The descendants of the Dukes of Savoy, the Kings of Sardinia, were buried in the Superga at Turin; their yet more recent descendants, the Kings of Italy, find their last resting-place on the Capitol at Rome.

[2] Margaret of Austria, daughter of Maximilian and wife of an earlier Duke Philibert of Savoy. See Matthew Arnold's poem on her tomb at Brou.

[3] Vol. I, pp. 700–701.

pluribus animi et fortunæ bonis ornatus et auctus fuit ut tanti beneficii memoria posteris alicunde innotesceret parum fidens de carminis a se compositi diuturnitate incidi curavit et posuit. Anno salutis christianæ 1576 post Kalendas novembres.[1]

In del Bene's sonnet to Margaret are to be found perhaps the most graceful of all the many verses inspired by her death :

" Si la vertu était chose mortelle
Qui comme nous un corps frêle eut vêtu,
J'oserais dire : ' Ici gyt la vertu,
L'honneur, les arts enterrés avec elle.'

" Sans la nommer, assez l'on connait celle
Qui a toujour le vice combattu
Et ce qui a par la France abattu
L'Hidre à cent chefs qu'ignorance on appelle.

" Mais si vertu n'est sujète au tombeau
Ainsi que nous : ains luit comme un flambeau
Volant au ciel, quand la terre elle quitte.

" Ceux qui de nuit en haut lèvent les yeux,
Voyant reluire un nouvel astre aux cieux,
Diront que c'est l'astre de Marguerite."

Ronsard had been Margaret's poet laureate. And he was still adored as " the prince of poets." But from his lyre much of its early sweetness had departed ; and in somewhat frigid lines he mourned the death of his benefactress :

" *Il ne restoit plus rien du germe tout divin*
Du premier Roy François (car déjà le Destin

[1] Nov. 2nd.

Et la cruelle Parque en avoient fait leur proye)
Que Marguerite seule, honneur de la Savoye,
Celeste fleur-de-lis, quand le sort envieux,
Pour appauvrir le monde, en enrichit les cieux." [1]

Had Du Bellay been alive he would have lamented his mistress in tones tenderer and more personal.

After her husband, she who most deeply mourned Margaret was Catherine. It may be difficult to feel pity for anyone who caused so much suffering to her fellow-creatures as did Catherine. Yet we must in some compassion admit that the Queen Mother was now a lonely woman, dreaded by her children and mistrusted by her subjects. Had Margaret been at her side during the troubled years which followed King Henry's death, perhaps the course of French history might have been different. For, if anyone could influence the Queen Mother, it was her sister-in-law. She and Margaret had been close friends from childhood ; and to their reunion at Lyon Catherine, as we have seen, had been eagerly looking forward.

The Queen's letter to Emmanuel Philibert on receiving the tidings of Margaret's death,[2] by its unusual brevity and concision spoke of the tempest of grief which was surging in her

[1] *Le Tombeau de Marguerite de France, Duchesse de Savoye. Œuvres*, VIII, 177.

[2] *Lettres*, C. de M., V, p. 88.

heart. For sympathy in their common sorrow Catherine turned to her aunt, Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, to whom on the 30th of September she wrote :

" Madam, my Aunt, I doubt not that you have felt the sorrow which has fallen upon us all in the loss of Madam, your niece. To me it is especially grievous because of the respect and close friendship in which I have held her ever since I had the honour to come into this kingdom. Had it not been for her my life would have been unbearable. . . . And after the sorrow of losing the late King, my son, God showeth me that he will not take me . . . . and hath sent me this affliction, to see depart before me that wise and virtuous princess with whom I had been nurtured. In her, I may say, I never discovered towards me anything but the most perfect affection. Now, Aunt, I will not further revive the grief which I know you must have suffered. And I beseech you to hold and keep and preserve me in your good grace.

" Your very good niece,

" CATHERINE." [1]

Renée replied in letters of condolence to Catherine and to her daughter, the third Margaret. And these letters were acknowledged by the latter in that pious manner which this impious person was later to affect in her famous Memoirs.

[1] *Lettres*, V, p. 91.

"Madam," wrote Queen Margot,[1] "it is impossible for me to tell you how seasonable were the letters which, so full of consolation, it pleased you to write on the death of the late Madame de Savoye. Greatly did they alleviate the natural sorrow and extreme regret inspired by a loss common to us both and so great that it can hardly be expressed. Being both of us in the same affliction and having need of consolation, meseemeth Madam that we can nowhere seek it better than in Him who comforteth the sorrowing hearts of those whom he trieth with affliction, and who, disposing of us according to his good pleasure, desireth that we should conform to his will.

"And now, Madam, seeing that you know far better than I can tell you all things appertaining to the patience necessary for the bearing of so great a sorrow, I will write no more save to thank you humbly for having thought of me and sent me consolation at a moment when I so greatly needed it. Assuring you that I am ever obliged to you and ever disposed to render you humble service. Meanwhile, Madam, I pray to God, after having humbly commended myself to your good grace, that he will give you in good health, a very happy and long life. From Lyon, this fourteenth day of October, 1574.

"Your humble niece,

"MARGUERITE." [2]

[1] She had married Henry, King of Navarre, two years earlier.

[2] Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3236, *Fo.* 63r°.

Emmanuel Philibert grieved deeply over his wife's death. On the 23rd of September, he wrote to the Duke of Nemours:

"Cousin, since the grief which I know you must have felt at the loss of so good a friend and kinswoman as was Madam, my late wife, must make you understand how great a sorrow reigns in my heart, it seemeth unnecessary for me to say more in this letter, and in truth I cannot express to you the smallest part of what I feel." [1]

During the six years of life that remained to him the Duke tenderly cherished his wife's memory. After her death he completely changed his manner of life, living chiefly in private.

Having insisted on the ratification of Margaret's last political act, the Treaty of Turin, by which Henry had undertaken to cede the three French fortresses, the Duke withdrew from his capital to his farms of La Vénerie and La Vigne Royale, where he lived the life of a pious country gentleman. He still kept in his hands the threads of all matters of foreign policy, but the immediate direction of other state affairs he left to his ministers. He died in 1580, leaving as his successor Margaret's son, Charles Emmanuel I, who was then eighteen.

Among the many memorials of Emmanuel Philibert in the state archives of Turin, there

[1] Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3236, *Fo.* 59. The letter, which is dictated, is quoted by Roger Peyre, *op. cit.*, p. 101.

is a tiny manuscript book, bound in threadbare black velvet and tied with rusty black ribbon, one of those *Tombeaux* of which we have spoken previously. This one, dedicated to Margaret's son, Charles Emmanuel, extols, in French and in Latin verse, the virtues and the noble deeds of her husband. Accompanying the verses is the picture of a tomb, at the head of which stands a woman with bright yellow hair, wearing a black robe and holding in her left hand a trumpet with a banner, bearing the cross of Savoy, while in her right are two crowns, one of olive to indicate that the Duke had a pacific temperament, the other of laurel to recall that in its despite he won victories in war. Alike illustration and verses are a crude almost childish performance, greatly inferior in merit to *Le Tombeau de Marguerite d'Angoulême* or even to the many *Tombeaux* consecrated to the memory of her niece, our Margaret. Here is no Denisot's pencil, no Ronsard's muse. And yet, treasured as it has been through so many centuries by the Princes of Savoy, this little book appeals to us as a precious relic of their great ancestor, Emmanuel Philibert, the second founder of Savoy.

The death of the Duchess had resulted in a weakening of the union between France and Savoy. But, as long as Emmanuel Philibert lived, the alliance was not openly broken. On the accession of Charles Emmanuel, however, the

two states became definitely hostile. The new Duke was restless and ambitious. He reverted to his grandfather's policy and allied himself with Spain, having married Catherine, the daughter of Philip II and Elizabeth of France.

In 1589, on the assassination of his cousin, Henry III, Charles Emmanuel laid claim to the crown of France. Some years later Henry IV retorted by claiming the duchy of Saluzzo and invading Savoy. But in 1601, the princes came to terms; the Duke of Savoy ceded a considerable part of his territorynorth of the Alps while the King of France finally renounced all claim to Saluzzo.

Henceforth Margaret's son adopted the policy, inaugurated by his parents, and concentrated his boundless ambition upon the extension of Savoy in Italy. His successors followed his example. From every European war, no matter how remote the combatants might be, the Dukes of Savoy, becoming first Kings of Sicily then Kings of Sardinia, reaped some advantage, acquiring one by one the towns of Lombardy, stripping it leaf by leaf as the saying goes, and finally turning to their own account the republican movements of Mazzini and Garibaldi, until, in 1861, Margaret's descendant, Victor Emmanuel II, was proclaimed by Garibaldi himself King of the Italian Peninsula. Building wiser than she knew, Margaret of France was yet one of the makers of Italy.

According to Agnes B. C. Dunbar.
Dictionary of Saintly Women (1905)
who refers to "Migne," Margaret was
beatified

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

TWO OF MARGARET'S AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

"[1] Mon pere, vous entendistes hier par les lettres des medecins l'amendement de madame ma petite niepce où elle continue graces à Dieu, ainsy que vous dira encores Batisses present porteur, sur lequel je remets le surplus de cest affaire et des aultres nouvelles de pardeça, et me suffit, mon pere, de vous remercyer de la bonne volonté qu'il vous plaist tousjous me porter, comme vous aves faict en l'occasion qui s'est presentée de faire trouver bon au Roy le sejour que j'ay faict icy, scaichant certainement que c'est à vous à qui je doy le contentement qu'il a de moy et que si peu que j'ay fait pardeça pour madame ma niepce a esté si bien remonstré de vostre part que le remercyment que le roy et la Royne m'en font est plus que n'ay merité, dont je me sentiroys plus obligée, n'estoyt que je m'asseure que vous feres tousjours pour moy comme pour vostre fille. Mon pere, vous me feistes donner avant vostre partement de ce lieu la confiscation de Tillon l'ung de mes gentilshommes, contre lequel le lieutenant Girat qui est à la court a informé. Touteffois, pour ce que il n'est si fort charge que sa faulte ne soit remissible, ainsy que vous entendres par ce porteur, je vous prye, mon pere, suyvant ce qu'il vous dira, demander pour moy au Roy sa grace en pardon, car je l'ay nourry jeune en ma maison, où je le tiens encores pour le present, et en attendant que vous en puisse remercyer

[1] Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3152, *Fo.* 46.

plus amplement, je me recommande bien fort à vostre bonne grace priant Dieu, mon pere, vous maintenir en la sienne.

" Vostre milieure fille et cousine

" MARGUERITE DE FRANCE.

"A mon cousin monsieur le duc de Monmorency
" Connestable de France."

Madame,[1] vous voires par les laitres que vous escrivent les medesins comme madame vostre petite fille continue an son amendement ; quan à mon jeugement j'espere madame, puis que l'onsieme nuit est pasée sans redoublement, que la catorsieme fera de mesme, nous avons bien aucasion de louer Dieu, quant à moy, il ne s'en faut guere que je ne le remersie d'avec bon cueur que quant il vous guerit à Ginville ; madame, je ne veullx oublier à vous dire que au son plus grand mal elle set tousjours souvenue du Roy et ne vouloit boire qu'an la coupe que luy a ballé son mari. J'ay esperance mes que j'aye l'eur de vous voir de vous feres de boncontes de ce qu'elle disoit, car toute malade elle estoit an ce courousant la plus jolie du monde. Ancepandant, madame, je vous supliray me tenir an la bonne grace du Roy et de vous tres humblement recommande, priant Dieu, madame, vous donner ce que desires.

" Vostre tres humble et tres aubeysante seur
et sugete MARGUERITE DE FRANCE.[2]

"A la Royne."

Although neither of these letters is dated, we may assume that they were written between 1552 and 1559, that is between Queen Catherine's illness at Joinville (Ginville) alluded to in the second letter, and which took place in 1552, and Margaret's marriage in 1559.

[1] Bib. Nat., *F.F.* 3152, *Fo.* 32.

[2] For the translations of these letters see *ante* pp. 76 and 77.

For after the latter event Margaret, absorbed in the affairs of her husband's principality, cannot have had leisure to nurse her brother's children.

But the date of these letters we may still further approximate, and with considerable certainty assign both of them to the year 1556.

Since 1548, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, had resided at the French court, where she was regarded as the promised wife of Margaret's nephew, the Dauphin Francis, who is often described as the husband of Mary (*son mari*).

The character of the malady described by Margaret in these letters closely resembles that of a fever which attacked Mary at Fontainebleau in the autumn of 1556, according to two letters [1] written by her uncle Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, to her mother, Mary of Guise, Regent of Scotland.

It is unlikely that the *Madame ma niesce* of Margaret's letters can have been either of Henry II's own daughters, Elizabeth, Claude or Margaret. Elizabeth, the eldest, was not betrothed to Philip of Spain until 1559. Then all the arrangements for betrothal and marriage were made and carried out in a few months, between January and June; and there is no record of Elizabeth being ill and separated from her mother during that time or during the subsequent interval of five months, June to November, which elapsed before her final departure for Spain. Neither is it likely that *madame ma niesce* was Henry's second daughter Claude. She had been promised as bride to the Duke of Lorraine in 1552,

[1] Cited by J. H. Pollen in *Papal Negotiations with Mary Queen of Scots.* (Publications of the Scottish History Society, Vol. XXXVII, S.J., p. 419.)

although she was not married to him until early in 1559; but the arrangement of 1552 cannot have been regarded as very decisive, for subsequently several other alliances were proposed for this princess, and, as far as can be ascertained, the Duke of Lorraine was never, before 1559, described as Claude's husband. With regard to Henry's youngest daughter, the third Margaret, born in 1553, she was only six at her father's death, in 1559, and no husband had then been definitely chosen for her.

We are therefore driven back on the hypothesis[1] that *madame ma niesce* was Mary Stuart. And our conclusion is supported by the Cardinal of Lorraine's letters. From the first of these letters, written from Paris, on the 19th of August, 1556, we learn that Mary was being carefully nursed by the Queen and the Queen's sister, who could only be Margaret; from the second, written also from Paris on the 2nd of October, 1556, that as Mary grew better she was removed from Fontainebleau to Meudon, the Cardinal's palace, because the air was purer there. And it requires no very wide stretch of imagination to conclude that Margaret, who was already nursing her niece at Fontainebleau, was deputed to attend her to Meudon, and that thence she wrote two undated letters, one to the Constable and the other to Catherine, telling of her patient's progress towards recovery.

[1] First suggested to me by Miss Jane Stoddart, author of *The Girlhood of Mary Stuart*, a valuable work which no student of this period can afford to neglect.

APPENDIX B

THE HISTORY OF THE SEYMOUR SISTERS AUTHORESSES OF "LE TOMBEAU DE MARGUERITE DE VALOIS"

WITH no little interest must our Margaret have followed the careers of the English maidens whose admiration for her aunt had found such learned expression in *Le Tombeau*. And for our readers too it may be not uninteresting to trace the romantic histories of two at least of these sisters.

In childhood the girls were the playmates of their royal cousin, Prince Edward,[1] afterwards Edward VI, whose studies they may have shared. At any rate that the Prince and his fair cousins were alike educated in the true Renaissance atmosphere of art and of learning is proved by a Latin letter from Margaret and Jane to Edward after his accession, which still exists. We may quote a translation of the letter here, for in its spirit of extravagant laudation and servile gratitude, and in its artificial copy-book style, it is an excellent specimen of the kind of letter expected from children of the day. One suspects the French tutor of the Seymour sisters, Nicolas Denisot, of having a hand in this correspondence. One wonders if the children of those days never wrote

[1] His mother, Jane Seymour, was their father's sister.

natural and childlike letters. If they did, it is curious that they should all have perished. This letter to the King was no doubt regarded as a wonderful performance.

"It cannot be expressed, O! king most serene," runs the letter, "with what hope and joy that literary gift which we have received from your highness had overflowed our spirit, and what a sharp spur we find it to be, in order to embrace those things and to cleave with all labour and sedulousness to those studies, wherein we know your highness to take so much delight and to be so deeply learned; wherein we also, whom your highness wishes to see best instructed, hope to make some advancement. And these present tokens of your singular goodwill, which no power of words can do justice to, show plainly how many thanks are due from us, more than many others to your Majesty: should we attempt any act or expression of thanks, your deserts, always proceeding more and more in perpetual vicissitude, would not only seem to press upon us but would certainly oppress us, especially as we have nothing, nay we ourselves are nothing, which we do not justly owe to your highness. Wherefore while freed to fly to your clemency, we yet doubt not that a prince of such heavenly kindness, who has loaded us with so many and so great benefits, will add also this one, that he will not think that those things are bestowed upon ungrateful persons which belong to a grateful spirit. Whereof these letters which are wont to be substitute for the absent, will be but a faint proof; while we pray for all happiness to your highness, with a long continuance thereof.

"The most devoted servants to your Majesty,

"MARGARET SEYMOUR,

"JANE SEYMOUR."[1]

[1] See M. A. Everett Green, *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies*, Vol. II, pp. 199–200 (1846).

One of the writers of this letter, the second sister, Margaret, was so fortunate as to die soon after the publication of *Le Tombeau*, and thus to escape those misfortunes which were shortly to fall upon her house. For, in 1552, her father, the Duke of Somerset, perished on the scaffold, after having been twice imprisoned in the Tower. Her mother too suffered imprisonment.

But, on the accession of Queen Mary, in gratitude for kindness which Somerset had shown to the Princess during his Protectorate, the Duchess of Somerset was released, and the Queen granted her some lands, permitting her and her family to hold their Protestant faith unmolested.

The Duchess's daughters, at the time of their father's imprisonment, were residing at one of these stately palaces erected by the Protector, Sion House. On their mother's arrest, they were subjected to a severe examination, together with the whole household, in reference to the jewels of the Duchess, of which apparently they had been robbed by some of their servants. Deprived of both their parents, the sisters were, by order of the Royal Council, consigned to the care of their aunt Elizabeth, Lady Cromwell,[1] daughter-in-law of Henry VIII's famous minister. Life with Lady Cromwell can have been anything but pleasant for the Seymour sisters. They were received grudgingly by their aunt, who complained that with two families to care for, one by her first husband, Sir Anthony Oughtred and another by her present spouse, Lord Cromwell, she already had too many children to look after. Indeed, almost immediately on their arrival Lady Cromwell wrote protesting against the charge committed to her and com-

[1] Elizabeth Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour and sister of Queen Jane Seymour and of the Duke of Somerset.

plaining that her nieces refuse to take her advice, and insist on being their own guides.[1]

By this time Anne, the eldest of the sisters, was married, having in 1549 been united to John Dudley, Lord Lisle, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. The wedding, which was celebrated at the royal palace of Shene (now Richmond) with magnificent entertainments, is described by the bride's cousin, Edward VI, in his diary.[2]

Under the date of the 3rd of June, 1549, we read:

"The King came to Schein, where was a mariag mad betwen the L. Lisle th' erl of Warwick's sone and the ladi Anne, daughter to the duke of Somerset; wich don and a faire diner made, and daunsing finished, the king and the ladies went into tow chambers mad of bowis, wher first he saw six gentlemen of on(e) side, and six of another, rune the course of the fild twis over. There names hiere do follow:

"The L. Edward and Sir Jhon Apleby.[3] Last of all came the count of Ragonne wt 3 Italians, who ran with al the gentlemen fowre courses, and afterwards fought at tornay. And so after souper we returned to Werestminster."

For Anne Seymour and her husband and for many another guest at that Shene wedding, the brightness of the marriage-day was soon to be overcast. We have seen how the clouds, which were then gathering, broke over the house of Seymour.[4] The family of Anne's

[1] Letter from Lady Cromwell to Sir William Cecil, quoted by St. Maur, *Annals of the Seymours*, p. 396.

[2] The MS is in the Cottonian Library at the British Museum. It has been printed more than once, and may be found in J. G. Nichols's *Literary Remains of Edward VI*. Vol. II, pp. 273 *et seq.*

[3] Other names seem to have been omitted.

[4] The marriage was intended to seal the reconciliation between Somerset and Warwick, after Warwick's first attack upon the former. But the alliance was no sooner made than it was broken.

husband superseded that of her father in power. The Earl of Warwick became Duke of Northumberland and Lord Protector, while his son, John Dudley, assumed the earldom of Warwick. But not for long were father and son to occupy that pinnacle of power.

On Edward's death, Northumberland, having proclaimed his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, Queen of England, was with his son the Earl of Warwick, taken prisoner at Cambridge. While his father and brother, Lord Guildford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Grey, were executed on Tower Hill, Anne's husband, with two other brothers,[1] was imprisoned in the Tower; and Anne was only occasionally permitted to visit her husband in prison.

Broken in health and ruined in fortune, Warwick, after more than a year's imprisonment, was released on the 18th of October, 1554, and sought a refuge with his brother-in-law, Sir Henry Sidney at Penshurst. There he died ten days after he had regained his freedom, leaving Anne a childless widow. In the following year she followed her mother's example and married beneath her. Her second husband was Sir Edward Unton, a country gentleman of Berkshire, by whom she had seven children, one of whom, Sir Henry Unton, became a famous diplomatist. The terrible tragedies through which Anne Seymour had passed affected her mind,[2] and for the rest of her long life she was subject to attacks of lunacy. She died in 1587, and was buried in the church of Farringdon. Her funeral sermon, preached by Dr. Bartholomew Chamberlaine, a famous divine of

[1] One of them was Robert, afterwards Elizabeth's famous favourite, the Earl of Leicester.

[2] For an inquiry into Lady Warwick's lunacy, see Collins's *Letters and Memorials of State* (1746), p. 297.

that day,[1] may be read by any who attach importance to such utterances, in the British Museum to-day.

Lady Warwick's sister Jane never married. In childhood she had been one of the numerous brides destined for her cousin, Edward VI. Elizabeth, on her accession, took Jane Seymour, who had been a companion of her girlhood, into high favour and made her lady-in-waiting. But Jane did not long enjoy this good fortune, for she died in 1561. She was buried in St. Benedict's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. And the Queen would seem to have wished to atone for the misfortunes of the House of Seymour by giving its daughter a grand funeral. With great ceremony her corpse was brought from the Queen's armoury to the Abbey church, attended by all the choir of the said Abbey, by two hundred of the court and by sixty mourners.[2] The Bishop of Peterborough preached her funeral sermon, and to her memory her brother erected a monument of black marble and alabaster, bearing a laudatory Latin inscription, which on the rare occasions, when the light is good enough, may be read to this day.

For the fortunes of two persons at the court of Queen Elizabeth the death of Jane Seymour could not have occurred at a more disastrous moment. To explain why this was so it is necessary to relate one of the most romantic episodes of this by no means commonplace century. Some months before her death Elizabeth's

[1] See British Museum: *A sermon preached at Farington in Berkeshire, the seventeene of Februaire,* 1587, *at the buriall of the right Honorable the Ladie Anne, Countess of Warwicke, daughter to the Duke of Sommerset his grace, and widowe of the right worshipfull Sir Edward Umpton knight.* By Bartholomew Chamberlaine, Doctor of Divinité (London). Printed by John Wolfe, and are to be sold at his shop at the broad south dore of Paules. 1591.

[2] *Annals of the House of Seymour,* p. 394.

maid of honour had contrived a secret marriage between her brother, Edward Seymour, and Lady Jane Grey's sister, Lady Catherine Grey, who, as great-grand-daughter of Henry VII,[1] was heir to the crown. The young people had first become attached to each other during the reign of Queen Mary, when Catherine Grey had resided with the Duchess of Somerset at her house at Hanworth. And after the accession of Elizabeth they hoped to obtain the Queen's consent to their marriage through the mediation of Catherine's mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, who favoured the match. But the Duchess died in 1559. And, despairing of ever gaining the Queen's consent, the young couple were secretly married.

One day towards the end of 1560, taking advantage of the Queen's absence on a hunting expedition at Eltham, Catherine and Jane, who had obtained permission to remain behind, slipped out of Whitehall and made their way to Seymour's house in Cannon Row. That the marriage should take place at once was quickly arranged between them. And Jane was sent in search of a certain Protestant clergyman, lately come from Germany, who was easily found, for he had no doubt been told to hold himself in readiness. In the Earl's room, with Jane as the only witness, the marriage was duly celebrated between the heir to the English throne and one of the leaders of the English nobility. Then the bride and bridesmaid returned to the palace and resumed their duties about the Queen as if nothing had happened.

In the following June, Seymour went to Paris with

[1] She was the granddaughter of Henry VIII's sister Mary, who married, as her second husband, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. According to Henry VIII's will, after Elizabeth, Catherine was the next heir to the crown.

a tutor and Mr. Thomas Cecil, afterwards Marquis of Exeter, to study the French language.

And, during his absence, the Lady Catherine confided a secret, which she would not long be able to conceal, to a lady of the court, Mistress Saintlow, who was afterwards to become Countess of Shrewsbury, and to be known as the famous Bess of Hardwicke. The news told to Mistress Saintlow soon spread; it reached the Queen's ears, and Catherine found herself in the Tower. For not long before a scheme had been laid by King Philip for carrying off Catherine and raising her claim to the English crown on the ground that Elizabeth was illegitimate. And the Queen made sure that this secret marriage was but part of the Spanish plot. So she had Catherine subjected to the severest cross-examination; and when Seymour, gallantly hurrying over from France as soon as he heard of his wife's imprisonment, reached London, he too was shut up in the Tower, but with strict orders from the Queen to the lieutenant that the young couple were on no account to be permitted to meet.

On the 24th of September Lady Catherine gave birth to a son, Edward, Lord Beauchamp. This news roused Elizabeth to fury. For one of her ladies to marry at all was not pleasant to the spinster queen, for one to marry without her consent was insolent, but, for one having thus secretly married, to become a mother, was criminal, and tenfold more criminal when the child born was the Queen's potential successor. So from the moment she heard the news Elizabeth determined to establish the infant's illegitimacy. And with this purpose she appointed a commission, with Archbishop Parker at its head, to judge of Catherine's "infamous conversation" and "pretended marriage." The proceedings were hustled through in a high-handed manner, and

the accused were given but a few hours to produce witnesses for the defence. Catherine and her husband were examined separately in the Tower; but their evidence agreed on all essential points. There was only one weak point in their defence, but that one point was vital. Where were the witnesses to the marriage? The Protestant clergyman could not be found: he probably took care to keep out of the way; and considering the Queen's temper, he was wise to do so. And the only other witness rested in Westminster Abbey: Jane Seymour had not lived to see the fruit of the marriage which was her handiwork. Consequently, no witnesses of the ceremony being forthcoming, on the 12th of May, 1562, the commission declared that there had been no marriage.

The remainder of Catherine's life was dragged out in captivity. She and her husband, confined for most of the time in separate prisons, suffered all the fury of the Queen's vindictiveness, until, worn out with grief, after seven years' imprisonment, the Lady Catherine died on the 27th of January, 1568. After his wife's death the rigour of Seymour's captivity was relaxed; and, in 1571, he was set at liberty. But all her life Elizabeth persisted in regarding his son as illegitimate. Although, after Catherine's death, Seymour twice married, he continued to the end to cherish the memory of his first wife, and gave instructions that his remains should be laid by her side in Salisbury Cathedral, in the nave of which to this day may be seen a stately monument to their memory.[1]

[1] This story must inevitably suggest that of Mdlle de Rohan, told earlier in this volume: and one cannot fail to contrast the brave loyalty of Edward Seymour with the cowardly faithlessness displayed in very similar circumstances by the Duke of Nemours.

APPENDIX C

THE ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF NICOLAS DENISOT, EDITOR OF "LE TOMBEAU DE MARGUERITE DE VALOIS," 1515 – 1559

THE life of Nicolas Denisot,[1] the editor of *Le Tombeau*, is no less interesting than that of his pupils. Born at Le Mans in 1515, Denisot was the son of a distinguished advocate, Jean Denisot, and may have been of English descent. Renowned in later life as both poet and artist, we know not whether it was with pencil or with pen that Nicolas produced his earliest works. But, in 1539, we find him helping to execute a celebrated map of his native province of Maine, and six years later publishing a volume of poems, entitled, *Noëls par le conte d'Alsinoys, présentés à Mademoiselle sa Valentine*. The ten Noëls or carols of this volume[2] are of no great excellence, as may be seen from the following specimen :

" Chantons tous, je vous en prie,
En ce temps dévotieux,
Chantons un chant glorieux,
Delaissons mélancolie :
Chantons !

[1] See l'Abbé Clément Jugé, *Nicolas Denisot du Mans* and B. Hauréau, *Histoire Littéraire du Maine*, Vol. III, p. 251 *et seq.*

[2] Reprinted at Le Mans by Ad. Lasnier in 1847.

Car la princesse des cieux
Produit l'enfant précieux
Le digne et saint fruit de vie ;
Chantons !

Le dragon est souffreteux
Le lion baisse les yeux
Par cette vierge Marie ;
Chantons !

Anges en l'air gracieux,
En leur chants harmonieux
Ont gringoté leur partie :
Chantons !

" Et les pasteurs, curieux
Voir l'enfant délicieux,
Sont sortis de la prairie ;
Chantons !

" Je m'en allai avec eux,
En menant de cœur joyeux,
Ma Valentine jolie ;
Chantons ! "

The pseudonym of Conte d'Alsinoys adopted by the author of these poems was one of those anagrams then so much the vogue. That of Denisot produced a famous comment from Francis I, who remarked: "This county of Alsinoys can produce no very great revenue since it is only six nuts (*six nois*) ; and from Montaigne, who wrote [1] that Denisot has transposed the letters of his name in order to construct a county of Alsinoys, which he has endowed with the glory of his poetry and of his painting."

Possibly by the time of the appearance of *Les Noëls* Denisot was already at court. The date of his going

[1] On names, *Essays*, Book I, Chap. XLVI.

there is uncertain. But we know that he received an appointment in the King's household and that he was admitted to the select circle of the two Margarets, with the elder of whom he is said to have collaborated in the composition of the *Heptaméron*.

In the last years of Francis I, Denisot, the friend of Ronsard and of the other writers who were later to group themselves into La Brigade and La Pléiade, was regarded as one of the new poets.[1] But shortly after the death of the King, for some mysterious reason, he abruptly left Paris, and crossed the Channel to London, it is vaguely hinted following a great lady, whose affections he had won. And in truth the young artist's good looks, fine attire and distinguished manners never failed to ingratiate him with the fair sex, to whom, as we shall see, he was to be greatly indebted.

Arriving in London shortly after the death of Henry VIII, Denisot obtained an introduction at court by writing six hundred and twenty-nine lines deploring the death of the King, and at the same time congratulating his successor. The manuscript of this tedious poem in Denisot's own beautiful handwriting and artistically gilt is preserved in the British Museum.

As the result of his reception at court, the Frenchman attracted the attention of the Lord Protector of the Realm, the King's uncle, Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who, doubtless on the strength of Denisot's learning and accomplishments[2] and of his English

[1] In the works of Ronsard and his school are several flattering allusions to the poems and to the pictures of Denisot.

[2] Somerset himself was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the Renaissance, being a good Latin and French scholar, with a fair knowledge of German and a passionate interest in theology. In theological discussions he was able to hold his own with the most learned divines of his day.

descent and Puritanical leanings, betrayed by a preference—very extraordinary in those days—" for spring water to the mellow grape," appointed him tutor to his three daughters, Anne, Margaret and Jane.

According to Ronsard's Ode addressed to the three Seymour sisters,[1] Denisot remained in England, revealing to his pupils

" les beaux secrets
Des vieux Latins et des Grecs "

for the space of three years. Then, in 1549, his connection with the noble house of Seymour came to a sudden end. His departure from England was as mysterious as his coming had been. Did his employer's imprisonment in that year suggest to the French tutor that he would be safer in his native land? Or was it some deed of Denisot's own that occasioned his flight? We suspect the latter; for, according to Dr. Wotton, the English ambassador in France, Denisot was about that time falsifying letters and forwarding to the French King plans of English harbours.[2]

[1] Denisot se vante heuré
D'avoir oublyé sa terre
Quelquesfois et demeuré
Trois ans en vostre Angleterre,
De pres voyant le Soleil
Quant il se panche au sommeil
Plonger au seing de vostre onde
La lampe de tout le monde.

Aux trois Sœurs, Anne, Marguerite, Jane de Seymour, Princesses (sic) *Angloises, Ode par Pierre de Ronsard Vandomois.* In *Le Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois.*

[2] *Cal. St. Papers, For.*, 1547–53, p. 15. The person here mentioned under the date of March, 1547, is described as Nicholas; but since he is a painter and a Frenchman, we may presume that he was Nicholas Denisot.

On his return to France, Denisot was well rewarded by his King and admitted to the Privy Chamber.

In France he continued his profitable profession of spy.[1] For, in 1556, he went to Calais, nominally as tutor to the Governor's children, but really commissioned by the King to draw up plans, which might serve to capture the city from the English.

Now Denisot entered on a series of romantic adventures, which would doubtless have landed him on the scaffold, had it not been his good fortune to find favour with the fair sex.

When his plan of Calais was drawn up, Denisot, by his nephew, Charles Langlois, Sieur du Vivier, who had accompanied his uncle to Calais, despatched a copy of it to the King. The messenger arrived safely and placed this all-important document in the King's hands. But meanwhile a hint as to Denisot's real employment in Calais had reached the ever-watchful English ambassador, Dr. Wotton, at Paris. The ambassador transmitted his suspicions to England, and orders were given for the arrest of the Governor's tutor. Then followed the oft-repeated romance of the handsome prisoner and the susceptible gaoler's daughter. Denisot, believing that if he were once brought to trial he would be sure of condemnation, paid his addresses to the daughter of the governor of the prison. And she, won by his blandishments, undid his prison door, and permitted him to take the road to Paris.

But the spy's adventures were not yet over. Barely had he travelled ten miles from Calais, when, pursued

[1] *Cal. St. Papers, For.*, 1547–53. Mary, p. 167. There is no question here as to the identity of Nicholas, although he is called *Nicolas Devisat*, for he is described as *formerly teacher to the Duke of Somerset's children.*

by English soldiers, he was on the point of being recaptured. Then he turned into a farm by the wayside, and there he was so fortunate as to find only a young girl, the farmer's daughter. Again Denisot's attractions proved irresistible ; for they obtained for him a hiding-place in a haystack ; and the soldiers departed, having searched in vain the house and its premises. For days Denisot was secretly fed by the hand of his benefactress. Then, making an excuse to go to market at the neighbouring town of Ardres, the damsel got into communication with the French Governor of the town, and told him that the notorious Frenchman who had escaped from Calais was in a haystack on her father's farm. The Governor sent her back with money for Denisot and with a company of troops, under the protection of whom the fugitive ventured to come forth from concealment. Then he proceeded to Boulogne, where he arrived without further adventure.

In January, 1557, he was at court, discussing with the King the plans of Calais and the possibility of taking the town. Whether the plan drawn up by Denisot was that actually used by the Duke of Guise when a year later he captured the English port has been frequently contested. Four great personages have in turn been represented as the inventors of that military operation which the Duke of Guise so brilliantly carried out. François de Noailles, French ambassador to England claimed that he, with the help of Sénarpont, Governor of Boulogne, who entered Calais in disguise, had first conceived the design and suggested it to the King. Brantôme asserts that it was Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, who caused the fortifications of the port to be inspected, and that plan of them to be executed

which was finally used by the captor of the town. Other authorities assign the credit of conceiving the enterprise to the Constable, Anne de Montmorency. But the biographer of Denisot, Abbé Clément Jugé, after having carefully examined these rival claims, concludes that there is no longer any doubt that the idea of taking Calais originated in the mind of Henry II, and was proved to be realisable by the observations of the King's agent, Nicolas Denisot. And it is on his connection with the capture of Calais, far more than on his literary or even on his artistic achievements that the fame of Denisot will rest.

He did not long survive the monarch, whom he had so ably served. He seems to have resided at Boulogne until the taking of Calais, in January, 1558, when he returned to Paris, and wrote verses, dwelling sadly upon the sorrows of life. His melancholy was intensified by the tragic death of his master, King Henry.

On the death of his wife, Denisot determined to show his gratitude to the farmer's daughter by marrying her. But some time in the autumn of 1559 death interfered with this design. He passed away at his house in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, and was buried in the church of Saint Etienne du Mont.

APPENDIX D

LETTER FROM PHILIP OF SAVOY, LORD OF RACCONIGI, TO EMANUEL PHILIBERT, SHOWING THE PART PLAYED BY MARGARET IN THE PACIFICATION OF THE WALDENSES.[1]

"3 Maggio 1561. da Racconigi.

"Serenissimo Prencipe.

"L' istesso giorno, ch' io scrissi a V. Al. furono da me, circa le doe hore, di notte, tri d' Angrognia, Alli quali feci intendere quel tanto che si conveneva seguendo l' ordine di V. Al. Furono molto Attenti nel udirmi massime dechiarandoli la Pia opera, che per loro haveva fato la serenissima Madama. Il tutto inteso, ringratiorno la Maestà Divina, che tanto bene luoro fosse concesso di hauer gratia appresso S. Al. et esortandoli io di continuo di vegnir et ridursi a l' obbedienza, di Doi tali clementissimi Prencipi ne feccero segno grandissimo d' Allegrezza et vedendo la lettera di Madama si messero in stato di adorarla e rimasti con satisfatione grande.

. . . . . .

"Da Raconis Alli 111 di maggio M.D. LXJ.

"Humilissimo Vassallo et servitore

"PHILIPPO SAVOYE."

Translation :—

"Illustrious Prince. On the same day that I wrote to Your Highness, there came to me about the second

[1] Archivio di Stato, Turin. Savoia Racconigi, 1537, 1581.

hour of the night, three men from Angrogna: and to them I explained as much as seemed suitable, according to Your Highness' orders. They were most attentive, especially when I informed them of the good work which the Illustrious Lady had done on their behalf. When they had heard all they gave thanks to Divine Providence which had granted them so great a boon as to stand well with His Highness. I exhorted them repeatedly to come and yield obedience to two such clement Princes, and they gave every sign of the greatest pleasure. When they saw Madame's letter, they showed great respect to it. And I perceived that they were filled with great satisfaction.

"From Racconigi this III May, M.D. LXI.

"Your Highness' Most humble vassal and servant,

"PHILIPPO SAVOYE."

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[1] The correct description of manuscripts used will be found in the notes to this volume where references to them occur.

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